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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 25, 1937. Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. Published in Every State PRICE 3P

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4615495

I FLEW *on a* LUXURY AIRLINER

Home comforts at 250 miles an hour, 10,000 feet above earth

Mrs. Eve Gye, editor of the Homemaker Section of The Australian Women's Weekly, here gives a thrilling account of a 3000 miles flight across America on a luxury airliner.

Equivalent to a flight from Perth to Sydney, her air trip was the spectacular highlight of a round-the-world voyage, from which she has just returned to Australia.

By EVE GYE

ON reaching America, one of the first things I did was to fly over New York at night. It was a thrilling experience, and quickly led me to a decision to fly across America and so eliminate the tedium of a five-day railway journey between New York and Los Angeles.

Only those who have lived for five days and five nights on a train can know real weariness and utter boredom. The finest scenery in the world is no palliative to the spirit after about 60 hours' continuous railway travel.

So it was that I selected the largest airline in the United States and travelled on the giant flagship of the fleet—a month-old, luxuriously-appointed skysleeper.

I was told I was the first Britisher in the world to travel on that plane—the first journalist in the world to make the trip.

MORNING TEA, dinner, then an hour or so in the observation parlor—these scenes give an indication of the splendid comforts of an American luxury airliner.

THE airport is a fascinating place. It is a hive of activity. Planes settle one after the other, seemingly around the terminal building, and as quickly set off again.

They may be off to, or have arrived from, Boston, Washington, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco—anywhere.

Inside the building, people are coming and going, smartly uniformed porters are carrying luggage; people are crowded round the coffee-stall; some are sitting on the comfortable chairs talking and smoking; loud-speakers are heard above the chatter, rounding up travellers, announcing arrivals and departures of planes, boys are yelling "papper," "papper."

Newspaper men and camera men thread their way among the throng and crowds line the barriers to the "take-off" ground.

AND then our time to be off arrives. The hands of the clock point to 5.45 p.m.; a gong goes, followed by instructions over loud-speakers, and we are shepherded to our plane for the coast to coast flight.

We are "checked in" by the pretty, but oh, how efficient, stewardess, and escorted to our particular seats.

Now you look around you. Between times as you view America from 10,000 feet you are conscious of your wide, deep, luxuriously comfortable lounge chair.

The stewardess has unbuckled your seat strap, pulled out a little table from somewhere, placed thereon latest papers, magazines and cigarettes, regulated the temperature of the air-conditioned "room," removed your coats and furs to the cloak-room. The prospect of the 17 hours' trip to Los Angeles is a happy and comfortable one.

IN no time you are passing over Philadelphia, Chesapeake Bay, then Washington, the Capitol. The stewardess is there to show you the White House and State buildings.

She now serves dinner, which has been brought aboard in hot and cold containers, and placed in the kitchen.

A fine linen cloth is set upon the table, iced water, fine china and silver, bearing the eagle crest of the line.

We dined well on a salad, hot sliced breast of turkey and vegetables, Neapolitan ice cream, varied breads and rolls, coffee (or iced tea) and peppermints.

After dinner we played "conversational bridge." European politics, mark you, the main theme of the party chatter.

Dusk was settling in below us, around us were piles and cones of soft white clouds and above a full moon riding clear in a deepening blue sky.

At frequent intervals we glimpsed the beauties of Virginia, Kentucky and then Tennessee. Way in the distance we had noted lightning playing a glittering chase 'midst the clouds. Travelling at 250 miles at this stage we soon caught up with the churning, light-ridden mass.

Bumping, we rose to 12,000 feet. Our ears ached slightly and every passenger learned the art of holding the nose and "swallowing" to relieve the pressure. Outside the temperature was 42 degrees. And then, in brilliant moonlight, we descended upon Nashville.

Riding a Storm

BACK on to the plane and off and away to Dallas, Texas, the next stop.

This section was the most thrilling of all. We took on a new stewardess, a tall, exquisite-looking blonde. With deft hands and a swift efficiency that would make an Australian porter green with envy, she made up our beds. She then prepared us hot drinks and as soon as we had passed over the old Mississippi River hustled as many of us as she could to bed.

When I went to the dressing-room to prepare for bed I noticed the plane began to lurch and bump.

Soon after the stewardess came in and begged me to hasten. "There's rough weather ahead," she said. "Please settle down as soon as you can."

It was no easy matter getting to my bed, but I enjoyed the venture. I looked out after the feat was accomplished, noted we were among swirling clouds, zigzagged every few seconds with lightning. We lurched, dropped, yet raced on.

I then tried to settle down. A little later I felt the air getting chillier and found difficulty in breathing.

My chest pained me at times, and I wished they would let more air into the plane. Suddenly the engines seemed quieter.

I came to the conclusion that at least two of them had ceased to purr. Moreover, my ears were drumming and aching badly—a sign that we were descending.

I heard men talking. I could stand it no longer and unbuttoned the curtains, put my head out and asked what was the matter.

One said we were in a terrific snowstorm and had been up 15,000 feet. They looked pretty awful and then the stewardess came along and took my hand. Hers were icy and when I saw her face I felt we were doomed.

She said we were descending, and I felt her leaning against me, holding me as if she were comforting the dying!

My feelings defy description, but pretending to be brave I croaked "I'm not nervous."

Asleep in the Air

SOON, however, I learned that we were descending upon Dallas and not seeking an emergency landing. I felt quite brave again as the beacons flashed a seeming "Welcome stranger, you are safe."

A few minutes at Dallas, more coming and going of passengers, another stewardess (a brunette this time, but just as lovely), and we were off on the next lap—Tucson in Arizona. Lulled to sleep by the throb of the engines, I knew no more until we were passing over the desert wastes of Arizona.

Up and dressed by 6.30, we sat down to a breakfast of orange juice, cereal and fruit, marmalade, honey and steaming coffee.

We raced over Palm Springs, the famous orange groves of the fertile irrigated land of Southern California, the pretty doll-like towns, and with a gasp we realised we were descending upon Los Angeles.

We circled and landed at the Grand Central airport, porters seized our luggage. We bade each other affectionate farewells (feeling that we had known one another a lifetime) and regretfully each and every one of us filed out of the giant plane.

Our 3000 miles journey was over.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Palaeontologist

A SCHOLARSHIP has been awarded by the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 (London) to Miss Kathleen Prendergast, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., second graduate and first woman graduate of Perth University to receive such a distinction.

An Orient Line scholarship paid her passage to England, where she became palaeontologist for an oil company; later she renewed her studies at Cambridge.

Here From England

SIR RICHARD TERRY, Mus.D., F.R.C.O., at present touring Australia examining for Trinity College of Music, London, received his education at Oxford and Cambridge, was awarded choral scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, and took his Mus.D. at Durham, 1911.

Has made special study of Plainsong, Medieval music and English composers of the 16th Century. Has published music varying from his five Masses to sea ballads.

—Athol Blumin.

Writes for Children

ISOBEL ANN SHEAD, author of three children's books, "Sandy," "Mike" and "Clancy," was born in Adelaide, went to school in Sydney, followed journalism in Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney, and before leaving for London last year was controller of the Children's Session at 3LO, Melbourne.

Since her arrival in London she has written three books, "The Coronation of our King and Queen," of which three editions were issued; "Clancy," and a dog book called "Off the Chain."

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FOUR NEW HAT STYLES FROM LONDON

REMINISCENT of several of the hats chosen by the Duchess of Windsor for her trousseau is this high-flying toque of yellow taffeta, definitely of West Indian inspiration.

FRILLED GREEN makes this quaint top-knot hat for evening wear, with its white wax flowers and veil drifting almost to the waist at the back.

AIRY TRIFLES of tulle and flowers, finished with a veil, are still the mode in London and in Paris. This model features field flowers—daisies, cornflowers and wheat-ears.

BLACK VELOUR, fashioned high in front, makes one of the new berets from Braagaard, of Paris. A twist of the new felt ribbon, in Florentine-red, finishes it at one side.

—Photos by Franz.

WOMEN ADVOCATE *Reform in* DIVORCE LAWS

Want Domicile and Insanity Provisions Altered

In view of the present agitation for divorce reform in New South Wales, special interest attaches to the following article by Mrs. Jessie Street, President of the United Associations of New South Wales.

It traverses several important aspects of the divorce law as it exists and deals particularly with the problems of insanity and domicile.

By MRS. JESSIE STREET

THE recent English Act now makes insanity a ground for divorce in England, and New South Wales is the only Australian State in which it is not recognised.

Hence, we are faced with the odd position that a woman living, say, six feet over the border in New South Wales and married to a man who has been insane for perhaps twenty years cannot get a divorce; her neighbor, in similar plight, living six feet on the other side of the border, can.

Many people express themselves as horrified that such a terrible affliction, in respect of which no blame can possibly attach to the unfortunate victim, should be made a ground for divorce. On the surface this might seem to be so.

But it must be remembered that, in the vast majority of cases, the unfortunate victims are quite incapable of realising the position, and so cannot be affected by it.

The law itself, where it is in force, safeguards their interests to the utmost by providing that the insanity must have been in existence for five at least out of the previous seven years, and that two independent medical experts must certify that it is likely to be incurable.

This really means, of course, that the medical expert himself must believe the condition incurable before he gives his certificate.

Wives' Struggle

PEOPLE who take up this attitude are apt to lose sight of the terrible position of the sane partner in their anxiety for the insane one.

Our mental hospitals are filled with hundreds of men who have been insane for years.

Their wives struggle on trying to bring up children as best they may, periodically visiting husbands who have long since ceased to even recognise them and who are quite incapable of taking any interest in them or their children.

In thinking of the possible odd one who might recover sufficiently to know what had happened, one is reminded of a passage in one of Clemence Dane's plays: "One of you must suffer. Which is it to be? The useful or the useless? The whole or the maimed? The healthy woman with her life before her, or the man whose children ought never to have been born?"

Again, those whose conscience forbids any relaxation of the marriage bonds must remember that, whatever the statutory remedies given, they are permissive only; that is, they are not compulsory and need not be availed of by those who have conscientious objections to them.

It is the right of every person to have the same civil rights as his neighbor; whether or not he avails himself of such rights remains always with himself.

ANOTHER matter in connection with which reform is sought relates to the domicile of married women. On marriage a woman acquires her husband's domicile. This fact has a very important bearing on the question of divorce, for jurisdiction in divorce depends on domicile.

Continued on Page 45

Women's Weekly Medical Series

READERS eagerly welcomed the first of the comprehensive series of medical articles introduced in The Australian Women's Weekly last week.

The second article, which appears this week on Page 41, deals with the history of cancer and the progress made in regard to its treatment. Other illnesses and diseases will be dealt with in subsequent issues.

This series of articles is the most valuable and comprehensive medical guide ever published in a newspaper. It is a reference that will be helpful in every home.

HEART-THROB *Robert Taylor Storms* MAYFAIR

Denies Existence of Romance with Barbara Stanwyck

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

In the Mayfair of yesterday, stately ladies and elegant gentlemen moved through the cobbled streets with galleon-like dignity, bowing, smiling slowly—the very essence of deportment and propriety.

These standards of decorum have gone by the board with a vengeance. Handsome Robert Taylor confirmed this when he arrived to take up residence within a stone's throw of the town houses of Earl Baldwin and Lord Louis Mountbatten.

WOMEN, wild-eyed and tousle-haired, jostle and shove each other about on the footpath beneath Mr. Taylor's window—and when he happens to throw out a cigarette-butt ,here is almost a riot.

On one occasion the girl who got hold of the butt struggled out of the melee, jumped into a passing bus, and did not stop until she had arrived triumphantly home.

Robert had been to a night club, and arrived home at five in the morning. His feminine fans began to take up their positions near his window—apparently with the idea of getting a glimpse of him as he left the hotel—by six o'clock.

Robert, unaware of their presence, did not get up until twelve, and then followed the episode of the cigarette.

When the luckless ones were about to retire dishevelled and disappointed, Robert heard of their vigil, and promptly invited them all up to his room for a friendly chat and a round of autograph signing.

Robert is always unnerved by the presence of huge crowds of women. He buttons up his coat and prepares to face what he describes as an ordeal, yet he hates disappointing people.

When you talk with him he offers you a cigarette and lingeringly holds the case in front of your eyes so that you may notice the inscription, "To Robert from Barbara."

He denies there is any romance between Barbara Stanwyck and himself, but assures you that she is a most inspiring personality, a brilliant actress with a charming disposition.

No Hero to Them

WHILE tens of thousands of women and girls are worshipping at the shrine of screen-hero Taylor, there are at least two to whom he doesn't mean a thing—in that sense.

One of these is Maureen O'Sullivan, who has arrived with her Australian-born husband, Johnny Farrow; the other a young and practically unknown actress, Kay Hammond, at present appearing in a West End play.

Maureen says she is looking forward to her part with Robert in "The Yank at Oxford," but adds: "I'm afraid I cannot say that I am in the least excited about it."

Kay was offered the other leading feminine role in the film, but she turned it down.

"The part just didn't suit me," she said. About Robert's glamor, all she would say was: "I admire Mr. Taylor's acting ability. I can quite understand that he should have such a tremendous following of feminine fans."

Beautiful Legs Can Now Be Yours!

Banish Thick, Ugly, Fat Legs —Develop Slim, Tapering Calves and Dainty Ankles.

NOTHING mars a woman's appearance more than thick, ugly, fat legs, bulging knees, thick, ungainly ankles—they spoil the attractiveness of a fashionable figure. Just look at your own reflection in the mirror, and see for yourself if your charm, your appearance, and your figure generally would not be greatly improved if your legs were moulded to that slim shapely size that is so attractive in women. Yet this alluring charm can be gained easily and quickly this wonderful new way. In your own home, in your own bedroom, in only a few days you will notice your knees getting rounded and neater, your calves becoming slim and tapering, your ankles no longer thick and mannish, but dainty and attractive—ugly fat will disappear, and you will gain the youthful slim-legged appearance that fashion demands to-day.

TRY THIS TO-DAY

Test this wonderful new method in your own home FREE OF COST if it doesn't banish those fleshy, unshapely legs, and give you that dainty appearance so fascinating in women. I want you to prove, as hundreds of other women have proved, that you, too, can develop beautiful legs this unique way.

Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below now I will send you something that will absolutely amaze you at no cost or obligation to yourself, but please hurry.

POST COUPON NOW!

Madame Powell (Dept. P9),
107 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me with no obligation your amazing "something." I enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

28/9/37.

CONVINCING PROOF!

"My calves have improved considerably, and my ankles are at last slim and shapely, thanks to your course. Also my knees seem to be a better shape, not heavy as before. It makes me quite happy to know that my ankles are dainty once again, and you can be assured I shall recommend your course to all my friends in need of it."
Mrs. O., N., N.S.W.

"I have much pleasure in letting you know just what your wonderful course has done for my legs. It has reduced considerably the fat from the hips, and has improved my knees out of sight; my calves and ankles are now normal—no longer fleshy and clumsy. I thank you for what you have done for me."
Miss E.H., D., N.S.W.

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EILEEN JOYCE *Is* HAPPIEST *Woman* IN WORLD!

"Marriage Will Inspire Me," Says Brilliant Australian Pianist

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Eileen Joyce, the brilliant young Australian pianist, is the happiest woman in the world because she has solved the problem of reconciling love and a career.

Eight months ago, when she concluded her Australian tour, she told me how she was sacrificing love and the security of a home for a career.

THEN she was a tense, rather tragic figure with the slight hardness of a person whose struggle to make a difficult decision had cost her something.

"My career must come first," she said then, dramatically announcing the breaking-off of her engagement to a fascinating Australian whose name she refused to disclose.

Last week came the sudden announcement of her engagement to a young London stockbroker, Mr. Douglas Legh-Barratt, and plans for the wedding a few days later.

When I met her with her fiance before the wedding on Thursday she was completely changed from the person I met early this year.

Laughing and gay, she has recaptured all her old zest for life which loveless, hard work was threatening with total eclipse.

"It is marvellous," she exclaimed. "I thought it only a vain dream that I should ever be able to combine marriage and work. Now I am not only in love, but in love with a man so interested in my career that he wants me to work harder than ever."

Her tall, handsome fiance, who looks much younger than 36, loves hearing her play her favorites, Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Brahms, Chopin. The couple can have only a three days' honeymoon, as Eileen Joyce has to fulfil concert engagements. "But," added her fiance masterfully, "I am taking her on a long honeymoon in the spring," at which remark Eileen ecstatically exclaimed, "Oh, that will be like marrying all over again."

She is turning her Hampstead flat, where there are already two pianos, into an office studio, and is taking a new flat in which will be installed a grand piano, which is her fiance's wedding gift.

They are so thrilled that they cannot remember when and where the groom proposed. They met for the first time while holidaying at New Forest, although Eileen's guardian, Major Hughes, has known the Legh-Barratt family in Norfolk for fifteen years.

"I would love to wear wedding finery, but am too excited to concentrate on elaborate plans," said Eileen.

Defying deep-rooted feminine superstition, the bride proposes to remove her beautiful diamond "Eternity" wedding ring when practising and at concert recitals.

"I am not afraid of superstition," she said. "We love each other. His and my interests are centred in London.

"Marriage will not hinder my work. It will inspire me to greater achievements."

EILEEN JOYCE, the brilliant pianist from West Australia, whose dreams of love and a career have been realised in London. See story below. During her successful Australian tour last year she expressed an enthusiasm for domesticity, and is here shown dealing with a typical domestic situation—cooking.

STOP Ageing, Painful BACKACHE RHEUMATISM

The Danger Signs of Dire Kidney and Uric Acid Trouble

While There's Time!

One Remedy that succeeds where all else fails!

Why HARRISON'S PILLS give Superior Results

It is easy to lull the pain of Rheumatism and other bodily tortures. Aspirin, and many simple pills, will do this. But it is temporary—the cause of the trouble remains and the pain frequently returns.

Harrison's Pills work on different lines. First: They cleanse and soothe the kidneys and urinary tract EFFECTIVELY. This alone gives immediate and exceptionally beneficial relief. Next: They dissolve the uric acid crystals and deposits that lie along and torture the joints, nerves and muscles. Finally, they eliminate the danger-elements from the system. Other remedies do not provide the same guaranteed action and thorough security as Harrison's Pills. No other gives such a quick, safe, completely assured clearing up of all aspects of the trouble in so short a time. Hundreds of thousands of men and women have been astonished with the unusual success of this modern treatment. Men who were losing their strength, activity and power—have obtained new freshness and vigor; women who were fast losing their capability and charm have found a new way to sparkling health!

'Life' begins at 40 — if kidneys O.K.

Kidney, Bladder, Uric Acid and Urinary Disorders can quickly age you by 10 years or more. To end them means rejuvenation—new vigor—new comfort—new peace at night—new happiness each day. At about 40 years of age, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles start most men and women on the downhill road to premature "old-age." DO YOU KNOW THE "WHYS AND WHEREFORES" OF THIS SERIOUS MATTER? MILLIONS of filter-tubes in your Kidneys, put there to rid you of Acids, Poisons, Germs, must be kept in order—all the time. These vital filters can fail—if they do, misery results. If everyone knew the urgency of keeping the Kidneys well, there would be no neglect of the early signs of Kidney Disorder.

WOMEN GET SPLENDID RESULTS

"Dear Sirs,—My daughter has suffered a lot from swollen feet. She tried many other remedies, but obtained no benefit until taking Harrison's Pills. They gave her relief straight away, and we cannot speak too highly of them—they really are wonderful. She has had no recurrences of the trouble.

"(Signed) O. E. McKELLAR."

MADE HIM A NEW MAN!

"Dear Sirs,—Due to uric acid and severe rheumatism, I was practically dead at 77. In spite of the severity of my troubles, Harrison's Pills have made a new man of me, and I feel not a day older than fifty. I have never known any remedy act in such a remarkably beneficial manner. "(Signed) B. JACOBSON."

SMASH Kidney Germs Germs easily enter the kidneys. If they remain they do much damage to health. It requires a special remedy to get rid of them—that remedy is Harrison's Pills. Ordinary remedies ignore these deadly GERMS. The result is continued Nervous, Dizzy, Tired Spells, Leg, Wrist, Knuckle, Ankle, Shoulder and Foot Pains, Colds, Headaches, Puffy Eyes, Backaches, Rheumatism, Itching, Smarting, Scalding, Irritation, Disturbed Sleep and more serious ills.

Guarantee Immediate Results or NO COST

Either you prove that Harrison's Pills will quickly throw off your ageing pains, weakness, sick condition, and haggard appearance, giving quick, unmistakeable benefit, or the trial costs you nothing! Simply get a package of Harrison's Pills from the nearest chemist. Take as directed, and if not freed from your aches and pains—if not more than pleased with the improvements in your health, strength, and general bearing—your money will be returned. This guarantee protects you in making a trial—if Harrison's Pills succeed at once in your own case they are worth the cost. If the first bottle fails—it is free!

Uric Acid Crystals *Like Splintered Glass* **Tear Nerves and Muscles**

With every movement—TORTURE! Tiny painpoints that with every move make you gasp and limp—weaken you, and spoil life. Rheumatism is deadly. It starts with kidney-failure. Cleanse your system of the trouble-causing crystals; heal your raw weakened kidneys—by taking Harrison's Pills. This remedy reaches the spot. In quick time, sufferers who have failed to get benefit from other remedies find Harrison's Pills bring grateful ease.

Restore the Vital Organs to full VIGOR with

HARRISON'S PILLS

NEW DIGNITY *for Girls in* DOMESTIC WORK

Contract to Bind Maids and Mistresses is Latest Idea

Public-minded women all over Australia are working to raise the status of domestic employees, but South Australian women have gone so far as to have a legal contract drawn out, to be signed by mistress and maid.

The suggested contract provides:

(1) A minimum of six months' work.
(2) Working week of sixty hours.
(3) Holidays and sick leave.
(4) Minimum wage, ranging from 10/- to 35/- weekly, plus board.

ONE of the terms is that the employee "shall be addressed by her surname (for example, Miss Jones) by all members of the household unless she asks that her Christian name shall be used."

The suggested contract also provides:

. . . . the employer agrees to employ the employee mentioned for a period of six months, providing all conditions prove satisfactory for either party.

One week's notice of the termination of employment on either side is required.

The employer agrees that the hours of work shall be sixty per week, and that additional time worked shall be paid for as overtime or compensated for by time off.

That two weeks' holiday on full pay be given at the completion of the first year's and each subsequent year's work.

That, if necessary, one week's sick leave will be allowed per annum after the first year's work.

That payment shall be at the rate of 10/- per week, with board, for inexperienced girls of 15-16 years of age, 12/6 to 15/- per week in the second year.

That experienced household helps be paid at the rate of from 20/- to 35/- per week, plus board, value £1.

Free time shall include one complete day per week; nine hours every second Saturday or Sunday (i.e., once a fortnight by arrangement), and at least three nights per week and statutory public holidays free (or overtime to compensate).

Employee shall be given a single room or share one with other household staff, but shall not be asked to share room with employer's children. She shall be addressed by her surname. . . .

Family Secrets

THE household worker's responsibility is defined as follows:

On her part, the employee agrees to stay with the employer for a term of six months, and if arrangements are not satisfactory, to give one week's notice.

She also agrees to serve to the best of her ability the interests of her employer, and to treat as entirely confidential the affairs of the family.

And to provide herself with suitable working dresses. If a special uniform is required by employer, it shall be provided by said employer.

Some months ago, Miss Rose Winter, secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Adelaide, organised a study group to go into the household employment question, and much information was obtained from the Y.W.C.A. in America as a basis for inquiry and discussion.

Investigators reported that many housewives expect far more than it is reasonable to ask from a housemaid who is not amply paid for her work.

One of the reasons which has been advanced for this is that women employ a housemaid when they really cannot afford to have one, and the result has been that many young and inexperienced girls have been expected to take up domestic work as a career, with a mere pittance for wages.

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CHANCE of a LIFETIME

.: By :.

Oscar Schisgall

SHE sought romance in the cities . . . but unexpectedly found it at home.

SOMETIMES, in sheer desperation, she thought, "If only I'd fall in love and marry, I probably wouldn't have such mad ideas!" But she hadn't fallen in love, and apparently there was nothing she could do about it.

So this morning Jane Harmon jerked her black stallion around on his hind legs, slapped his flank and sent him thundering off towards Gainesville on the most reckless mission of her life. And suddenly she was glad—wildly glad—she had at last made her decision. She bent low over the saddle-horn and smiled as she rode—a tense, determined smile.

Her blue eyes, thinned by the wind, swept triumphantly over the verdant range. Far to the right, where the shortgrass grew most luxuriant, she could see the herds of brown cattle which were hers. Beyond them, remotely unattainable, loomed vast masses of purple mountains, like fallen clouds. Time after time strangers had assured her that this was glorious country. The glamor of western sunsets, pouring rivers of incredible color across the skies, thrilled them. But for Jane Harmon, who had seen them almost every day of her twenty years, they had long ago lost their enchantment.

It wasn't mountain-tops she wanted to see when she sat up in bed of a morning. What she yearned for was the ecstasy of rising to a view of tall buildings, of boisterous streets, of crowds. It was the other side of the world she wanted before it was too late—the side where you could wear evening gowns and flowers and lovely things in your hair, where life was replete with the things you read about—music, theatres, romance, excitement.

"Especially," she thought, "romance!"

IN Gainesville, two hours later, old Lawyer Endicott seemed as always both startled and delighted to see her. He rose from his chair hastily—a stooped, gaunt man with the aquiline features of an Indian. But when he learned the reason for Jane Harmon's visit he stood aghast. His mouth fell open; his brows arched high.

"You want to sell your ranch?" he echoed amazedly. "You—you want to sell the Box H?"

"Yes! Lock, stock, and barrel. Horses, cows, and land!" Jane Harmon firmly sat down, drew off her gauntlets and tossed them to the desk. Puffs of grey dust rose out of them like smoke. "I'll sell to the first fair bidder."

"Land sakes, Miss Jane!" gasped Lawyer Endicott. "What on earth for?"

"I want to get away."

"But, my dear girl, you can't just sell the Box H like that!"

"Why not?"

"Why——" For the first time in all the years she'd known him Jane Harmon saw the old lawyer so confused, so staggered, that he became inarticulate. He had to suck in a swift, hard breath before he could plunge on in a pleading tone: "That outfit's been in your family three generations! It's come down to you as a kind of—of trust. I mean——"

"A trust for whom?" Jane demanded with a trace of impatience. "So far there's nobody to follow me. And, for myself, I no longer want the place. I want something else, something more—more stirring."

"Such as what?"

"A chance to live among people instead of among cows! A chance to be in new places, on my own." As she spoke, Jane Harmon looked out of the window into heat-hazy skies, and her eyes revealed strange new lustre, as if she were seeing a mirage up there in the heavens. "I want to get into the world while I'm still young enough to marvel at it."

Lawyer Endicott heavily sat down, daubed a wrinkled handkerchief over his moist, bald head.

"If you mean you want to travel," he objected, "you can do all that without selling the Box H. Your top-hand, Pete Carver, can certainly look after the place while you're away."

"No." Decisively Jane shook her blonde head. "That isn't the way I want to go, Mr. Endicott. When I leave I want to feel foot-loose—cut away from everything. I don't want to worry about the cows at home, and market prices, and drought, and broken fences, and new paint for the ranch-house, and taxes. For three years I've had nothing but that. Now I'm going to taste another kind of life."

Somewhat dazedly Endicott sank back in his chair. "But where," he exclaimed, "are you going?"

"I don't know. Anywhere—everywhere! Chicago first. New York after that. Then—maybe, Europe. That's why I want to sell out. I want to raise as much cash as possible."

There was a long silence while Lawyer Endicott regarded her as though she were some utterly new and incomprehensible phenomenon. He had never before seen Jane Harmon in this mood. He watched her draw off her Stetson and shake back the undulating masses of hair—hair the color of white sage, lavishing itself on her shoulders. She was a lovely girl, he reflected; even more beautiful than her unapproachable grandmother had been fifty years ago. Her body had the slim, supple strength characteristic of all Harmon woman. She was tall, finely moulded—the type of girl, he knew, that belonged in this saddle country.

FOR a long time Endicott watched her with thoughtful, heavy-lidded eyes. It was the buzz of some insect at the window which finally roused him.

"As a matter of fact," he said slowly, "there's a young feller—Phil Coffman—who's hunting a piece of land hereabouts. He was dickering for the Marshall place, but he gave it up."

"All right," she said crisply. "Bring Coffman around. You know what the Box H is worth. I—I want as much cash as possible."

That was all.

Jane rose. She went down to the black stallion, hoisted herself into the saddle, waved amicably to one or two familiar cattlemen in the street, and headed back for home.

A flivver bumped its dusty way from Gainesville to the Box H—a decrepit, topless flivver driven by a young man with dishevelled sandy hair and a broad grin.

Old Lawyer Endicott sat beside him. Gripping the door, he bounced in the front seat as if he were on the back of an angry bronco. The young man didn't appear to notice the rough road. He squinted appreciatively over the Box H range. It was dry now; brown rather than green. Yet the cattle he saw appeared fat and healthy.

From the porch of the ranch-house Jane saw them coming. At the beginning she could discern only a cloud of yellow dust two miles away. It wasn't until later, when the young man stepped out of the decrepit car, that she caught her breath and stared.

There was no real reason to stare—save that he was tall, sturdy, and looked rather well in an old-fashioned coat and cravat, or was it a new idea from the city?

He'd been smiling when he slid out of the automobile's door. Now, when he surveyed Jane's slim figure more closely, the smile brightened with new interest.

"Miss Jane," announced Lawyer Endicott, drawing off his hat as he mounted the steps, "that is Mr. Phil Coffman. Come over to see the Box H."

Jane continued to study him. His face was good-natured rather than good-looking, and his sandy hair had a haphazard manner of dangling over his forehead.

"Mighty glad to know you," he declared, squeezing her hand. "Mr. Endicott told me a lot about you on the way out."

She couldn't understand why she should be so absurdly confused while this man held her hand. In truth, she felt quite disgusted with the momentary awkwardness.

During the rest of the afternoon, while she rode range with Phil Coffman showing him the extent of the Box H holdings, she penalised herself for that initial flurry by remaining cool, rigidly business-like. She lent him one of her own horses for the tour of inspection. Old Lawyer Endicott waited for them at the ranch-house, where he dozed on the porch. And occasionally Jane wished he had come along. It disconcerted her to perceive that Phil Coffman so frequently regarded her profile with an expression akin to amusement.

NOT until they were heading homeward did he say, "Funny, you and I being on opposite sides of the fence."

Jane turned towards him questioningly.

"I mean," he explained, "you being so desperately anxious to get away from here into city life, and I being so desperately anxious to get out of city life into this."

"Where," she asked, "are you from?"

"Originally, Texas. It happens, though, that my dad sold his ranch when I was a kid of five or six. Took me to New York. But I turned out to be a throwback."

"A throwback?"

"Yes. He sent me to college to study law," Phil Coffman chuckled. "A year of it just about gave me my fill. So I went to Cornell and drifted into a study of scientific agriculture. Two years ago I went out to Kansas and spent six months on a ranch. Practical work. That's what showed me I was a throwback. I knew I didn't like New York—wasn't cut out to sit at an office desk.

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The lawyer found them in the garden. He thought they looked like people who had fallen in love.

Illustrated by C. BARNES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4615499

Counterfeit Coin

By . . . DORNFORD YATES

Final Chapters Next Week

THE story nears its conclusion. The counterfeit coin—Percy Virgil—has been exposed.

Richard Exon's fight to save the Cattle Brief for his sweetheart, Lady Caroline, is almost won.

But the fight has been bitter, and much yet remains to be done.

After being captured by Percy Virgil, both Exon and Caroline escape, but only after bloodshed, in which Virgil and his servant perish.

In the well of the courtyard Exon and Virgil stage a grim fight to the death. Virgil is vanquished and Exon, with the aid of Caroline, is eventually rescued from the well.

In the courtyard of the cattle the couple talk of their narrow escape from death.

The drama in which they figured in the battle of wits with Virgil had lasted only minutes. To the lovers it seemed hours! Now read on—

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

"My shirt was soaking wet from my adventures in the well. I met Caroline's eyes—she was laughing at me."

"DID it seem so long, my darling? It's not quite twenty minutes since you sent me out of this court."

Whilst I was still staring, she put down her lips to mine. Then she held my head to her breast and kept saying "My Richard," and smoothing my dripping wet hair. And then she kneeled upon the cobbles, which must have hurt very much, and thanked the God that made her for bringing me out of the well.

And, perhaps because I was shaken and not yet myself, I lost what control I had and the tears ran down my cheeks. And, seeing this, she broke into tears herself, and the two of us wept together for joy of being together and both alive.

Ten minutes later we left that sinister court.

To the best of my belief all traces of our occupation had been removed, and unless the well were searched, which was improbable, no one, I think, would have guessed that the haunted peace of Palfrey had been disturbed.

Elgar's body lay with his master's within the well, and the ounce of blood he had lost was cloaked with a handful of soil. Made fast to a block of stone, the pieces of cord and the strap lay fifty feet deep; and, except for the two tyre-levers, the tool-kit was once more complete. And the dressing-case rested behind us, its cargo of stone discharged.

Clear of the court, I stopped by Caroline's wish. Then I left the car and stripped and rubbed myself down with the silk with which we two had been gagged; then I wrung out my trousers and put them back on my legs; but I drove to Brief barebacked, "for a shirt that is soaked," she insisted, "is worse than nothing at all."

And then we set out for Brief.

It was very near three o'clock when I berthed the car in the shadows which masked the entrance-drive, for now the moon was up and was refining the country on which, as we both believed, we had looked our last an hour and a quarter before.

Ten minutes later, perhaps, we entered her staircase turret and climbed its steps.

Now I had advised that Elsa be told to dress and to be beyond Brief's verge before six o'clock—unless she preferred to be charged with attempted murder and almost certainly sent to prison for life; but, to our surprise and relief, her bed was untouched and she was not within the suite. In fact, it was very soon clear that, because she did not trust Virgil—and there she can scarcely be blamed—she had discarded the role which she had been ordered to play, and had selected a better and softer part.

To be short, "Mona Lisa" had fled—taking with her the best of all that Caroline had.

Her disappearance suited us very well, for we had our secrets to keep, and such a wolf in sheep's clothing was far better out of our way; and though the things she had taken were worth a good deal, their loss served to remind us of what we had saved that night.

I made the most of the bathroom before I did anything else; but, of course, I had no dry clothes and, though I begged for my shirt, soaked from my adventures in the well, Caroline would not allow me to put it on. Instead, when I reappeared she put a flask into my hand and bade me do as she told me or else go off to my bed. Since some things remained to be settled I let her have her way, but I could not help thinking of the strictures which would have been passed, if the Duchess of Whelp had suddenly entered the room.

I suppose that one treasures for ever the gift of forbidden fruit, but I know that as long as I live I shall never forget the short, most intimate scene which brought to an end the drama in which we had played that night. Less than an hour before I had been fighting for life in Palfrey's terrible well, and now I was in Caroline's exquisite bedroom, sitting, with a flask in my hand, on the foot of Caroline's bed, while Caroline sat at her mirror putting her hair to rights.

Her delicate ankle was bruised, and the wrists she had raised were marked, for the cords had chafed her skin; but bruises and stains and tears could not at all diminish the startling splendor of body which she had been given at birth, and for the five-hundredth time I wondered how Virgil had dared to lay hands upon something so perfect and irreplaceable.

Then I met her eyes in the glass; she was laughing at me. I saw myself beyond her, looking like any miner about to begin his toil.

"High time I was gone," said I, and got to my feet.

Caroline spoke over her shoulder.

"As a matter of fact, I love to see you there. When we're married you must always sit there when I'm brushing my hair."

Old Harry's words rang in my ears, and I turned away.

"I must request your assurance upon one point. That is that you are aware that you cannot possibly marry the Countess of Brief."

For an instant my spirit rebelled.

She owed me her patent. I, Richard Exon, had made her the Countess of Brief. And we had faced death together. We had entered the mouth of hell and had turned round and come back together into the rolling world. And now I was in her bedroom—at half-past three of a morning, stripped to the waist—and she was before her mirror brushing her beautiful hair. And yet I could not be her husband. I could be haled up to Pisgah to view the promised land, and then, when I had viewed it and seen how fair were its fruits, I could withdraw from my viewpoint and go my ways . . .

And then I remembered Old Harry's other words:

"Always remember—these things cannot be helped. I loved a commoner once, and he loved me. But there are some bars, Richard Exon, more rigid than those you loosed. So we both of us did our duty . . ."

"We both of us did our duty."

I put the flask to my lips and when I drained it dry I put it back in the cupboard from which she had taken it down.

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WAY of ESCAPE

A man may hide what is in his heart — but not from the woman who loves him.

IT was Rodney Dawlish. Hilary knew him in an instant, though it was only their second meeting in seven years, and she had been only twelve when he went away. She knew that dark head, that slow smile and the mocking way he had of looking down at one. He was dancing with some girl that Hilary did not know. There were a lot of strangers at the dance—women and young men, too, but Hilary could have picked out Rodney Dawlish anywhere.

Amy Lyons stood beside her at the door. Hilary had been staying at her cottage this past week. Amy was looking in the same direction. She said, in a trance-like tone:

"That's Rodney Dawlish."

"So it is!" Hilary tossed her red head. "Fancy that! Where has he been all this time?"

"Alone," said Amy tragically, "with his sorrows. Do you know about him? Why, of course you do! He comes from the same town as you do."

"Yes!" Hilary performed strange magic with tangerine lipstick. "Quite! He was born there. I was born there. He went away when I was twelve. Seven years ago, darling. And I didn't see him until almost a year ago, shortly before he was to be married. Strange meeting it was—he in one train, I in the other, just as they were pulling out of the station. Going in the same direction—for a little while."

"And he knew you?"

"Yes, he knew me. He looked rather funny. He said: 'Hilary!' and I said: 'Rodney Dawlish!' Then he said: 'You were a kid of twelve when I saw you last.' And I said: 'You were sixteen and unspeakably rude when I saw you last, and now only your age has changed. You haven't.' We kept saying friendly things like that till the railway tracks diverged." Hilary's blue eyes saw nothing of the color and movement of the dance. "Till our tracks diverged," she repeated.

"SHE left him at the altar." Amy loved the tragic and trite. "You know that, don't you?"

"I do," nodded Hilary. "He met her when he was in London. She was a blonde. Name of Lois Aiken. Oh, I heard the whole story. People still talk about it—how he locked up his house that day, and left her wedding-dress and all her things undisturbed. She was staying at his house, for she lived in hotels herself, and he wanted the wedding to be from his own home. She left him—suddenly. It's almost a legend by now. Mothers awe their small children by telling them about the old Dawlish House, about the room with its faded flowers and the gorgeous dress of satin and lace lying like stale whipped cream on the bed. It all sounds so strange to me. It all sounds utterly unlike the Rodney Dawlish I used to know. I can't believe, even yet, that he'd let a thing like that get him down. Still, perhaps this Lois Aiken was very lovely, and he might have cared a lot—he could care."

Rodney left his partner as the dance ended. He walked straight towards the door where Hilary stood with Amy. His face was grave and unsmiling. He might have been suffering, but Hilary, who had known him of old, was still suspicious and very much on her guard. You never could tell by his face what he felt inside, and his outward actions were an infallible index to what went on within.

Illustrated by FISCHER

Lois turned white—uneasy fingers tore at the envelope. "Read it aloud," murmured Rodney

"Hilary," he said, with a courtly bow to Amy, "where have you been since the day our trains separated?"

"I was in Scotland, Rodney. You know what my life has been. I have more aunts and uncles than Methuselah's youngest descendant could possibly have had, and each one insists on a visit. I've been to so many different places that I've completely lost count."

"But you're back at home now?"

"Officially, yes. I'm back with Aunt Alice. At the moment, I'm staying here with Amy." Hilary looked round. "By the way, where is Amy?"

"Disappeared," said Rodney. "Her partner took her, I expect. Let's walk out on the terrace. There's a moon over the sea and the night wind speaks with soft voices."

"Not seriously!" Hilary pretended laughter. But she wasn't laughing. Her gay bantering was only a pretence. She trembled when his hand touched her arm. It had always been like that with her when Rodney Dawlish was near. He wouldn't remember, of course, but when she was twelve and he was going away to the University he had ruffled her hair and kissed her freckled little nose and said: "Perhaps the next time I see you, Hilary, I'll kiss you in earnest." But the next time had not been for many years, not until that day when she looked from the train window and saw him, and they had poked their heads out and said taunting things that were only lies and pretence—on her part, anyway.

They sat in a hammock where moonlight came through the wavering screen of the creeper that grew up the trellised wall of the terrace. Hilary searched for flippant things to say. The silence frightened her. She was thinking, she knew in her heart, of that "kiss you in earnest," which it was foolish to think about, for he had forgotten it.

"How have you been, little Hilary?" He turned suddenly towards her. "You have grown more lovely even than you promised."

"I've always been pretty well, Rodney. And you?"

"I?" He laughed queerly. "Don't you know? You must have heard—about Lois jilting me just before the wedding."

Hilary's golden brows knitted as she tried to see into the semi-gloom that kept his face in shadow. But she couldn't see.

"It's—it's really true? I mean, that it broke you up, that you locked the house, left her wedding-dress——?"

"Everything is there, undisturbed, just as it was a few hours before the wedding, when Lois left——"

"It's not like you, Rodney." Hilary's clasped hands cradled her knees. "I didn't believe it. Even now when you tell me; why—why, you're like Miss Havisham in 'Great Expectations,' only, to be consistent and quite fictional, you should have kept on your morning-coat, striped trousers and Ascot tie, also your silk hat, and refused for ever after to take them off."

"By gosh, Hilary," he said, "that is an idea! You were always full of ideas. Now I might do that! So you have no sympathy for my broken heart? You feel no compassion for a man whose life has been cruelly blighted?"

"You're joking, Rodney. It's all a joke. I don't believe you left her wedding dress and all that——"

"I gave orders," he said sternly, "that nothing in that room was to be touched. And nothing has been touched. Nor will it be, until she——"

"You mean she will come back?"

"She will come back."

Hilary was glad the shadows were kind to her. He might have seen in her eyes, in the droop of her mouth, that some hope was dying in her. But he could not see. He touched her hand.

"Come. You'll dance with me, Hilary?"

"Glad to. Love to, Mr. Havisham," she said gaily, cruelly, for she was angry with him, and furious at herself for letting this matter to her, for feeling miserable because he was waiting for that woman to come back. Men were fools, regarding some women. Men loved the women who walked on them—and walked out on them.

THE orchestra played "Be Mine To-night." Hilary, like a gay young flame, drifted along in Rodney Dawlish's arms. She was very quiet now, thinking how good it was to be near him, letting herself enjoy the strange peace and rest that had come to fill this moment, not letting herself think of what he had said about Lois Aiken. She hated Lois Aiken, without ever having seen her. She would always hate her, for doing this to Rodney. The music pulsed and flowed, violins, clarinet, and saxophone weaving a pattern of sound to the click of the drummer's castanets; and her thoughts wove their own pattern—his hand on her hair, his brown hand on her red-gold hair, and his saying as he kissed the golden freckles on her tilted nose, "Perhaps the next time I see you, Hilary, I'll kiss you in earnest." Well, the years had gone, he was with her again, and she remembered—she had remembered, all through that time—and had waited, but he had forgotten.

Or had he? She felt him looking down at her and she raised her eyes to his. He smiled. "You used to have freckles on your nose, Hilary—little gold freckles."

"Ah, yes, Rodney, I did indeed but I have discovered the uses of face creams since then."

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Complete Short Story by...

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4615501

BLACK O'ROURKE

By . . .

Frederick Faust

Ireland is the setting of this delightful love story . . . told with a rare charm and understanding.

ONLY the hands of the women of Clonmel grow old, and when Aunt Anne folded her hands beneath her knitting she was covering twenty years of her seventy.

"Is it New York that's yearning in you again, Daniel?" she asked. "Is it Wall Street you hunger for, and more money to add to your heap?"

She canted her head a bit and measured her nephew with a wise woman's eye. And Daniel Kinsale looked over the valley from Dunboyne Mountain to the Cleggis Hills with an ache coming out of his heart and into his throat; for it was May and even the black iron of the oak trees had softened into a bloom of yellow-green. He could not have told a man in the world, or a woman even, why he was so sad, but in all his fifty years and more he never had known such a strangeness in his blood since the days of his boyhood.

"It's not New York that I'm yearning for, nor Wall Street whatever," said he, "but Clonmel Valley has gone to the devil entirely."

"What would have taken it there, Danny?" asked Aunt Anne.

"Will you think of them making an O'Rourke the master of the hunt?" asked Daniel.

"Tom O'Rourke is a good handy man with the hounds," said Aunt Anne.

"There was never an O'Rourke that was not a black O'Rourke," said Daniel Kinsale. "I have my doubts of the Hennesseys and I keep my eye on every Dougherty, but the Lord never made an O'Rourke except in the dark of the day."

"It may be you're right," said Aunt Anne, "but this Tom O'Rourke sits down into the back of a horse, by my way of thinking."

"He may sit down deep enough," answered Kinsale, "but he has no hands to him except to be hauling at the head of a horse like a sailor on a rope. But for well and all they must have him the master! However, it's not that. That's no more than a token that the old days are gone, and I'm going with them."

"You cannot, Danny!" she cried.

"By-the Lord——"

"Whisht! Or He may hear you!" said Aunt Anne. "But you cannot leave till your duty is done."

"I have built them a race-track from the turf to the jumps, and paid for the sky above them, too. What else is my duty?" he demanded.

"Are you not the head of the family?" she asked. "Are you not The Kinsale?"

"And what of it" said Daniel, turning on her at last and giving himself that extra inch that made him six feet even.

"The Kinsales have still a need of you, Danny," she told him.

"There's not one of them all but has full barns and full bins since I came to the valley," he answered.

"It's not money I'm speaking about. But what of the poor Jim O'Hallahans?"

"I've never seen his face," said Kinsale.

"No more do his orphaned children see it at all," said Aunt Anne, "and that's the shame and pity of it!"

"When was an O'Hallahan ever a Kinsale?" he asked.

"What are the poor lambs, then, except half Kinsale, every drop of their blood?" asked Aunt Anne. "Or who married Jim O'Hallahan except Molly Kinsale, God love her?"

"I cannot remember," said The Kinsale.

"Ah, no, for soon we'll be putting unhappy things out of mind," she replied.

"How would I be putting out a thing that was never in?" asked The Kinsale. "Are they poor?"

"What's money to the fatherless and the motherless," asked Anne, "with only an older sister to raise them? Husbands have taken away two of the girls, but the youngest will not be married at all till her oldest sister before her."

"That's an old rule in Clonmel," said Kinsale. "How old is the eldest?"

"I'd lie if I named her a day over thirty."

"Has she no face to her whatever?"

"Eileen is a good, kind woman," said Anne. "And Rory O'Donnell has waited this long year for her young sister, Mary. Would you be able to wait a year for a train even if it was bound to take you to Paradise, Danny?"

"I WOULD not," said The Kinsale, "and I'll be seeing the O'Hallahans. Has O'Donnell waited a full year for Mary?"

"It will be a full year in a few months," said she. "But he'll be crazy and gone long before the end."

"What are they as cousins of mine?" he asked.

"Oh, tenth cousins, or some such matter."

"Ask the two girls of them up here to a meal," said Kinsale, "and along with them have Rory O'Donnell. I'll mind this last matter before I'm gone from Clonmel."

So the two girls came up in the long, bright ending which daylight saving gives to our days in May. Mary was as fresh as spring, all ripple and flash, but Eileen had a smooth face as full of peace as a forest pool. She wore a shawl against the dust and her hair tied back hard and fast.

Illustrated by FISCHER

Then Rory O'Donnell arrived and Mary looked a wee bit wistful and sad.

When Mary shook hands, Eileen said to her: "Whatever head we have to our house is The Kinsale. Kiss him, Mary."

And when Mary had kissed him, very prettily, Eileen offered her own cheek while she said to Anne Kinsale: "Have you tried the new store, Aunt Anne?"

"Why should I try the new store?" asked Anne Kinsale. "Why, when the old one is run by the same Timmy O'Mara?"

"The new one has vegetables every day fresh out of the ground," said Eileen O'Hallahan. "And the spinach is wonderful."

Then Rory O'Donnell arrived, with his horse knocking sparks out of the road, and Mary looked a wee bit wistful and sad. He was a big young man, but sometimes he lifted his eyes to Kinsale like a child in prayer. They had dinner, but not very much talk until Aunt Anne sent the youngsters off for a walk in the twilight and the older three sat down in front of the house.

"Eileen, you're a good, quiet thing," said Kinsale, "but what's saddened you so that you'll talk of nothing but the price of groceries and the new kind of wringer for the washing machine?"

"Be still and be shamed, Daniel," said Aunt Anne.

"Will you hush, Anne?" asked Eileen. "If The Kinsale will tell truth to me, what a fool would I be not to hear it!"

"What I was thinking more of," said Kinsale, "was Mary and young Rory walking so slowly."

"They are far gone together," said Eileen.

"When will they marry?" asked Kinsale.

"When their own minds are made and God chooses," said Eileen.

"There's no halter that holds Mary in the barn, at all?" asked Kinsale.

"I don't know what it could be," answered Eileen.

"She wouldn't be thinking of an old law of Clonmel, that the younger girls should wait till their elders are married before them?" he asked.

Eileen stood up, so that the moonlight which was beginning to pour over the tree tops whitened her face.

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You're sure to find a packet of Wrigley's new penny Juicy Fruit in your young Freddy's pocket. Chew a piece and enjoy all the delicious sweetness of fresh, ripe, juicy fruit. And next time you take your change in Wrigley's, ask for Wrigley's new Juicy Fruit—the sweet flavoured gum!

A231

For Your Eyes' Sake

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Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Real Life Stories

A MOTHER'S *Happiest* MOMENT

WE were racing through the traffic, perhaps faster than the speed law allowed, but my husband was a doctor and we were on our way to the hospital for an emergency case.

In a few days I, too, would be in the hospital, for our first child was expected.

Suddenly there was a crash, and all went black. I learned later that we collided with a truck, and I was thrown through the windscreen. Unconscious, I was taken to hospital.

When I had come to, imagine my grief when I realised that I couldn't see.

At first there were lights and darkness, then nothing but darkness.

An eye specialist operated on my eyes and said that after three weeks the bandages could be removed, but he could promise nothing as to the results.

The next days were full of fear, and in the midst of all this tragedy our son was born.

For two weeks I had to be content with just touching his little face and hands. My husband kept reassuring me that in a few days I would be seeing him, but, of course, I feared the worst.

At last the day came for the removal of the bandages from my eyes.

I can still remember the awful silence that pervaded the room as the doctor slowly unwrapped the bandages. Everyone was tense, and my heart knew a fear that is inexplicable.

I blinked, I rubbed my eyes, and I saw!

In a few moments my eyes became accustomed to the light, and I saw standing beside me the two most precious persons in my life—my husband holding my new son in his arms.

That was the happiest moment in my life.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. I. Sedler, Peranga, via Oakey, Qld.

Octopus Peril

ON a typical Australian summer's day, at a peaceful little beach on the West Coast, my husband, our two children and myself were enjoying a quiet holiday away from the bustle of the town.

My husband and I, both fond of fishing, were seated at the end of a long uneven jetty, patiently waiting for "bites," while my two children, a boy aged eight and little girl of six, were enjoying themselves in the shallow water and on the beach.

I turned around periodically to watch their antics in the water, and when my son called to me I thought they had found a pretty shell or seaegg and wanted me to examine it.

As I picked my way carefully along the jetty I suddenly realised something was amiss, as they were both struggling in the water nearly up to their shoulders. What I had taken for childish splashes was really a terrible struggle. I rushed down the last few steps and waded into the water.

My little boy had a frightened look on his face, and was valiantly trying to pull his sister out on to the sand.

I frantically grasped my little girl, thinking she had been overcome by cramp, but to my horror a long thick tentacle of an octopus was fastened securely around her thigh.

Frantic, I sent my son to his father for help while I continued the struggle, in water only waist high, to prevent this terrible sea creature from dragging my little girl from me.

In a few minutes—they were long ones to me—my husband rushed to my side. Realising the situation he cut the tentacles with his old fish knife, which luckily he brought along, then took our baby in his arms and waded ashore.

5/- to Mrs. C. A. Wearne, 34 Spring Park Road, Midland Junction, W.A.

A Windy Experience

WHILST pioneering in the big timber country of West Australia with my husband, I had occasion one day to go into the township 20 miles distant.

My only means of transport was a cream lorry, which I could pick up by walking three miles.

It was an all-day trip, and I did not get back until dusk, and was then faced with my three-mile walk along a very lonely bush-track, which at the time was being widened by road-workers.

After walking about two miles I came to the part where the work was in progress, although the men had gone for the day.

During my absence that day a very boisterous wind had arisen, and you can imagine my horror on discovering the rest of the trees along the track had all the main roots cut and grubbed around, and were left more or less balancing, ready for steam tractor to pull down next day. Some of the trees were 200 feet and 300 feet high.

Every time an extra blast of wind came the trees rocked and tottered precariously, and I expected any moment to have one come crashing down on top of me.

To add to my terror there were light boughs, sticks and twigs dropping all around me.

I had to hurry ahead and keep to the track, as I was afraid of getting bushed.

A quarter of a mile from home I had to cross a swamp, and the noises from the bush sounded more eerie than ever to me in my panic.

It was with a very heartfelt sigh of relief that I came out into the clearing and saw the light of our homestead shining through the gloom.

5/- to Mrs. M. I. West, Glossop, River Murray, S.A.

Mallee Comedy

LIVING in the Mallee early in 1915 I had a rather unusual experience.

I was on an unimproved block of land with my husband and two very small sons. Hubby was working some miles away.

It was nearly sundown when an Indian hawker called. He wanted to camp for the night. I told him that the "Boss" would soon be home, and would hunt him. He said, "Boss long way away; me saw him yesterday."

I returned to the tent and, getting a rifle, fired at a bird, killing it. Then I threatened to shoot at the hawker. He immediately roked up his horse and went down the road.

Just at dusk my small son said, "Black man come back, Mummy." I looked, and there is the dusk was the black man looking at the camp.

I watched all night, and at dawn I took the rifle and went to the road. Then was revealed the comedy of the situation. I had been watching a black pine tree stump all night—a tree had been burned and the stump looked, in the dark, just like a man.

5/- to Mrs. Margaret Daly, Coolabah, Bannerton, Vic.

Train Scare

MANY years ago, when I was going up to a large city to spend the day, we arrived at the railway station just in time to catch the early-morning train.

I was travelling alone, and just as the train was moving out, a dark and very dishevelled looking young man got into my compartment and slammed the door.

He stared very hard, so I busied myself with my morning paper.

When I raised my eyes he was glaring at me over the top of my paper—I moved to the other end of the carriage, and he moved there, too, still glaring at me and not saying a word.

Then the train stopped at a small station. I got out, quickly told the stationmaster of my weird travelling companion, and got into another compartment.

As I was getting on to the train again, the man, who also had got out, shook his fist at me and made the most awful grimaces. What was my horror a few minutes later to see him on the running board of the train, hanging on for dear life, and yelling at me through the windows of my compartment.

Fortunately, the train then stopped again, and two men rushed up and seized the poor fellow who had made part of my journey such a nightmare.

These men told me that my odd travelling companion was a most dangerous lunatic who had escaped from a nearby asylum.

5/- to H. B. Varley, Balliol Street, College Park, Adelaide.

Alligator Moved On

AT Horn Island, opposite Thursday Island, Torres Straits, Nth. Q'ld., I had a very lucky escape from being taken by an alligator.

At the time, Horn Island was flourishing as a gold mine, and there were quite a number of people living there. I, with the local schoolmaster, went out with our shot guns to hunt for cockatoos. We came to a creek where we saw some of the birds, but as soon as they sighted us they flew over the creek to the opposite side. This meant a good long walk to get over at the head of the creek. I suggested that, while I went over, my friend should remain where he was.

When I arrived at the other side the cockatoos flew over towards where my friend was, as we thought they would. On my side of the creek there was an old camp once used by sandal-wood cutters. I sat down on a stump on the bank of the creek waiting for my friend to shoot and drive the birds back to me so I could have a shot.

I must have been sitting there quietly for about five minutes, when I noticed something moving alongside me. It was an alligator, about ten feet in length.

It was just entering the water. It either came from behind me, or I had been sitting alongside it all the time.

Anyhow, I did not ask it where it came from, but just fired my gun at its tail and got away from the spot as quickly as possible.

5/- to S. Kelly, 43 Shadforth Street, Mosman, N.S.W.

HAVE YOU A STORY?

THESE cameos of real life in every corner of the globe are a popular weekly feature in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Humor, pathos, romance, tragedy—all the human emotions are reflected in these little pen pictures.

A prize of £1/1/- is paid for the best submitted each week, and 5/- consolation prizes for any others published. All contributions must be signed by the author, and stories should include all relevant details. Post to Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address at top of page 3.

Revitalise your blood; regain lost weight and firm flesh with a graceful figure.

Too many people who are painfully thin imagine they are doomed to remain thin all their life. In despair they say "it is my nature to be thin."

What a mistake! This emaciation is a sure sign of anæmia and of weakness resulting from poverty of the blood. Poor blood is incapable of nourishing the system sufficiently, and it seriously influences your whole life.

Begin taking to-day Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thanks to the vital elements contained in these pills, they actually help to create new blood, rich and nourishing, which revitalises the whole system, imparts vigour and strength, and enables the body to resist disease. After taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a few weeks you will regain weight, with supple, firm flesh; your form will be more graceful and your cheeks and lips will have the rosy tints that denotes perfect health.

All chemists and stores sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 3/- a bottle.

"I PICKED THE GIRL WITH THE MOST Kissable Lips"

SAID TULLIO CARMINATI

How famous film star picked the loveliest lips in Hollywood test

We asked Tullio Carminati what kind of lips men prefer. One girl wore no lipstick, the second ordinary lipstick, the third Tangee. Instantly he picked the Tangee girl. "Her lips are kissable, because they look natural," he said.

Most men agree with him. They like lips that are soft and natural. You avoid that painted look with Tangee, because Tangee isn't paint. It intensifies your own natural color...makes your lips lovely and alluring. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

● Insist on Tangee products only, for all your make-up essentials

Aust. Agents, Turnleys, Melbourne & Sydney.

THE picture doesn't do her skin full justice. Only by actually *seeing* it with your own eyes, by *touching* it with your own hands, could you know the silky loveliness and radiant freshness of this skin cared for with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

What Wright's does for baby's tender skin it can also do for *yours*. Its mildly antiseptic lather gets deep down into the pores, removing every trace of dirt and danger. It leaves your skin soft, supple, and aglow with radiant freshness.

2.87

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

WORTH £10 A PACKET
SAYS WORKING MAN

"I even wished I'd drop dead because of cruel Rheumatic pain," writes Mr. C. V. Stanley, Nietta Station, via Ulverstone, Tasmania, "but thanks to R.U.R. they have almost left me now, and another packet will cure me. Your remedy is worth £10 a packet." R.U.R. Rheumatic Remedy is sold with money-back guarantee certificate by All Branches of W. H. Soul, Pattinson & Co., all Chemists, and Moran and Cato's Stores. Ask for FREE booklet.**

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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 25, 1937

WE MARCH INTO A NEW WORLD

WE human beings are no longer content merely to live in the world. We must be continually changing the world and changing the way we live in it. In the process we are changing ourselves, too.

Consider four news items from one day's paper:—

A man's heart, beating in London, is heard in Australia. It's no mere novelty or rare-show; the instrument that made it possible enables doctors in conference to listen to a heart together, to listen to it magnified so that any peculiarity is easily observed.

On an Australian experimental farm, a plant-breeder produces a new fruit, blend of peach and nectarine. Here again there's more to it than a mere addition to the range of delectable foods. It's one small evidence of man's growing control of natural processes.

In the controversy over home-work, psychological tests are applied to eight children—four of them ardent lovers of home-work, four opponents of it. Those who dislike it prove the brighter mentally.

Daily we progress towards judgment of a child or an adult by studying the individual mind, not trying to force it into a mould.

Mental tests are also being applied to unemployed youths to aid them in "fitting in."

In New South Wales, the Justice Department determines on a radical change in treatment of prisoners. Every man will be examined in an effort to determine his real motive for his offence. He will be treated as a citizen gone wrong, rather than as an enemy of society.

So we change our world. They say you can't change human nature. Whether that be true or no, you CAN change human behaviour, human health, human mental power. Not only can but must. For as we gain greater and greater power over natural forces, so we must make men fit to use that power wisely.

—THE EDITOR.

Points of View

A Belated Triumph

FOR four centuries men have sought the legendary North-west Passage—the sea route from Atlantic to Pacific across the North of America.

The great quest cost many lives, many heartbreaks. But a few days ago the goal was attained. Two ships, one from the Atlantic, one from the Pacific, met in open water amid the ice.

The ghosts of the old navigators must laugh sardonically to see the bitter task accomplished at the very moment when air transport across the Pole is on the verge of being established.

In this age, the difficult sea route that would have meant so much to world economy once is of relatively little value—except as a trophy for the hall of honor.

Science and Sense

MODERN methods in the care and training of babies have done an immense amount of good. But here, as in everything, a leaven of common sense improves the pure product of science.

Dr. Susan Isaacs, of the Child Development Department of London University, lecturing in Adelaide, condemned the practice some moderns advocate of leaving a baby to scream itself to exhaustion. It should be sympathetically soothed by its mother, she says.

Another point made by Doctor Isaacs should spur everyone—man or woman—to some constructive thinking.

Half the girls at a delinquent school in London, she stated, were found to have been deprived of mother love in infancy.

Of course, we can't always prevent the tragedy of this loss. But we can remember its effect, and have more sympathy for delinquents whose early environment may sometimes be wholly to blame for their offences.

One More Breach in the Walls

MRS. A. C. EVANS, widow, and mother of three grown children, will stand for Senate at the coming elections.

She's out to fight muddle and "criminal waste" in Parliamentary methods.

She will advocate Government action to reduce infant mortality, and control to ameliorate the half-caste problem.

And she's standing as an independent as a protest against the pre-selection system.

So nobody can accuse the new candidate—perhaps we'll soon be able to say the new Senator—of lacking initiative. With a programme like that she'll be kept busy for the whole term if she gets in.

The Age of Ugliness

THE neglect of art nowadays means, according to Professor Peers, of England, that democracy is not yet aware of the ugliness that surrounds it.

There are other symptoms of this acceptance of ugliness. They are evident in our town-planning—or lack of it—and in the way we let atrocious buildings and garish advertising signs deface both landscape and cityscape.

The Victorians, in the dawn of the Industrial Era, abandoned beauty for practicability in everything connected with work, though they cultivated beauty in other ways. But industry and commerce have spread so fast that a large part of any modern city is made up of "practical" buildings.

There's an attempt lately to make them less ugly. A few are very fine. But the strongest tendency in architecture at present, commercial and domestic alike, is towards a cheap and tawdry flashiness, a cloying "beautification" of something basically meaningless.

That isn't a way out of ugliness. The cure for ugliness is not lacquer and stucco, but thought and taste in design.

Learning to Eat

MELBOURNE already has a school of dietetics; Sydney University is to follow. Soon, no doubt, all Australia will be served by centres of the most up-to-date food science.

But one obstacle the authorities will have to overcome in their honorable task of educating the public in correct eating for health is the popular notion of diet as a dull and even unpleasant restriction on the joys of hearty living.

This is, of course, a misconception. Modern diet laws ban very few of the things people like to eat. They merely urge a more orderly arrangement of foods that go together, a cutting down of the consumption of some of the less beneficial foods, and an increase in the amount of real health foods.

But it's going to be hard to force this fact home to people who cling jealously to food habits formed by their ancestors.

BEFORE THE WAR.—The Bund, Shanghai, which was heavily bombarded by Japanese. An Australian boy's story of the shelling and bombing is told in column 4.

LYRIC OF LIFE

EMPTY HOUSE

The windows stare, sightless and blank,
Hungry for companionship that's gone.
Watching the street beyond the gate
Where steps unpausing pass forever on.

No hand upon the broken latch,
Nor eager footstep hurrying up the path;
There is no welcome at the door,
Nor fire kindling in the empty hearth.

Here is a house that no one loves . . .
I think its spirit must cry out at night
For laughter in its rooms again,
And windows filled with humanness and light.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Boy Writes From Shanghai To His Mother

A young Australian lad working in Shanghai, writing to his mother here, gives the following vivid first-hand account of the intense bombardment of the Chinese city.

With death all round, he tells how he had to go about his ordinary day's work in Shanghai. He writes:

DEAR MOTHER, — Here's much to do about something.

The last two days have been very exciting, and to-day the guns are going, although it's teeming with rain and blowing a gale outside.

All this bother, you know, started about a week ago, when the Japanese sent 28 gunboats here. They are anchored just in front of the warehouse below ours, and they have had a big old boat up near their Consulate at the Bund for weeks.

On Thursday night we were sitting on the balcony and the radio suddenly said all the American Volunteer Corps had to report for duty at once.

We said "there's going to be some fighting," so we got a cab and went down town and across into Hangkew, which was deserted except for a few police and Chinese.

We couldn't go very far in because they were sniping earlier in the day and were still hidden in the buildings.

The poor Chinese were pouring across the bridges in their thousands and thousands. They have been coming in for weeks with all their belongings.

On Friday the big guns started and kept up like thunder all night. On Saturday morning they woke me up and seemed very near.

Anyway, they didn't worry me; I had to go to work; so for the first time in my life I shaved, bathed, and had a cup of tea with guns booming all around me.

Off I went to work. About 10.30 we were working and heard aeroplanes. I looked out of the window and saw five going down towards the Japanese line across the river.

We dashed up to the fourth floor and on to the fire escape.

Sure enough, when the planes got to the Power Company's plant the bombs started dropping. It was very noisy.

Just as we were going to get back to work, right over our heads appeared three enormous planes dropping bombs. One struck somewhere in front of our place, and I thought, "Here it comes—I wonder if one will hit our office."

"Like a Dream"

THEN the Japanese boats, anchored almost at our door, opened up with anti-aircraft guns. The planes were directly above, and the noise was terrific.

The building shook and the windows rattled, and the Chinese ran inside like sheep.

Off the planes flew, and came back twenty minutes later (ruining my work, incidentally, because I just had to look).

I must admit that seeing those planes, just visible in the clouds, and the guns booming and bombs dropping, was one of the most thrilling moments of my life.

I tell you it's incredible to stand and watch them and then go back to lunch. It's like a dream.

We were told to stay inside last night because a terrific air raid was expected

The Chinese, I might add, have the Japanese more than a little worried. They never expected this resistance.

This thing has its funny side. You listen to an air raid and rush inside to hear what it's all about, and the radio says "This programme comes to you by courtesy of the Bakerite Chocolate Shop," or, "You must hurry down and see the new frigidaire with trays that slide out easily."

I don't suppose we'll stop working, although the compound is full of shrapnel. Anyway, I'm O.K., so don't worry.

I know I shouldn't write and tell you all this; it might upset you; but it's a fortnight old when you receive it, and it's history as I write, and very exciting.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP

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LOWER JOINS *the* SECRET SERVICE

The "incident" of the stolen boot was "closed" with apologies in true diplomatic style.

"Lop-Ear, the Avenger," Unravels the Mystery of the Stolen Boot

. . By . .
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist.

What, you ask, is a diplomat? Is it anything like a bath-mat?

What, you wish to know, is diplomacy? Is it anything like dyspepsia? What is the international situation to-day?

That's all very well. You know all about that. But did you know I was a diplomat? No? Then, I'd better relate my experiences as a Secret Service Messenger in the Diplomatic Corpse.

I WAS on my way to Brindisi with important papers for the British Embassy when I was drugged with a cocaine-filled sandwich by a plausible stranger in the train. I had taken the precaution of secreting the papers in my boot, but when I awoke my boot was gone.

I knew the spy was still on the train, and immediately commenced a careful search. In the next compartment I saw a suspicious-looking character with a beard.

"Is that your beard?" I asked in an off-hand manner.

"Sure!" he replied, and, taking it off, he showed me his initials on the inside.

This cleared him to a certain extent, but I was still suspicious. "You haven't seen my left boot about, I suppose?" I said, offering him a cigar filled with a deadly narcotic.

"I never wear them," he replied, nonchalantly accepting the cigar.

We chatted guardedly for a while, and then I left him and continued my search of the train. I met a pretty sinister-looking fellow in the corridor. He walked with an obviously assumed limp.

"Have you seen my left boot?" I demanded suddenly.

"No," he replied. "Show it to me."

"I've lost it," I said.

"How careless of you," he replied, and hurled himself out of the train window.

There was no time to lose. I flung myself out of the carriage window and rolled down the embankment. I could see a high-powered car disappearing in the distance. I hastily commandeered a motor cycle which is always standing unattended by the side of the road when you're in the Diplomatic Corps and gave chase.

I could see the car turning into a chateau, and the great gates closed as the car swerved inside. I was temporarily foiled, but remembered the rope ladder I always carried under my vest. This I flung over the wall with such strength of purpose that I went over with it, and ended up under the library window.

The Conspirators

THERE they were seated around the table with black silk masks on, as usual. I recognised Von More, the German agent, by a small mole on the back of his neck. He had a passion for moles and used to wear them on all occasions.

Evidently they were waiting for another member, because Izatso, the Japanese, was gnawing savagely at his revolver.

How to get in? I decided that the boldest course was to ring the door-knocker. This I did with some trepidation. I always carried some of the stuff about with me.

A sinister butler opened the door and looked at me sinisterly. I sinistered back at him and entered stealthily.

I stealthed along the hallway and inch by inch opened the door of the conference room.

"Well, then," said a voice which I instantly recognised as Le Dernier's, commonly known as "The Crab" in criminal circles, "the boat leaves to-night, eh? Where are the papers now?"

I strained my ears; and you know how painful a strained ear can be.

"In this very room, gentleman," replied the guttural voice of Von More. This, I said to myself, is the time to act.

Flinging open the door, I strode in. "You're all pinched!" I snarled. "Put that gun down, Count Exzema! I've got you covered. Now, gentlemen, WHERE'S MY LEFT BOOT?"

"By cripes!" exclaimed one of the masked figures, "It's Lop-eared Lennie, the Avenger!"

They all quailed a bit; some more than others.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion!" exclaimed Izatso with true Oriental cunning. (You know the Oriental? Quite a good pub. Excellent table.)

"Do you want to be shot?" I asked him in a conversational manner.

"Well," he replied, "I'm a bit blithered already, but I don't mind. Where shall we go?" So I shot him for insolence.

"My papers?" I said. (I know this is getting monotonous, but I must give you all the facts.)

"In the wall safe at the back of you," stammered Von More.

I don't know if ever you've tried to open a wall safe behind your back with one hand, but, believe me, it's difficult.

Groping, I found the boot, and amid low snarls of baffled rage put it on. I then left.

When I got to the Embassy in Brindisi, the Ambassador, an old Etonian, said: "Well, Lop-Ear, you got through again? We could do with more men like you in the Service."

And so ended one of those epics of courage and devotion to duty which the public seldom hear about.

What a chuck-in for the public!

Why not SLIM & Improve your Health

JUST think how smarter you'll look if you're slim — and how much healthier, freaher and fitter you'll feel if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

Slenderness can be yours without starvation diet or violent exercise if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed. The very next day you'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a difference in your weight.

So start on the sure way to health and slenderness by taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

"After taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks I am delighted to tell you that I have lost fourteen pounds. Another result is wonderfully improved health, and I feel brighter and more energetic than I have been for years."—Mrs. K. E. Rankster.

* *

"I never go to bed without taking Bile Beans. They bring that perfect health which makes you feel years younger. They have improved my figure, made me sleep better, given me more energy, and made me cheerful and happy."—Mrs. M. King.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

"Not a trace of *Pyorrhea*"

(She massages her gums daily with Forhan's . . .)

SHE has followed her Dentist's advice. Every night and morning for years she has brushed her teeth and massaged her gums with Forhan's, and today her teeth are sound, her gums firm and healthy, and Pyorrhea has no opportunity of poisoning her system.

Pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums, comes to *four people out of five* past the age of forty. It is an insidious foe that may infect the mouth of youth and lurk in the gums for years before beginning its real work of havoc.

It starts with tender bleeding gums. Pockets form below the teeth and poisons spread relentlessly throughout the body. It is responsible often for loss of teeth, rheumatism, neuritis, and other dangerous disorders.

Yet nothing is so easy to guard against as Pyorrhea. Daily massage with *Forhan's for the Gums* keeps tissue firm and healthy—free from any germs. Besides being a first-rate toothpaste, Forhan's contains those astringent and antiseptic properties necessary for the prevention of Pyorrhea.

Don't wait for bleeding gums to give you a scare. Take up the use of Forhan's in your home night and morning, and take it up deliberately and faithfully. You will never regret this safeguarding of your teeth and health.

Start with Forhan's *to-day*.

Price, 2/-; extra-large tube 3/-.

Aust. Agents—The Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Forhan's
for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE - IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

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The Garrick Filter Tip, scientifically designed to safeguard sensitive throats, brings you the unparalleled pleasure of good tobacco at its best—filtered . . . cool and sweet and pure.

GARRICK FILTER TIP

Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 9d. . . . 20 for 1/6 . . . also handy pocket flat 50's and round airtight 50's.

Invisible!

NEW HYGIENIC PROTECTIVE ACCESSORY

No Belts! No Bulkiness! No Safety Pins!

Invented by a doctor and based upon a principle used by the medical profession for many years, TAMPAX provides a new, more compact, more hygienic type of protection.

TAMPAX is invisible—a highly absorbent, compressed tampon of surgical cotton—worn internally. So no belts, pads or pins are ever needed. TAMPAX is safe, sure, comfortable and completely effective.

Approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute of America.

Thousands of women are using TAMPAX. You, too, will find a new world of personal freedom in its use. Sold by all leading chemists and department stores—1/6 packet of 5, and 2/9 packet of 10.

FREE: An explanatory folder that answers all your questions! Write for your copy NOW to Nurse E. Simpson, Hillcastle Pty. Ltd., 345 Kent Street, Sydney.

TOTALLY INVISIBLE

Tampax

The Modern ACCESSORY

Worn Internally

WAY *of* ESCAPE

Continued from Page 7

"BOTHER face creams," he muttered. "Will you walk out on the terrace with me again?"

"But we were there just now!"

"I know, but——"

He drew her by the hand out into the dusky gloom and gay silver of the night, and they stood in deepest shadow. His hands were on her shoulders, and she knew he was going to kiss her—kiss her in earnest—and she wanted it, hungered for it. And yet—he took his hands from her shoulders, put his arms about her; she felt his cheek hard and cool against hers. She wanted to fling herself against him, to give him her lips, her love, her life. But she pushed him away from her.

"You're forgetting your grief, aren't you? The room where time stands still, where the bridal wreath wilts and all that? You're forgetting you told me she was coming back. What do you take me for, Rodney? I—if you knew what I—" She felt she was going to cry. "You're cruel to me, Rodney. You shouldn't be cruel—not to me. You love her. You must or you wouldn't go in for all these theatricals, and yet you——"

"Hilary!" Loud shouts came from a long, cream-colored car filled to the brim with gaily laughing youth. "Calling Miss Meynal! Miss Amy Lyons and company calling Miss Meynal."

She drew her hands from Rodney's restraining clasp.

"I'm going now," she said. "Good-bye. If—if I've done anything to assuage your sorrow or comfort you in your loneliness I—I'm very glad."

He kissed the tip of the last finger.

"Darling Hilary," he said softly. "You still have the freckles on your spirit, where they can't be creamed away."

She ran blindly down the steps and was hauled aboard by half-a-dozen eager hands. She didn't want to go with them. She wanted to be alone. But she had to get away from Rodney. If she had stayed just a little longer she would have made a fool of herself. She would have told him that nothing mattered, because she loved him. She would have been willing, perhaps, to share him with that other woman whose memory he had enshrined and whose return he waited for, willing the while to console himself with her, to take her love and amuse himself with it, to make the thing of a moment out of her love, which had always been his.

She awoke from her dreaming to find four assorted pairs of eyes, of young men and women bent closely upon her in mock concern.

"Child," said Amy, "whatever is the matter?"

"Ah," sighed Hilary. "Merely a faded wreath of orange blossom. I'll wake up now. I thought there was a horseshoe inside the wreath. Ah, well——"

Hilary returned home the next morning. She had not seen Rodney again. He wasn't staying in the place, Amy told her. He came and went like a lost soul. Hilary snuggled down in the deep leather seat of the motor-coach. It was a lovely day, soaked with sunlight that went right in through one's pores. Passengers trickled into the coach. It was almost time to go. Hilary was trying to read a book by a Russian author, which Amy Lyons insisted was a regular tour of exploration into the turbulent souls of men, but in whose twistings and windings Hilary had long since got lost.

THE voice forced itself upon her ears. It was husky and it spoke words as if they were nice large marshmallows. The woman was standing on the pavement under Hilary's window by the bus stop sign. She was talking to a black-eyed, olive-skinned man in grey flannels and cerise-colored tie. She was tall and blonde and utterly lovely. She belonged in a play or film, not on a pavement waiting for a bus to leave. She wore a wine-red knitted costume and a white felt hat. But it didn't matter what she wore, Hilary knew, she would always be lovely.

"So it's good-bye, darling Nick. It's been a wonderful year, and I'm sorry it couldn't go on for ever. I was afraid it couldn't, you see, and I left a way of escape."

"Good thing you did, I dare say," said "Darling Nick," a bit sullenly. "Still, I wish you'd see it through with me. I'm not wealthy——"

"Nor ever likely to be, either."

"I'm an artist, you must remember. And good enough to live by my work."

"Exist, you mean, Nicky. Don't be bitter. I shall see you again and often."

"Better not."

"Oh, but yes! Now I must go. I'll get aboard the bus. How prosaic that a bus should be the first step on the way of escape."

"No more so than a hearse should be the last," said "Darling Nick." "Good-bye, my dear. Good luck."

He pressed her hand. Hilary saw him stride away without even looking back. The tall girl sat up in the front and left the bus some miles before Hilary did. Hilary wondered.

. . . . . .

Old Mrs. Throgham, who lived in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town, and went out by the day, was ill. Hilary's Aunt Alice told her that, almost as soon as she got off the bus. Aunt Alice loved illness in any form, especially among the poor. To her it meant jams and jellies and flowers.

"If you're not too tired after luncheon, Hilary, you might take the poor soul a few little things that I've prepared for her? I'd go myself, only it's out of the way and I have four calls to make at the other end of the town. I haven't seen so much sickness in this place for years. It has all the earmarks of an epidemic."

Old Mrs. Throgham had what she called "sciartica." She received her ration of jelly and broth with due gratitude, at the same time expressing her unshaken faith in the efficacy of some stuff in a dark bottle of which she took a little glassful now.

"I don't mind being took down, Miss Hilary. It comes and goes, this 'sciartica.' To-day, how's'ever, I'd just as soon be about. To-day I'm supposed to go, ye see, to Dawlish House. I keep it tidy once a week or so. Just sort o' keep an eye on it while Mr. Dawlish is away."

"IS it really true about——?" Hilary couldn't curb her curiosity.

"Ay, true as true!" nodded Mrs. Throgham vehemently, taking a sip of the cure-all. "A sad house that is, miss. I don't like even to look in that room where the grand white dress is a-layin' on the bed." She leant forward and tapped Hilary's gloved hand with a hard, stubby forefinger. "Like a shroud it looks to me, miss."

"I should like to see it." Hilary gazed pensively out of the window into Mrs. Throgham's bit of garden where the lupins were bright in their pink and blue, and the sturdy morning glories and scarlet-runners were clambering purposefully up their strings. Old Mrs. Throgham looked at her thoughtfully.

"Suppose ye do, then, miss?"

"What?" Hilary jerked her head round. "You mean——"

"Here's the key, right under me pillow. You'll be a sort of deputy for me, you see. I appoint you, in other words, to take a look in to the big house there, an' see that thieves ain't broke in an' stole. Though I'm thinkin' if a thief got into that big bedroom where the lovely leddy were gettin' ready for her weddin', and saw that white thing layin' there, he'd look fer a ghost to come an' catch him; an' he'd run. Here's the key, miss."

She put the key into Hilary's hand. Burning curiosity fought with a reluctance to pry into Rodney Dawlish's secrets. She should not go into that house. But then, of course, someone should go, and perhaps Mrs. Throgham would get into trouble if anything should happen to the place.

"Well——" Hilary got up and stared at the key with a little frown. "I'll look in. I would like to see the wedding-dress."

"It's a sight to be seen, miss. Just like it was there a-waiting for the bride to come back an' put it on. I were at the big house the day of the weddin'—sort of helpin' out, you know. I were in the big room when Mr. Dawlish kem in; this were after he'd got her note sayin' she was leavin' him. He had the note in his hand, an' he stood at the door of the room and looked at her weddin' dress and laughed the queerest kind of laugh you ever heard. 'Get out of here,' he says. 'All of you, get out. And touch nothing. Everything is to be left as it is now. There's another act to this play yet.' Now what did he mean by that, Miss Hilary?"

Please turn to Page 32

10.158.32

Now you can often

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

EX-CONVICT: This is not for stealing the jam, sonny, but for leaving your finger-prints on the jar.

MOPSY, *The Cheery Redhead*

"You're getting better, Nancy—it trembled that time."

HE: Last night I felt like an inspired idiot.
SHE: But, darling, you didn't look a bit inspired.

"Now you've finished school, I suppose you'll be looking for a job?"
"Not on your life, old dear. Let the employers scramble for me."

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"

LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS
SAT AMONG THE CINDERS,
NUGGETING HER PRETTY LITTLE SHOE;
HER MOTHER CAME AND CAUGHT HER
AND PRAISED HER LITTLE DAUGHTER
FOR MAKING IT LOOK LIKE NEW!

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Shoe Polish

Brainwaves

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"MANY a wise word is spoken in jest."

"Yes, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest."

"THEY say your wife was the life of the party," said Jones.

"Yes," agreed Smith, "she was the only one who could talk louder than the radio."

"WAS your last husband narrow-minded?"

"Narrow-minded! Why, he could look through a keyhole with both eyes."

CAR OWNER: I locked the car up before we left it, and now, confound it, I've lost the key!

Wife (helpfully): Well, never mind, dear. It's a fine night. We can ride home in the dickey seat.

YOUNG MOTHER (dashing into the bathroom, where young husband is shaving): Oh, darling, baby has just cut a tooth.

Young Husband (moodily): Then there must be a hoodoo over this house. I've just cut my chin.

MEG: What did you think of the horse show, dear?

Peg: I didn't see a single frock I liked.

FIRST GIRL: How did the dance go off last night?

Second Girl: Oh, the lighting defects were wonderful.

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CLEAN . . . INCONSPICUOUS . . . ECONOMICAL

WILLIAMS FLY TARGET 3D EACH OR 5 for 1/-

Black O'ROURKE

Continued from Page 8

"DANIEL, Daniel, what are you saying to her?" cried Aunt Anne.

"It's a pain that I can endure very well," said Eileen, slowly sitting down again, but Kinsale could see how her lips were parted.

He cried out: "Perhaps I've done a hurt and a harm here, but now that I've started let me go on to the finish."

"I will not have you say another word!" said Aunt Anne.

"There's nothing else that I wish to hear," said Eileen O'Hallahan.

"There's been no mother's hand in your house for three children except your own hand, Eileen," said The Kinsale, "so that you've given all the care to your sisters and none to yourself. The whole valley knows how kind you are, but you will not let them know how pretty."

The head of Eileen bowed a little.

"Is the girl crying, Anne?" asked The Kinsale.

"Why would she not, you thick-headed loon?" demanded Aunt Anne.

But he said: "It's only why will you dress in grandmother's grey and tie up your hair till your eyebrows are hoisted? And why will you wear the shoes of an old woman, and skirts that begin at your shoulder-blades instead of your hips? Eileen, give me a list of your sizes and then promise to wear the clothes that I send you."

"I must do what you tell me," said Eileen. "But don't be asking me that! For when I come out all fine and gay the young people will whisper behind their hands and the old women will laugh in my face."

"Let me see them laugh once and they'll never laugh twice," said Kinsale.

"I must do as you tell me," said Eileen, "but I pray God to lighten the tongues that will strike me."

THE next day Kinsale said to Aunt Anne: "Was she hurt too much in the heart?"

"Ah, the words of a man!" said Anne Kinsale. "How they plough us and harrow us small, and God forgive them."

That was what darkened his face when he rode down the valley to the home of Kerry Kinsale, who sat on a fence whittling a stick into shavings and admiring the green world, while his wife sat under an apple tree and rocked the baby's cradle. The Kinsale went to her.

"By the way you're both laughing, I can't tell which is the younger of the two," he said.

"Sit down and love him a while. It will do you good," she told him.

"Take the child to your mother," said The Kinsale, "and leave it there for a day, and dress yourself and catch the train for the city this afternoon."

"What should I be doing out of Clonmel?" she asked. "And little Danny would forget me if I left him a day."

"Will you do as I bid you?" asked The Kinsale.

"I shall if I must," she answered.

"Here is a list of sizes," said Kinsale. "Fetch it to the best shops in the city and buy whatever a woman would like. And don't be a fool to buy black, either, for why would God put color on the ground if He didn't wish the women to have it on their backs also? And when all is ready, have it sent to Eileen O'Hallahan."

"Uncle Daniel," she cried, "are you marrying Eileen?"

"There is a woman to keep my house, and why should I marry, except out of the valley, where I'm going?" asked Kinsale. "But it's to keep foolish tongues from talking that I'm trusting to you. Also, Mary O'Hallahan won't marry until her older sister is married before her . . . There will be dancing slippers and evening clothes and all."

"But is The Kinsale to be fathering the whole valley?" asked the girl.

"Hush, and here's a word in your ear," he said. "When I tried to talk to her, I made her cry and, therefore, I have a debt owing that must be paid."

"I'll do as you bid," said the girl, "but the tears you make a woman cry will be the peace of her soul!"

This was the whole manner of it and the reason a whisper ran through the valley not many days later. Aunt Anne heard everything, but she waited until she had gathered enough flour to make a loaf, so to speak, and then she gave it to Kinsale.

"Eileen O'Hallahan has been to a dance and to two wakes lately," she said, "and there's ten years off her back and twenty pounds out of her shoes, they say. Jack McGuire is dressing up and calling on her of a Sunday afternoon, unless he finds there before him Vincent Shaughnessey."

"This Jack McGuire, what could a man say of him?" asked The Kinsale.

"He's a man of forty and a bit, with a fine black moustache, and he rides in the first-flight," said Aunt Anne.

"And what does he live by?"

"Why, a bit of land and all, like any man else in Clonmel, whatever," said Anne.

"I'll be putting an eye on him," said The Kinsale.

"There is also Tom O'Rourke courting her every day of his life," said Aunt Anne.

"There is what? I forbid it!" shouted Kinsale. "And him widowed and all? And as grey as an old horse, except for the shoeblacking in his hair?"

"Ah, Danny, he lacks five full years of fifty," said Anne.

"The black O'Rourke, eh? He would marry her, would he?" growled Kinsale. "Send and fetch Eileen here and I'll put an eye on this courting. But tell me this—are they laughing at the poor girl?"

"There are some fools that laugh at anything, because their tongues are hung in the middle and work at both ends," said Anne, "but the rest do no more than to look and smile when they see a decent woman trying to catch up with a bit of the life that's gone by her. However, those that are twice young are twice foolish and we'll know Eileen when we see her."

The O'Hallahans came up the next evening, but The Kinsale got in late for dinner, since he had had a talk and a drop with the contractors who were building the race-track. He had to wash his hands and sit down as he was. The table was almost full, for, besides the girls and Rory O'Donnell, there was a McGuire, a Shaughnessey and an O'Rourke, all men of middle years. There was Mary O'Hallahan, as lovely as ever, but Eileen The Kinsale did not know at all. For the tight hair that used to make her face seem big and her head small was now softened into fair waves, and she wore a dress of coffee-colored lace with a little bunch of spring flowers at her breast. It seemed easy for her to smile, and her eyes were continually brightening. She sat on the right of The Kinsale, but he did not need to worry his head about talking with her, for the black O'Rourke or Shaughnessey or McGuire constantly had her ear, and each talked a little more loudly than the other, and each waited for her eye like three puppies for the eye of the mistress. But no one at the table was so happy as Rory O'Donnell, and every now and then Mary glanced at her older sister and loved her with a look.

BUT the talk was not much presently, because when the people of Clonmel sit down to eat, the thing they have in mind is the food; and for that matter it is plain that only silly creatures like the French ever would mix wind with meat. So the meal ended and the visiting three men sat about for a decent time, smiling a bit and sweating a bit in their best clothes; but each of the three, when he said good night, had something to say to Eileen that caused him to hold her hand for a moment. When they were gone, all the family sat together for a little time.

"You've taken to putting red on your lips," said Kinsale to Eileen.

"And what's wrong with that?" asked Anne.

"It's not clean, is all," said Kinsale.

"Is every man in the world to kiss her?" demanded Anne.

"Ha?" said Kinsale. "No, leave the stuff on, Eileen."

"I will not," said Eileen, dragging the corner of a handkerchief across her mouth. "Is that better?"

"To my taste it is entirely," said Kinsale. "It's a fine change that you've made with yourself, Eileen."

Please turn to Page 42

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Magnificent Gesture

A gripping story of an airwoman's adventures when her plane crashes in a remote Chinese village

By FREDERICK NEBEL

A Complete Short Story

A girl in a brocade and silk gown brought her breakfast. "Where am I?" she asked. "In China," came the reply

Illustrated by FISCHER

BELOW her, the earth was shrouded, hidden. Above and about her, the night spread flamboyantly; when she looked upward through the closed transparent hatch, the starlight seemed adrift like silver pollen. The moon was bending towards the west, down behind her shoulder. It was past midnight. By dawn, by sunrise at least, she would reach Shanghai, and drop this tired amphibian to the waters of the river.

She was tired. The vibration of the plane had become a part of her, flowing now, it seemed, with her blood. She was dead tired. For eighteen hours she had sat in this seat, without a respite; and most of China was behind her. Many countries and an ocean and several lesser seas were also behind her—and at sunrise, God willing, she could drop to the earth again.

She had a strong face, thin and oddly fascinating in its strength, and beautiful and a little sad. It was foolhardy, this flight; but she had played the fool on one other and memorable occasion; and now, this time, she found a certain grim satisfaction in playing the fool again.

It was, the Press said, superb courage, heroic. Up here, high in the night, she could laugh quietly and a little mockingly. They would never know. No one would ever know. Not even, she supposed, Prescott. She liked to think that perhaps the Hornet would know, that perhaps it already knew, had known from the beginning. "Do your best, old sport," she would say. "But if you fail, if your old heart breaks, I'll understand; I shan't hold it against you."

The cough of the motor did not startle her. She was too tired to be startled, and in the back of her mind there had been all along the feeling that somewhere, sometime, this might happen.

Earthward. Through a smoking, swirling cloud. The engine sound gave way to the strident keening of the wind, and she put the plane into a long glide. Only the propeller spun, driven by the wind. The engine picked up again, spitting, choking, jerking at the plane; but then it died, and she followed the long glide around, dropping past the lower stars, coming into the shadow of the earth.

Banking, she could see tiny pinpoints of light below. A town, perhaps—a small, wilderness town. She kept her eyes on the lights, hoping she would crash beyond, yet near enough so that she would be found.

It didn't matter, of course—not really; but she somehow wanted to be found. How the engine tried, tried to pick up, rasping awake, coughing, and then dying again! Those people below would hear it. The lights grew larger, and the lowest stars were now obscured by the looming shadow of the earth. Her lips were tight, but with a little grimace, and a tear rolled down her cheek.

She turned off the ignition and looked upwards, and saw how beautiful the night was; then she looked downwards and saw that suddenly a uniform pattern of lights had come to life on the earth's dark face. Her throat closed, opened with a little gasp.

No beacon, no floodlight, but four rows of lights that made a significant rectangle. By her chart, she knew, she was at least two hundred miles from a field. But this below, by all signs, was a field, chart or no chart!

Blood flowed hotly through her again. She switched on the landing-lights, and her eyes widened, strained. Beneath her, soon, she saw dimly low shacks whipping past, and liquid glints that looked like dark water illumined briefly by her lights. She was very low. She crossed a line of lights, and set her plane down on the uncertain ground.

THE plane bounced, threw her sideways; but she brought its tail down and went rumbling and jolting past small running figures. And then the plane stopped, with its nose almost directly above the opposite row of lights, and she lay back and closed her eyes and sighed—and sobbed once—and was overcome by a leaden weariness.

She awoke to the sound of singing birds. The sun's rays came in steep shafts through the blinds. Her arms were bare; she started, and found that now she wore a slumber gown of lemon-yellow silk—her own. Her bag, open, lay on a divan near by, and her silk robe lay on a gilded chair, with her mules beneath. She threw back the covers, sat up, listened: then she rose and put on her dressing-gown.

The blinds opened on a courtyard, and there was a bed of azaleas and a high vine-strewn wall with a gateway shaped like a bell. The sun was high. A small brook ran through the garden, tinkling liquidly. Tranquillity lay like a benediction on the courtyard.

Footfalls, metallic, rhythmic, began somewhere beyond the garden wall, drew nearer. A soldier came through the bell-shaped gateway. He talked for a while to another who moved off again after a few brief words. The other disappeared around a projection of the house wall and soon his footfalls vanished.

She turned at the sound of a nearer, softer step, and saw a woman standing in the doorway. The woman was young, with ebony hair that appeared to have been lacquered down, rouged cheeks and much brocade and silk. She carried a tray across the room, set it down on the beaten brass coffee-table beside the bed. She gestured to the bag, the clothes, the bed, and said:

"I took the liberty of arranging you for sleep."

"Thanks. Where am I?"

"In China."

"Oh—in China." And with a dry, quick smile: "I see—China."

The Chinese girl dipped her head towards the tray. "Some refreshments." She backed to the door, backed out.

The tall girl shrugged, sat down on the bed. The broth was hot, tasty, the rice-cakes were crisp. She drank two cups of fragrant tea. Afterwards she rose, found a cigarette and lit it and stood again by the window. The sunlit peace, she thought, was heavenly; it put a quiet song in her heart that rose to a faint humming on her lips. She stretched luxuriantly.

When the savor of her cigarette had gone, she crushed it out, dressed. She put on a grey blouse, her grey cord breeches and black boots. An odd sense of exhilaration stirred in her blood. No one came, and presently she opened the door and stepped into a cool, dim corridor floored with marble. At the end, sunlight slanted in.

The garden was deserted, and she walked through it to a marble bench in an arbor and sat down, watching the brook bubble past. The man leaning in the shade at the corner of the building watched her for a few moments and then came forward. He wore breeches, boots, and an old tweed jacket in whose large pockets his hands were sunk.

"Good morning, Miss Hayden," he said.

"Oh, hullo. This is China, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said gravely, "this is China."

He was, she saw, very slender, with light brown hair cropped close, with a young but serious face, very tanned, very clean-cut, and straight brows.

He sat down opposite her and said: "That was a very neat landing you made last night."

"I was surprised. I had no record of this field."

"There is no record of this field."

She looked up at him and found him regarding her candidly. "It's fortunate," he said, "that we learned by wireless that you were on your way. Otherwise the lights wouldn't have been turned on."

"Not turned on! Wouldn't you have given any disabled plane the chance——"

He was shaking his head. "No. It might have been a ruse."

"Why a ruse?"

He shrugged, brooded over his finger-nails for a long moment and then raised his head and looked at her with what seemed like a haunted tenderness. "It must have been an awful trip."

Please turn to Page 16

The Arrow

Fashioned of stars and quiet summer dreaming,
Brushed with laughter, sweet with spring air,
Woman goes singing through a golden meadow,
Wearing a crimson flower in her hair.

Back through the evening's purple shadow,
Silent with sorrow, alone, apart,
Woman comes weeping down a silver pathway,
Wearing a crimson arrow through her heart.

—B. Knowles.

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MAGNIFICENT GESTURE

Continued from Page 15

SHE gave a short, reckless laugh. "I owe you my life. Where am I?"

He shook his head a little grimly. "Can't tell you."

"Aren't you the big Poo-Bah here?"

He shook his head.

"Who is? May I see him?"

"No."

She chided: "Mystery! Mystery!" And then she said flatly: "But I must go on to Shanghai."

He stirred uneasily. "Not for a while." He looked straight into her eyes. "I've been told to inform you that you can't leave for a while."

She encompassed the garden with a gesture. "War? I never saw a place so peaceful."

"The war is not here," he told her quietly.

"But why can't I go on?"

"I hate to see a courageous girl like you attempt suicide."

Her eyes flashed. "I must get to Shanghai."

"You will—but not yet."

"Then I must see about my plane."

"It's been looked after."

She was subdued a bit now. "May I walk outside the garden?"

"No." He added: "I'm sorry."

Beyond, she saw three uniformed men striding from the gate towards the house. They were small, very dapper, and one swung a swagger-stick. They were Chinese.

She was desperate again. "Can't I—please—see the commanding officer?"

"No."

Later, in the dark, when the moonlight lay like a mist over the garden, she leaned out of the window. Memories came and stayed with her a while, and then went away as others crept in. And always, when she thought of Prescott, a bitter torment seared her soul.

A figure emerged from a shadow and walked across the garden, in an unhurried, ruminative walk, with frequent pauses. Half a dozen times he paced the garden's length; and then he must have seen her, for he came slowly towards the window and stood in the shadow below.

"I wish," said his voice, "that you wouldn't continue beyond Shanghai."

"I have first, of course, to get to Shanghai."

"Be patient," his voice said idly.

"Only a catastrophe in Shanghai could stop me. Or one here."

Next morning there was a knock on her door, and she spun from the window and cried: "Come in."

He came in.

She began: "What——"

His look, steady, driven, stopped her; and he said: "All right. You can take off. Promises mean nothing in China, but I'm asking you to make a promise. If I know you, if I know as much about you as I think I know, you'll promise."

She felt the drive of his deep, taut emotion. She raised a hand. "I think I could keep any promise a man like you would ask me to make."

He said: "When you reach Shanghai, forget this place—entirely, completely."

"Of course, if you ask it."

"No matter what you hear."

"No matter what I hear."

He said: "There's another promise I'd like you to make."

She did not look up. "What?"

"Give up your flight at Shanghai."

SHE shut her bag and stood up and turned and faced him, her pale face very grave. "Did you ever make a gesture?"

"Yes."

"One you thought magnificent?"

"Perhaps."

She picked up her bag. "I'm like that. Shall we go now?"

. . . .

At last she reached the sanctuary of an hotel room and locked the door with a vengeance. She threw herself on the bed, spreadeagled, and stared at the ceiling, and remembered how he had stood on the field, head lowered, fists clenched hard against his thighs, as she took off for Shanghai.

She wrenched herself out of the mood and bathed, soaked her body in the hot water, dressed. She was working over her charts, a cigarette drooping from one corner of her mouth, when Major Coldhaven, the military attache, was announced.

"Oh, hullo, Major. Sit down. Have a cigarette. Sorry I've nothing to drink."

He was fiftyish, blunt in the framework, with poor eyes rectified in some measure by smart pince-nez. "It's dashed good to see you again, Miss Hayden. Like welcoming home a wandering daughter. Congratulations!"

"Only I'm not at home. En passant."

He leaned back on his blunt heels, went on in his thick, monotonous voice: "I had three planes out directly you were three hours overdue. We were genuinely worried. B-r-r! You chose a dangerous route." He flapped a squarish white hand. "These inter-province wars—mercenaries roving the interior. We calculated that if you were thrown off your route, you might run into the hunting grounds of the notorious General Fang."

"He can't be very notorious. I've never heard of him."

"Bah! You've been out of Shanghai for a year. China's fertile ground for notoriety. Fang grew like a mushroom. He's the Nemesis of the new Government. Came out of Heaven knows where—probably the north. Got himself together half a dozen planes or more—no one knows exactly—a band of half-savage mercenaries and a reputation for bloodthirst unequalled in my time. Rumors got about that he's an expatriate Japanese, but I and others firmly believe he's a Mongol from the north. He always attacks at night."

"But why your intense indignation, Major?"

THE Major colored. But she knew the answer. She knew that foreigners had strong commercial interests in internal China, that in certain quarters feeling ran high against anyone not in sympathy with the new Government.

The Major blew his nose. "Ahrrump! And so your next stop will be Hawaii. Great! Wonderful! Marvellous courage! The spirit of youth is a grand and glorious thing! . . . Well, I must be going."

She saw him to the door, closed it, leaned against it. The platitudinous old idiot! And then she thought: General Fang. She wondered if this were the general she had not been permitted to see. And she remembered the concealed hangars, the field that was so deftly camouflaged that when she had risen two thousand feet above it, it looked not like a field at all. "It was!" she cried in a whisper. "And he was one of the mercenaries!" Then she frowned, puzzled, at memory of the place—and the man.

She dreaded the banquet; but she went, made a terse, simple speech, and met many whom she had known before in Shanghai.

It was not until afterwards, when dancing began, that she ran into Harry Prescott.

"Good heavens—Claire!"

She snapped: "Hullo, Harry."

But he stopped her, gripping her wrist. He was a very tall, young man, very round of face, heavy in the framework; gone to more roundness generally, and softer since she'd last seen him.

"Listen, Claire."

"I'm in a hurry. Really I am."

"Want to talk to you and tell you——"

"Will you let me go?"

"Sh! Not so loud, Claire. Listen, darling—I love you as much as ever——"

"You'd better look after Marie."

"To the devil with her. Fine wife she turned out to be. Claire, it's you—me and you——"

"Let—me—go!"

"Claire! Listen, Claire——"

She clenched her fist and struck him in the face. He reeled back, and she ran away, her cheeks burning, a stifled sob in her throat.

Alone in her room, she sat on the edge of a chair. And she felt so very much alone, so very lonely. Love had never touched her till Harry came along two years ago. Planes, engines, flights—these had occupied her time and mind. At twenty she had become an expert pilot—at twenty-one a tyro in love. Falling once, she fell hard. And then Marie had come along, lazy, sumptuously built; and quite effortlessly, with a yawn, she had taken Harry away. Claire's world had crashed about her. Proud, she had been humiliated, cut to the quick. And she had not got over it. It made her reckless, abandoned, but not towards men, not towards drink—but towards danger, hard and raw.

He came next day, a little before noon, and was a little drunk, but humble. "I'm a fool, Claire. I was a fool to let you down as I did. I'm at the end of my tether. I tell you I can't go on."

She felt a little braver this morning. "I'm sorry, Harry."

"I love you, Claire. Came up from Singapore to see you. Really. Stay here, Claire. I love you."

Please turn to Page 28

FROCKS FOR PASTEL BALL

THE beautiful color photographs on page 2 of the fashion section were posed by well-known Sydney society women, who are working for the Pastel Ball at the Trocadero on October 5 in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution.

At the top are Miss Jean Kennedy (left), wearing blue lame, and (right) Miss Eleanor Douglas-Cox.

Below are Mrs. Rex Money (left) and Miss Jocelyn Poynter (right) in a pastel frock which has a leaf-green sash.

What's a lovely face . . .

. . . WITHOUT A LOVELY FIGURE?

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN PRESERVE THEIR FIGURES WITH

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

MARCH *of the* MODE

BY RENE

Says Our Fashion Artist, Rene:—

● YOU SIMPLY MUST try the effect of chalk-white lace on black and navy sheers and crepe. . . To me, it's the dramatic fashion sensation of the season. . . Those crisp staccato touches are really stirring. . . If you are anything of a needlewoman, here's your opportunity to give an absolutely individual touch to your frock. . . The border motif so much used just now cannot be more cleverly done than with applique. . . On one frock I have suggested an allover pattern of lace done in a triangular stripe effect, which should give you many ideas for making your own pattern designs. . . Lace done in horizontal or vertical lines could be equally unusual and attractive.

● WHITE LINEN LACE is appliqued on the crossover bodice treatment and cuffs of a black antelope crepe frock.

● WHITE LACE, allied with navy romaine, makes a charming afternoon frock. The lace is so applied that it gives a pleasing striped effect.

● BLACK SHEER DINNER GOWN, with tiny matching bolero and white lace used as a border pattern.

● ON BLACK FRENCH CREPE lace is used to give a redingote effect. Cut-outs of the lace patterns are used as spot motifs, sewn here and there over the dress.

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FASHIONS IN ARTGRAVURE

IN PASTEL SHADES...

• *PASTEL BLUE CLOQUE LAME, woven with silver, makes this beautiful evening gown cut on tailored lines and featuring a high pointed waistline and low back decolletage.*

• *EVENING GOWN of magnolia satin. The bodice shows the new feeling for draped fullness, and the bias cut skirt fits slimly to the figure, falling into voluminous fullness from the knees.*

• *PASTEL PINK SATIN makes this delightful gown, which relies for its effect on the perfection of its cut. This is a youthful model, and the bertha shoulder treatment enhances its demure charm.*

• *FROCK OF SLIPPER SATIN in a pastel orchid shade. A sash of leaf-green chiffon forms a charming color contrast to the delicate beauty of the gown.*

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov

CARTWHEELS...

KNOWN OF YORE as the "Merry Widow," the huge cartwheel-brimmed hat has achieved a fashion comeback. As our artist, Petrov, has shown in these sketches, it is a madder and merrier "widow" than ever...

● ABOVE: Stiff yellow organdie, stitched and ribboned with black.

● TOP LEFT: Two roses are balanced precariously on the towering crown of a coarse brown straw hat with slightly drooping brim.

● LEFT: The flat crown of a natural straw holds the many colored ribbons radiating to the brim edge.

● LOWER LEFT: White panama. The crown is just sufficient excuse for a band of navy ribbon, and the underbrim is lined with navy.

● BELOW: Another natural straw with a cone-shaped crown to which is buttoned a wide ribbon in whatever color your dress and mood dictate.

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PARIS *Fashion Shows* FEATURE NEW *Day* COATS

Highlights of Midseason Collection

Coats take first place in the news about day clothes.

All the Paris fashion houses are featuring them independently as well as combined with suits in three-piece outfits.

From
LUCY MILNER
By Air Mail from Paris

RUMORS that skirts would be shorter have proved, after an all-round view, to be unfounded; luckily for most of us they are still only at most fifteen inches from the ground.

But you must make up your mind right away to get your eye into a new line. No more of those narrow waists, broad tight belts, accentuated hip-lines.

Instead, most of the new coats are cut plain in front, full at the back, so that they hang plumb-straight and fit the figure nowhere.

First impression was that we would have no choice but boxy coats—those square, swagger coats with deep pleats let into a shoulder yoke at the back; and they are by no means easy to carry off, particularly if you are small-sized.

But after seeing several shows I realised that the boxy coats were just one variation of the straight line; they've got an attractive swing to them and they are certainly going to be smart.

But if it suits you better you can have your straight coat cut with the fullness graduated in from the shoulder, princess style.

An alternative line which emerged from a general survey was the redingotes—dashing, full-skirted coats with tight-fitting bodices and moulded waists.

Several of these appeared in every collection—quite enough to establish them as a fashion for people who find the fullness of the straight coats a bit overpowering.

Under your coat, straight or shaped, the fashion is all for suits.

The best were simple, with a short straight skirt and a tailored but easy-fitting jacket.

High-necked blouses are draped or worn with tuck-in scarves, and mostly come outside the skirt.

Breaking the old rule that fur must be conventionally treated, the designers have played all sorts of tricks with it. On coats, for instance, they've used it for panels, alternating with strips of material. (A good idea, by the way; it gives you the rich look without the weight.)

They've made it into waistcoats, into glengarry caps; they've cut it about to trim lapels, edge pockets, and bind seams. So now you can get those old stoles and muffs out of the camphor and use them to bring last year's suit right up to date.

Snug-looking idea for motoring was the Eskimo hood, sometimes in fur, sometimes in cloth or velvet, fitting on to a coat but detachable from it.

So much for silhouettes in general. Now run your eye down the details and pick out the points you want to emphasise in your own autumn outfits.

High Necklines

NECKLINES are invariably high and close-fitting, suiting the higher sloping hats we'll be showing you later. Many collars are just straight turn-ups, some pointed, others casually rounded.

Shoulders are still squared, but only reasonably so. No more puff sleeves and no upward fullness at all.

Lapels take a lot on themselves and are often lined or faced with a vividly contrasting color. (Another tip for bringing an old suit into fashion.) One black jacket had lapels lined with azalea-colored suede, another with vermilion suede.

Or they are doubled with different materials: black velvet or astrachan, for instance, on a grey tweed jacket. One designer even went so far as to tip the lapels of a black coat with yellow suede, embroidered with a monogram.

Pockets have little fuss about them, tricks come in their placing. Newest ones are neither breast nor hip, but set dead on the waistline.

They are mostly deep, flat patch pockets; one tweed jacket had two pockets one side, one the other; another was pocketed each side from waist to hem.

Colors: Mainly black but also a range of warm browns, caramel, toast, rust colors. Very few checks, a sprinkling of Paisleys and plaids. Plum, magenta, violet and bright blue used for trimmings.

PARIS . . . *Snapshots*

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

BEAUTY treatment goes deeper and deeper. Specialists in the Rue de la Paix are reddening their clients' gums with a specially-prepared stain as part of "before function" beauty treatments. The theory is that the redder the gums, the more pearly and beautiful appear the teeth.

* * *

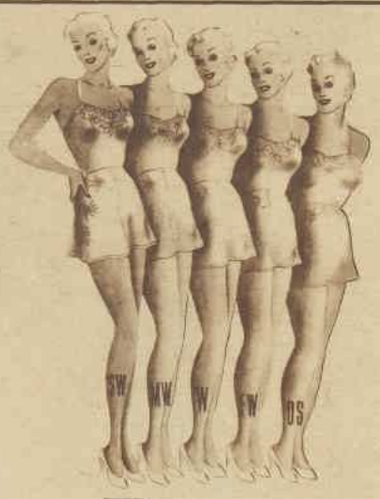
WHITE cord collars are taking the place of organdie and spotted muslin jabots and neck frills. Worked up in intricate designs, on dark frocks they look like chalk drawings round the neck. Loops and twirls are the favorite patterns.

* * *

SANDALS, coming well up over the instep and very much cut away at the heel. Suede handbags, gloves, scarves and umbrella cases to match these, in beige, burgundy, scarlet and royal-blue. Can be bought in complete sets at the most exclusive houses.

* * *

SUNTAN make-up everywhere. Grey, red, black and golden hair—all frame faces with Spanish complexions. Lips are brick-red, but I seldom see mascara-ed eyes.



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ENGLISH *Fashion Expert* WRITES FOR US

First of a Unique Series of Fascinating Articles Which Will Help You Master the Art of Being Well Dressed

This is the first of a special series of articles written for The Australian Women's Weekly by Alison Settle, leading English authority on fashions.

One of two women members of the Council for Art and Industry appointed by the British Board of Trade and the first Englishwoman to act as Fashion Consultant to the chief fashion firms of Great Britain, the writer has won world-wide recognition for her fashion work.

For eight years she was editor of the famous fashion periodical, "Vogue," and numbers among her close personal friends the great Paris and London style creators.

ALISON SETTLE, English fashion authority. Her article on this page is the first of a series exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Fashion Reveals Our Minds —and Mirrors the World

By ALISON SETTLE

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

WHAT is fashion? Is it some frivolity of women? Is it something without which women cannot do, yet which is not serious, not vital to life, just an ornament placed upon it? Or is it something coming from a desire to please, above all, to please the other sex?

There are those who point to fashion as the great moving factor in industry . . . and then feel that some of the bloom has been taken off a charming and ephemeral thing by mentioning the millions of pounds expended each year on the trade of fashion.

And some let their thoughts wander along lines of fantasy, seeing delicate fabrics tossed up with flowers and feathers and ribbons. And others again see argosies coming from foreign, far-distant countries, bearing silks from Persia and woollens from Asia, brocades from here, raw cottons from there.

When we want a picture of the world in which we live or of a past world that has strangely faded from the scene, blotted out by the clouds of time, it is not to the great historical facts that we turn, but to fashion, the fashion of the times then lived in.

When archaeologists rediscover the tomb of a Pharaoh and rescue from oblivion a slice of life, it is to the fashions of the men and women that they turn with joy, to the hairpins, the jewellery, the little head-rests, the cups from which they drank. The living museums are those which represent the things that make a period recognisable. The dolls, the first mannequins, sent from the Rue St. Honore to the Empress Catherine, are museum pieces telling accurately the interests and life of their day.

The clothes that the great Mr. Worth's grandmother "modelled" for the Empress Eugenie in the Tuileries —that is history, that is also fashion.

Fashion is the expression of the world we live in, a picture of what is going on inside our minds as well as outside in historic fact.

* * *

WOMEN are realists and they use the expression of the times in which they live as a personal adornment.

The women who are "most in fashion" are the open-eyed women who see how things are shaping themselves and take hold of what is around them.

For eight years I edited what was the principal fashion magazine of this country, and in all that time was constantly struck by the basic good taste of the women who wrote asking for advice and yet the shyness they had of expressing their taste in line and in color.

Many women are too diffident to let themselves be wholly charming and to wear a thing when it is fresh and vivid. Yet logically they can laugh at the idea that something which was in fashion two years ago is all right for them to wear now, but would have looked "a little extreme" had they worn it then, when it was the right expression of the time.

THE SMART WOMAN, says Alison Settle, "is the open-eyed woman who can take hold of what is around her!"

* * *

NO woman dresses for herself. You can go on working out the old argument: Is it for men or for other women that she dresses? Yet, whichever was in her mind, the eyes of both men and women must inevitably be on her.

All day long eyes familiar and strange, are judging a woman, judging her charm, her taste, the pleasure or displeasure it gives them to see her. No one can help doing that: it is a critical faculty born in us. And there are multitudes of women so diffident that they hope, by keeping a little behind fashion, by wearing colorless clothes, to avoid any criticism.

What they really need to ask is a balance; to be charming to the eye yet not to be conspicuous. They do not so much need to be smart as to be good to look at, to acquire enough clothes sense to spend their money profitably and with real pleasure to themselves and those around, above all not to swamp their personalities with standardised clothes.

Buying clothes is something like painting a picture, but whereas pictures stay on the wall of some remote room, the picture which every woman makes with her dressing walks abroad and is seen.

A color sense is needed, a sense of proportion; a sense of assembling those bits and pieces of hat and gloves and belt and shoes which we call accessories.

It is not so difficult to acquire if a woman gives her mind to it, but a dress sense is, with just a few exceptions, not a heaven-sent gift any more than is the instinct to bring up children aright or to run a household with skill. Some thought and care must be brought to bear on any of these problems. Here is food for that thought.

So, when anyone asks, Why follow fashion? though the real answer is, Why not? again there is the further answer. Because the whole of life revolves round fashion and fashion is another word for the picture of life as it is being lived.

If Eve began fashion-consciousness, then it was only because those fig-leaves crystallised, made a picture of, what was then going on in her mind and in her times.

Nor is it only women who are fashion-conscious; do not even the most solemn army conferences sit to discuss whether a collar should stand up or turn down in points, whether caps should be peaked or not peaked?

* * *

FASHION is everywhere if you know how to pick it out of the air, because history is fashion and fashion is history.

You find it in the shops, in exhibitions of pictures and pottery, in current films and plays, travelling. You find it in the museums. There is no place where the talented dress designer does not see new lines, usable by him only if they fit into the life that women are leading and the way their minds are working.

What history of the earlier half of the twentieth century will be written round our fashions. The elaborate fantasies of the 1900 to 1910 period. Trains vanishing with the onset of the motoring era and of the sports ers, the total disappearance of elegance through the war years, despite the stout fight for drama put up by Monsieur Poiret.

Historians will write, too, of the vanishing of the old figures and the oncome of the new after the war. The bringing of woollens, suits, and an almost English casualness into Parisian dress by Mlle. Chanel. The change from haute couture to the realm of ideas and of architectural design with the coming to power of Mme. Schiaparelli. The turn from Paris alone to Paris and London. America's acceptance of English chic as something desirable and in itself very smart, because of their admiration for what they call the "British poise."

And all this set against a background of the history of changing nations, dynasties disappearing, republics establishing themselves, dictators rising, wars breaking out.

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5 "I put a smear of Vaseline Jelly over my face before lathering it for a shave, and it makes my skin feel smoother." 5/- to Mr. Garrett, Hamilton St.

6 "I have brittle nails, but they're improved since I started using Vaseline Jelly." 5/- to Mrs. Wilson, Hawkins St.

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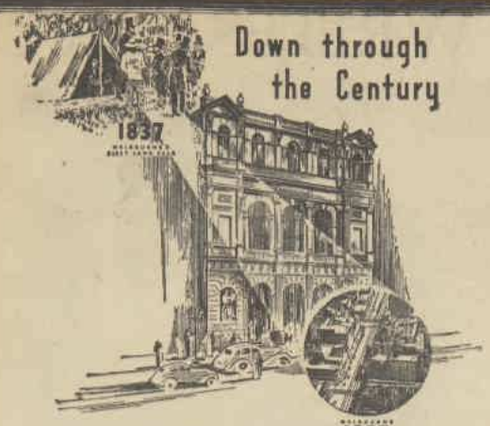

It's a far cry from Melbourne's first Government land sale in 1837. Founded in that year to aid the development of Australia, the Union Bank is proud of the part it has played and the position it occupies in the country's financial structure.

To-day, through its network of branches and an experienced staff, it offers every Banking facility to the public.

The UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED
Established 1837
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SALESGIRL *and* CUSTOMER

Dress Problems in a Smart Salon

In the following witty dialogue between two friends, Pamela, a bright young salesgirl in a fashionable salon, makes some entertaining—if prejudiced—comments on a theme familiar to every woman.

"THEY LOOK at the customer and tell her she has a 'difficult' figure."

"PAMELA, you sell clothes in one of the big shops and you must be analysing your customers all the time. Are they intelligent about their shopping or not? What's your grouse, if any, about your customers?"

"WELL, the first thing I think is that they are strangely easily intimidated. What the customer would like is just a quiet browse about to see if the things in this shop are or are not her cup of tea. It is difficult to get the exact balance between ignoring the customer and dashing at her."

"But what did you mean about customers being easily intimidated?"

"I MEAN that it always seems to me so odd that when a woman comes in and says she'd like something in a little beige suit and we say well, we're sorry but we haven't got one; wouldn't she like a really nice beige fleece coat instead, she quite often buys one.

"Oh, and the way they look at the customer's figure and tell her she has a 'difficult' figure.

"You don't catch a French salesgirl ever admitting that her customer has anything but an easy figure. If you suggest that you are not altogether easy to fit, that you are perhaps outsize, the French saleswoman purrs over you: 'Difficult? Madame's figure difficult? But no, no indeed. Certainly dignified — but difficult, no.' She may even with admiration say that Madame has a majestic figure, but still it is not difficult, oh, no."

"Have you any complaints about your customers?"

"NO, they are pets in themselves. As I say, I only wish they were more difficult or more unyielding. Because, even if their taste is pretty poor, what's their chance of falling into the hands of a saleswoman with better taste?"

"Oh, come, Pamela, saleswomen surely have good taste on the whole!"

"THEY know their own stock, it's true, and may put her on to something quite good there, but they never think of the woman as a whole, only as a peg on which to hang the things in their own department. That's why Englishwomen come out so 'bitty.' What average store really takes a woman in hand and turns her out with the right hat, the right handbag, the right shoes and gloves and bits?

"The stores seem to have no sort of unity, no one who knows the stock in the other departments and can hand on a customer and see that she is appropriately fitted up. I think the reason why women buy a lot of cheap clothes instead of a very few good ones is because shopping is so choppy and scrappy and there is so little guidance given in it. Yes, customers are rather pets and quite biddable. The only time when I just cannot bear them is at sales time when they turn into tigresses, and tigresses who really kill for the sake of killing rather than eating."

"What do you mean?"

"I MEAN that they buy for the sake of buying a bargain, snatching it from somebody else, proving how quick they are, whereas they have no idea what they are going to do with it.

"Hardly a woman in the sales starts out with a tabulated list of the things she really needs and the colors to which she has got to match it or contrast it. Their sales clothes are cupboard-clothes not wear-clothes."

"But, Pamela, let's go back a bit. When you said that saleswomen shouldn't tell the outsize customer that she has a difficult figure, do you mean that she shouldn't tell her that she is outsize, but let her imagine that she is quite the ordinary fit and can buy the ordinary clothes?

"If you'd seen, as I have, enormous ladies being pushed and shoved into vastly expensive pink and blue evening dresses of a shade and make fit for a sylph of twenty-five, you'd surely ask that they should face something of the truth and not be self-deceivers. And, oh, such coy clothes! Do you mean that she should be left to her mistakes?"

"I THINK by slim young things like most of us in my shop, yes. The moment a broad woman looks at a slim woman she tends to dislike her. And if that slim woman stresses in any way the advantage she has over the poor big one, well, it's asking for trouble.

"It's only when big women sell the big clothes to the big customers—which is only sense—that the big customer will take advice and help and readily acknowledge as one equal to another that she even has a problem. Big, broad buyers of stock, big, broad saleswomen so cleverly dressed that they look less big and broad are the making of a successful O.S. department; of that I'm sure."

"But if they don't look big and broad, what's the use?"

"JUST this: that the big saleswoman knows to an inch what hipline and waistline and bustline her equivalent takes. So she gets the right size of dress for her and says: 'Of course, I know what you will like because I myself am forty-four in the hips.' At which the customer says, with genuine surprise: 'You? Oh, surely not, not more than forty or forty-two.' And so a sale is made!"

Slim and keep healthy .. clear your complexion .. Eat APPLES Every Day

Keep your figure slim, be free from unsightly skin eruptions, protect the sparkling whiteness of your teeth by eating apples at every opportunity.

Doctors, dietitians and famous beauty experts agree that apples are the ideal fruit for women who wish to preserve a slim outline and protect their health. Ripe juicy apples aid the digestion, clear the system and cleanse the teeth thoroughly the *natural* way.

Apples are rich in nourishment, and health-giving properties but APPLES ARE NOT FATTENING.

After every meal eat an apple—and note the improvement in the "tone" of your skin.

Remember ... pears are delicious too!

BUY HEALTH — EAT APPLES EVERY DAY

FREE! Send a self addressed envelope bearing a 2d. stamp to the Australian Apple and Pear Council, Box 1712P, P.O., Melbourne, and a Recipe Book containing dozens of apple and pear recipes together with important information on diet will be posted absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

A8-27

Issued in the interests of the health of the community by the Australian Apple and Pear Council.

No need to choose between love and money

You needn't choose between love and money—in tea. You will love the flavor of Bushells Blue Label Tea. And it will save you money.

The flavor is full, rich and fragrant. That is why you will enjoy it. That is also why you can make more than 200 cups from a single pound of Bushells Blue Label Tea.

The richness is released in your teapot from bud-leaves that have been carefully cured and multi-refined.

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Two Lines in EVENING Frocks

Highlights from Paris Dress Shows

From LUCY MILNER. By Air Mail from Paris.

Sketches by ROBB

EVENING frocks, more than any other clothes, give each dress designer the chance to put over his own pet ideas; you have to see a whole lot of shows before you can pick out definite trends which will make the new fashion.

First question at this year's winter openings (held on the hottest days of the year) was whether or not skirts were to be higher in front. Well, apart from a few instances, which after an all-round survey we can safely disregard, they are not. They have lost any suggestion of trains, and just stick to floor length all round.

Going on to the second question of silhouette, two definite lines repeat themselves in one form or another. Newest is the straight, sheathed, skin-tight frock, moulded on the figure right down to the hem—the absolute opposite of the full flared skirts we've been wearing for so long.

● THE LINE is softened in this frock by a full draped panel of ice-blue and pale cyclamen-pink let into the front of the skirt, rising from under a large cluster of pale pink roses and purple thistles. Bodice is softly draped from a deep V; two straps make a halter neck. The back is cut out down to the waist, and from the shoulders hang loops lined with the same blue and pink as the centre panel.

● THEY HAVE to wash the skirt of the dinner dress of black silk jersey, for it is moulded sheath-tight all the way down to the hem. Bodice is draped high in front, slit down the back, and has a heart-shaped inset of dull steel paillettes. Swathed velvet turban . . . long, tight sleeves, and velvet gloves backed with paillettes.

Hems are slashed—have to be to give room to walk—halfway up the leg. There's a distinct pre-war, hobble skirt look about these frocks, especially when they are worn with one of the sweeping velvet hats Molyneux shows.

And don't be too ready to laugh these hats off as a freak fashion; every single designer shows some sort of headdress for evening, if not hats or flat Victorian caps, then swathed turbans, twists of corded ribbon or halos of ostrich feathers. If you want to carry dressing up one stage further you will wear a pair of gauntlet-gloves, velvet ones, maybe sequin-backed.

But to get back to the main business of frocks. Unless you are sure you have a figure that will stand all the outlining of those snaky skirts you will do better to choose one of the classically draped dresses, still slim and straight-lined, but softened by drapings or panels let into the front.

Coats for Evening

DINNER suits are out, but dinner dresses, with long, tight sleeves, necks high in front and low at the back, are very much in. When they're accompanied by a coat it is wrist-length, with something shining about it, either in the material or in the trimming.

Full-length evening coats are more tailored, less sweeping, than last season's, and usually made in dull metal brocades. There was a good line in capes, shaped to rest on the shoulders, and, with no fastenings, hanging straight to the ground.

Picture frocks are always about for those who fancy them; I saw a few crinolines; also frocks like ballet dresses, with tight bodices and full circular skirts ending way up above the ankle (only for the very young, those).

What's What!

THE best way of giving you a general idea of what's new is to go through the details that appeared often enough to establish themselves as fashion-setters. Here they are, starting from the top:

Headdresses: Made in velvet to match or contrast with your frock, in lace, in sequins, in feathers.

Necklines draped high—or cut down in a deep, heart-shaped V; always waist-low at the back; a lot of halter necks, beach-dress style.

Waists slightly lower—moulded and draped, not belted.

Skirts straight—if full, the fullness is carried to the front or caught up by drapings.

Trimmings mostly heavy gold and sequins—large bunches of flowers high on the shoulders or poised at the waist.

Materials: A lot of velvet—also satin, all sorts of supple metal fabrics and brocades in new and lovely colors; jersey; broadcloth (for dinner frocks).

Colors: Black, blue, deep bottle-green, mulberry, violet, cyclamen, coral.

THE CAUSE of Stiff, Swollen, or Aching Joints can in most cases be traced to the Kidneys. Through overwork or illness, the Kidneys become inflamed and fail to carry out their work of filtering impurities from the blood streams, with the result that excess Uric Acid lodges in the Joints, causing them to become painful and swollen.

THE REMEDY for all Joint Pains is Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills, the leading Kidney Tonic sold in Australia. Gin Pills act directly on the Kidneys, quickly remove inflammation, and dissolve all excess Uric Acid. When this is done—and not till then—will you receive permanent relief from Joint Pains, Rheumatism, and other allied complaints. 27 Pills 1/9, 60 Pills 2/9.

Dr SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

FOR THE KIDNEYS

WAVE-SET your hair IN 3 MINUTES..

NON GREASY
NON STICKY
NON GUMMY

THIS NEW EASY WAY

RED LABEL Dampette

3 MONTHS SUPPLY
At all chemists and stores
2/-

EASY AS ABC

A — Damp (not wet) your hair with your comb dipped in warm water.

B — Spread a little Dampette on the palm of your hand, moisten the bristles of your brush with it, and brush through your hair.

C — Press the waves into place with your fingers.

BE SURE TO GET RED LABEL DAMPETTE

Genuine RED LABEL DAMPETTE

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CHANGED HER SHOES FIVE TIMES A DAY

Suffered Agony with Rheumatism for 20 Years

Try and picture the life this woman led for twenty years—changing her shoes several times a day in a vain endeavour to attain some relief from the rheumatic pains that were constantly torturing her. Then imagine her joy when she found that Kruschen was driving away the rheumatism. This is what she writes:

"I have been using Kruschen Salts for four years. For twenty years previously I had suffered agony with my feet, sometimes changing my shoes five times a day, and frequently sitting without any as the pain was so great. Now I can wear the same pair of shoes all day with comfort. I cannot speak too highly of Kruschen Salts. Only those who had been in constant pain with their feet for years can realise what it is to be free." —(Mrs.) E.A.

It is the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid, lodging between the joints, which are responsible for the agony of rheumatism. Kruschen Salts dissolve these torturing crystals and promptly expel them from the system.

ACCORDION PLEATING *Becomes* FASHION CRAZE

Versatile Style Adapted for Morning, Noon, and Night

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London.

Society is migrating to Scotland for the shooting and almost every trunk holds at least one accordion-pleated gown.

LONDON'S smartest women have discovered this season that the most effective dinner or informal party frocks are those in georgette, ninon, or crepe, tightly fitting over the bust, and with yards and yards of soft accordion pleating forming the high-waisted skirt.

For the older woman such frocks in violet, grey, midnight-blue or black disguise added weight, give a few synthetic inches to the stature, and are charmingly youth-making and comfortable.

The debutante in a frock of scarlet or flame with a skirt that sometimes clings closely to her and sometimes swirls out in great billows looks like a living flame; while in such a gown in white or ice-blue she may give the appearance of an elusive sprite. Small wonder this new fashion is rapidly becoming a craze.

Accordion pleating is also becoming more and more popular for daytime wear. Simple, short afternoon frocks in figured crepe, with their matching jackets, have side or front panels of pleating, short, pleated sleeves, and sometimes pleated frills finishing neck and hem; or they are made entirely of pleating from shoulders to hem with just a plain wide matching belt that serves to keep the pleats in position over the bust.

For sports wear, shorts, white and navy flannel skirts, linen skirts, and play suits have inset panels of accordion pleating, while grey flannel skirts are made entirely of the miniature pleats.

On the plaid skirts that are so popular for wear on Scottish moors pleating has been getting narrower and narrower for many seasons until now it has become accordion pleating.

The plainest possible jackets are worn with accordion-pleated skirts and frocks. Jacket shoulders now really fit the shoulders instead of being exaggeratedly broad; sleeves are long and tight and even little coatees for evening wear have high necks and large revers.

A LYDIA MOSS tea-gown in white accordion-pleated georgette with bodice and sleeves almost entirely covered in marabout.

For Lingerie

ACCORDION pleating has found its way to lingerie as well as frocks. Beautiful nightdresses in white and palest pink accordion-pleated triple ninon are part of the wardrobe which the Duchess of Kent has taken abroad with her, and other less exalted people are ordering petticoats, panties and dressing-gowns in the same style and material.

Such lingerie is entirely untrimmed and relies for its beauty on the soft femininity of its line and color.

Even accessories have conformed to the new craze. Little accordion-pleated net ruffs for wrists and neck are being worn with net picture frocks, and accordion-pleated frills in taffeta and satin are the trimming of some of the latest high-crowned hats.

Horlicks makes such a difference to the way you feel—and LOOK!

IF you wake tired, watch out! In almost every case it's Night Starvation. It tells on your looks and personality. Start taking Horlicks—a cupful regularly at night. You wake refreshed—eyes bright, skin petal fresh. You have vivacity and charm all day. Prices from 1/6—economy size 2/9. Horlicks Mixer 1/-.

85H7

HORLICKS
GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

I HEARD in PARIS

By MARY ST. CLAIRE

FASHIONABLE florists tell me that they receive about thirty orders daily for hat-bands and hat-trimming sprays of fresh-cut flowers. Perfume is worn to match the flowers.

* * *

EVERYTHING from delicate flower prints to workmanlike dungarees is being worn on the fashionable promenades and beaches at Deauville and Biarritz.

Dungarees in dark colors—with long or short trousers and apron top—are brightened with glaringly striped blouses, bright cartwheel hats, peasant handkerchiefs, or demure crownless sun-bonnets.

* * *

LATEST insurance against bad luck here is a little black nigger's head made of ebony with emerald eyes. In all the little jewellery shops along the Rue de Rivoli you can buy them, sometimes as a pendant on a black ribbon, sometimes as a scarf clip, and sometimes as a bracelet ornament.

The girl who wears one will never be ill or depressed or have accidents or lose lovers—at least so the vendors say.

* * *

IT'S pretty smart to have a bracelet dangling with lucky charms, and dice-sets are the latest vogue.

* * *

HOT news from the beauty front—Paris declares war on false eyelashes. Yes, you must cultivate your own now if you want to be really smart, and this is Paris' best tip for encouraging that long, thick growth that adds loveliness to the loveliest eyes.

Brush them lightly every few hours with a mixture of castor oil and cream—beautifully scented, of course—and stroke them upward with the tips of the fingers in a gentle, ever so gentle, massage every day.

SKIN DISEASES

FREE DIAGNOSIS FOR "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" READERS

Chemist's Remarkable Success

EVEN the most difficult cases of skin disease which have failed to respond to medical treatment have been successfully relieved by the well-known chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., according to reports received from readers all over Australia and New Zealand.

MR. RICHARD DIAMOND.

Mr. Diamond's remarkable dermatological discovery has brought prompt relief to hundreds of sufferers from irritating and disfiguring skin complaints.

Complete relief has been given from eczema, psoriasis, acne, boils, body rash, pruritis, varicose veins, ulcers, tropical ringworm, germ-under-nail, rosacea, and many other skin diseases. Among reports received are the following:—

"My fingernail, which became infected with a germ, has responded to your treatment and is quite healed. Within a week the pain had gone."—Miss A.F.C., Botany.

"I suffered from tinea for twelve months, and treatment from doctors and chemists had no effect. After a fortnight of your treatment, the rash and irritations completely disappeared."—R.H.S., Hobart.

"I suffered from itchy eczema on my leg for twelve years, but your treatment has completely cured me."—A.K., Randwick.

"I suffered from psoriasis for five years, and could not get relief. I had given up hope of a cure, but your treatment completely cured me in a few weeks."—B.M., Forbes.

Hundreds of letters like the above provide remarkable testimony to the success of Mr. Diamond's treatment. CONSULTATIONS PERSONALLY OR BY POST. Readers are invited to call or write mentioning their complaint for free diagnosis, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, Diamond's Pharmacies (note new City address), 324W Rawson Place, Sydney, also at 95W Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.***

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WHY WE *Are* WEARING GIPSY COLORS

From MARY ST. CLAIRE. By Air Mail.

Fashion Memorial to the Coronation

The overwhelming predominance of gipsy shades this season is a memorial in color to the Coronation.

Through the British Color Council, Britannia rules the color waves. The council's experts decide, from the advice of its various members, trends in dress and psychological reactions to events of a season, what color women will want to wear the following season.

MISS B. K. Battersby, assistant to the council's director, Mr. E. Wilson, explained why gipsy colors were chosen.

"Before the Coronation," she said, "we were asked to provide colors that would show to advantage against the red, white, and blue of the Coronation decorations—Viking-blue, a clear beige, and rust were the result.

"Marlborough-blue, Coronation-gold, St. James-rose, and Buckingham-lilac were other colors designed as pastel complements to the glittering uniforms and official robes at formal functions.

"But the overwhelming wave of color in heraldic emblems, and especially in the robes of Oriental visitors, was bound to have a psychological effect, so we designed our gipsy colors —gipsy-violet, gold-glint, algerian-red, zigeuner, blue-grass, pagoda-blue, all of which are of Oriental brilliance."

This is how the standardisation of a season's colors works.

The council sent out its gipsy color chart months ago to Scottish spinners, who, of all manufacturers, start earliest on a new season's goods. The spinners dyed their wools in the new colors and sent samples to weavers in Czechoslovakia.

The weavers chose their wools, wove the materials, which went to Paris, where designers, checking materials on the charts, chose lengths for new season's models.

Accessories, shoe and hat makers meanwhile have dyed their leathers and fabrics by the color chart. Models and accessories travel all over the world to meet in Sydney, San Francisco, or Shanghai. All the color matchings, blendings, or contrasts are perfect.

ITS seasonal charts make it possible for you to buy French silks that will match Scottish tweeds, an English umbrella to match Viennese shoes, Czechoslovakian jewellery to tone with your evening frock, and even the sewing silk for making up your new season's model.

Bridal Ensembles

NORMAN HARTNELL, famous London fashion creator, designed these two ensembles for the bride who prefers to be married in a hat.

ABOVE: Pastel-pink silk net over rose satin. Rose-pink suede belt and gloves. Pale grey hat, trimmed with grey birds pink-tipped. Stiff pale pink eye-veil.

LEFT: Chalk-white crepe, hand-tucked. White fox cuffs. White felt hat with osprey.

There's something about

BEDGGOOD'S

that's winning younger women

With a keen regard for all the new ideas in spring fashions, Bedggood's have excelled themselves with the most intriguing styles ever created. And on every shoe there has been bestowed the unmistakable touch of Bedggood individuality—finest leathers . . . perfect fit . . . good finish . . . and delightful comfort. Bedggood Shoes are obtainable at all good shoe stores.

Bedggood Ladies' Footwear

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FLOWERS *in the* HAIR

● RIGHT: Floral coiffure shown by Antoine at the Paris Exposition. This is a Mary Stuart peaked head-dress of small orchids with hair curled in spirals in the space between the orchids. Suitable for dark hair.

They loved flowers . . . and the flower fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet, which kept their complexions petal smooth.

Katharine Hepburn and Elizabeth Allan in "A Woman Rebels"—R.K.O. Radio Picture.

Famous Beauties *loved its fragrance!*

EVER since 1806 the loveliest women of every generation have used Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap, because of its fascinating perfume and matchless beauty care.

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet products fulfil the complex beauty needs of modern women, too. Not only the famous Cashmere Bouquet Soap, but everything you need for a lovely complexion is made by Colgate's and perfumed with Cashmere Bouquet . . . yet the complete range costs only a few shillings.

Don't experiment with make-up. Use Cashmere Bouquet products which you *know* are reliable. Write to-day to Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney, for the new FREE Cashmere Bouquet Booklet on Home Beauty Treatment. Post Free.

Colgate's

Cashmere Bouquet

The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

Other Cashmere Bouquet Products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (*Creme or Compact*), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (*Liquid or Solid*).

● ABOVE: Antoine dresses fair hair with a broad crescent of lily-of-the-valley following the line of swept-back disc curls.

● RIGHT: For the debutante Antoine designed this fringe of lily-of-the-valley with a few spiral curls ranged above it.

"Sunstruck" Hair Is London's Latest

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail

SMART women in London and Paris are wearing their hair sun-struck, sun-streaked or sun-tipped.

Reasons—the fact that platinum, ash blonde, and the various shades of red have had their day; and secondly, the popularity of crownless and bandeau hats.

For a sun-struck coiffure the hair is bleached a lighter shade in several skilfully-chosen patches, the lighter patches merging softly into the natural color—at the sides for a narrow face, high up on one side for a broad face.

Sun-streak is one dramatic band of lighter color, especially effective on very dark hair.

Most attractive of the three is the sun-tipped version. The ends of the hair are bleached so that every curl looks like "a half-open rose"—Antoine's poetic description—the centre of the "rose" dark, shading outwards to lighter edges in each curl.

The more extreme styles of Coronation season, with complicated curls of Georgian and Elizabethan inspiration to support coronets and tiaras, have now been modified to an Elizabethan page coiffure—similar to last year's ring of bolster curls round the head, except that the curls have turned upside down.

The hair falls smoothly to a long bob at the back, is curled under, instead of over, and a long bolster curl sweeps across the front from ear to ear.

This versatile page coiffure fulfils a dual role. It can be combed out in a fluffy aura if a frivolous mode takes possession of you.

Antoine has celebrated the Paris Exposition with some more of his original floral coiffures. Flowers are placed on the head before, instead of after, the hair is dressed.

He places a Mary Stuart peaked head-dress of small orchids on a dark head and curls the hair in spirals in the spaces between the orchids; while a broad crescent of lily-of-the-valley follows the line of swept-back disc curls on a blonde head.

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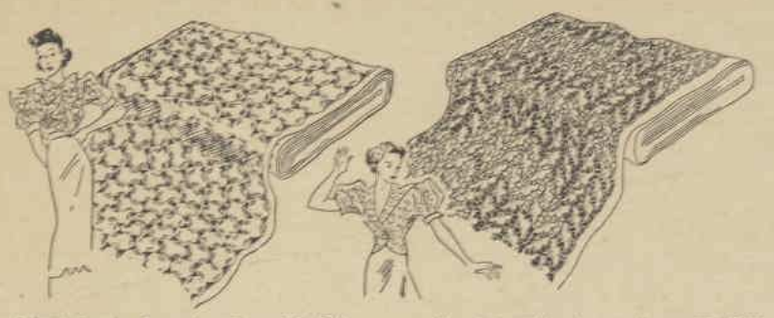
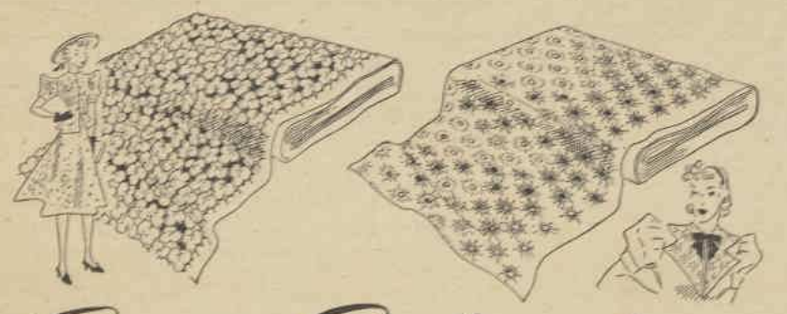
FARMER'S



(Above) Sample of new lace allover. Yd., 7/11
(Below) Coloured Swiss embroidery. Yard, 6/11

(Above) One of lovely new allovers. Yd., 7/11
(Below) A fine quality white allover. Yd., 5/11



Swiss Embroideries

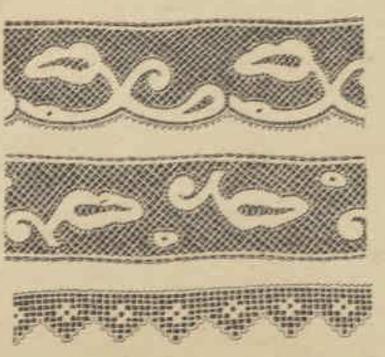
ARE VERY IMPORTANT FOR SUMMER

Beautiful 36 inch Swiss embroidered colbert — better known as cut-out organdi allover. Makes sweet blouses, frocks, etc. All white. Bottom left lace in colours as well.

Laces on the Ground Floor

NEARLY QUARTER

French Valenciennes.



Usual 10½d. yard. Lace and insertion to match. 1in. lace, 1in. insertion. White and ivory. A dozen different summer uses. For dress trimmings, blouses, lingerie. Now, yd., **3d.**

4½d. Filet lace 2½d. Almost half price. Quality handmade filet laces—soft, feminine, yet oh! so strong. Edging, half inch wide. Secure several yards now. Yard, only **2½d.**

INNER SOLES

Famous "Air-Tred" brand.

Recommended by leading specialists for cricket, golf, hockey, baseball or general street wear, "Air-Tred" gives that delightful "walking on air" feeling. All sizes, men's and women's. Pair, **2/-**

Haberdashery — ground floor

ZODIAC TEAS

From September 22nd

Why not book now for Farmer's astrological fashion teas! Ring M2405 or call at the Information Desk, on the Ground Floor. It costs no extra.

New fashions, interpreting your birth sign, are paraded by Sydney's loveliest mannequins. Frocks from all over the world are in profusion.

Famous artists, including Mischa Dobrinski and his Trigare band, Heather Kinnaird, contralto, and Frances Scalley's famous Ballet Girls.

Zodiac Tea Sessions. On Wednesday 22nd, 12.30 p.m. Thursday 23rd, 3 p.m. Friday 24th, 12.30, 3 and 6 p.m. Monday 27th, 12.30 and 3 p.m.

Lunch Afternoon Tea, 2/-. Don't forget to make your reservation early. Telephone M2405.

Blaxland Galleries, Ninth Floor.

Thelma Bessant. *Cyclax beauty expert, advises and lectures at Farmer's for a short season. Book for a personal treatment at once.*

(Left) Floral slub wash frock. Pink, green, mauve, blue. 32 to 38. 18/6

(Right) Canadian cotton frock. White grounds with colours, 32 to 38. 17/11

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Trim and tubbable cotton frocks from Canada in a happy profusion of colour. Slubs, sleek and cool, patterned all over in bright floral designs. Prices run from only 17/11.

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Farmer's makes a scoop buy in France. Slip-on style gloves with round-stitched seams. Self-stitched points. In black, navy, white, beige. Fine plaited trimming on gauntlet. Use the easy lay-by. Price, pair, **15/6**

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All Skin Diseases

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Mrs. Myra Farrell has had so many requests for her wonderful ointment that she has decided to place it on the market.

For about two years I was a sufferer of a terrible skin disease on the face, which was of a thick, ropy nature, heavily discharging. I could not sleep at night with the dreadful feeling of crawling and eating into the flesh, and the pain I suffered was unbearable. I was being treated by Dr. ——, of Bellevue Hill, who did all he could for me, but failed. He gave me a letter to Dr. ——, Skin Specialist, of the Sydney Hospital, as he could do no more for me himself. Dr. —— called several doctors in to see my face. I was under him for several months. My face gradually became worse and one day he said, "Dad, you are an old man, and there is nothing more I can do for you." I left the hospital after months of suffering, worse than when I started. No sleep, and the agony of mind was awful. I was distracted. I then commenced on Mrs. Myra Farrell Ointment. Within one month my face was completely cured, and as clean as a baby's. It is several years since my trouble, and I have had no recurrence, and I feel it my duty to let other sufferers know of this wonderful treatment.

(Signed) Mr. W.F.

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Address Letter:—
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MAGNIFICENT GESTURE

Continued from Page 16

It shook her, terrified her. "I'm so sorry, Harry."

"It wasn't all my fault. You don't know Marie. I can't seem to straighten out. I need someone to help me—someone like you, darling. You could. I'm all in a muddle. I mean to do right, but—but with everything as it is—Oh, darn!"

"I'm leaving to-morrow," she said.

"Don't. Stay and love me, Claire. Help me. I need your help."

She stood up. "I must go on."

"Don't go, Claire. Help me. Help me straighten out."

The flight beyond was blotted out, all its danger, its aching distances, its certain doom. Yet here was an equal danger that she felt would require far more fortitude. But it drew her like a magnet, stumbling, uncertain—yet it drew her.

"You're strong, Claire. I'm not. I need you."

"Go now, Harry. Let me be alone a little."

"All I've thought about, Claire, was that wonderful year——"

"Yes. Yes." She nodded dumbly. "All I've thought about—— But go now. Please go. Let me—let me think."

Flight postponed:

It was mad, she knew, and futile. The city, chewing gossip always, would glory in it; but she told herself she did not care much. If he failed her again, she would surely die.

Harry Prescott knew that he had weakened her; he knew he had postponed her flight onward. Did he know, she asked herself, at what sacrifice to pride, her own pride?

She walked alone in the garden next night, hearing the distant music of an orchestra. Her head ached, and her heart seemed a bruised thing in her breast. "It is futile, it is mad." And in the next breath: "It is mad, but perhaps not futile. It would be wonderful to win, to raise up his head again. He is weak. But possibly he can be strong. He left me once, but possibly he has learned a lesson." Round and round in her head these convictions and counter-convictions spun and collided.

A step roused her, and she turned, saw a man coming towards her. He walked slowly, and a cigarette's red end flicked to the ground.

"You looked especially beautiful just then."

"Oh——"

He came and stood in the moonlight with her, his thin face very brown and taut, his head lowered. She could not see his lips move, but she heard his quiet, deep voice:

"Do you mind if I say that?"

She was breathless. "No."

There was a long pause, and then he said: "I came to ask you again not to fly on."

"You came a long way."

"Flew. That is, part of the way. My plane's up the river." He paused, added in a lower voice: "My plane isn't equipped with the usual papers."

She said: "I knew, when I came here, when I heard—I knew you must be one of Fang's men."

"And you kept your promise," he said; and then, in a reflective tone: "Yes, you kept your promise." His lips tightened, and his eyes levelled on her. "I wish to heaven you would make me the other; don't fly on!"

She closed her eyes very tightly, held her arms rigid against her rigid sides.

His voice went on after a moment, coming to her out of what seemed to be on his part a profound and brooding reverie: "This General Fang . . . Not so very long ago he was a civilian employed by an aircraft company. The life was easy, and he sold many planes and was feted royally wherever he went among the warring armies. He was an excellent pilot and a good navigator; but he was also a spendthrift, and it was a case of easy come, easy go—until the aircraft company collapsed and he was left stranded in the interior of China, absolutely broke.

"A notorious war lord offered him a good salary and bonus to teach a number of young men the finer points of flying. He needed the money and he accepted, and then one day he was leading a flight of six planes containing two men each. They were over their own territory and unarmed—or at least he thought. But two planes were armed. They turned on the others, and all were shot down, including Fang. He spent two months recuperating. Those four men in the two planes had been secretly bought over by a rival general. Fang never saw them again. But he was determined to even the score, and one night he accepted the war lord's offer to lead a combat flight. He became grim, unlike his old self, and grew more savage until the war lord became afraid and tried to get rid of him. So Fang, in self-defence, got rid of the war lord and assumed command.

"Fang was never a brigand, but in order to scare the rival armies he began circulating wild tales of imaginary atrocities; and it was then that he assumed the name of General Fang and spread about himself a cloak of mystery. It was really an elaborate advertising campaign, and it worked. And always he hunted for the four men who had turned so treacherously on him. But the old story worked out. His own men became drunk with the notoriety, and ambitious, too; and this came finally to a head the morning of the day you left."

He paused, his hands two knotted brown lumps at his sides. His low, driving voice still burned in her ears, and suddenly she found herself saying: "My flight is ended."

"Good!" he cried. And then he straightened, took a step forward, gripped her arms. "This," he said bleakly, "is wrong, but——" He kissed her swiftly, passionately, and then held her off, saying in a deep, wounded voice: "I'll go now."

Her heart swelled, and she leaned forward and put her lips to his and then held on to him, tightly, and felt his own embrace grow magically about her.

"No," she said. "Don't go."

"What should I do?"

"Stay."

"I want to," he said.

"I love you," she answered.

"You must love me. I know I love you. Let me look at you."

"Don't. Hold me. Just hold me."

Embraced, they stood tense and wordless for a minute, and then he said: "You don't even know me."

"No more, no less than you know me. But you—you saved me."

"The flight would have been suicide."

"Not the flight—everything."

He said after a moment: "My name's John Peterson."

"Yes, dear John."

"They didn't want to let you go, back there. And back there, back there"—he pressed her hands tightly in his—"I fell in love with you, but it wouldn't have been fair. The leader of the opposition drew his gun and it missed fire. Mine didn't."

"Thank God, John—thank God!"

"It was something you did to me, something you awakened in me. I saw suddenly that this vengeance of mine against those four men was stupid, childish. I saw that if I had used sense and discretion in the first place, if I hadn't let myself be drawn into the web, the rest wouldn't have happened."

She was nodding, smiling with a new tenderness. "Yes, yes. I can understand, General Fang."

He raised her hands to his lips and said through her fingers, in a voice a little shaken: "I was, darling, I was General Fang."

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To Mark the Occasion

Whenever the occasion arises to commemorate an anniversary, or symbolise an event, let it be a gift of jewellery. Nothing less enduring, less personal, can serve the purpose so well.

Orchard's diamond rings and watches are right in design, right in setting, and right for the occasion. We also know that you will find that the prices are right.

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AUSTRALIA CRIPPLED BY DENTAL DISEASE

"Dental disease is just as crippling, and just as destructive as infantile paralysis, cholera, diphtheria, or any of the other diseases which have been terrors to humanity throughout history." Statement made at the Australian Dental Congress. (Extract "Sun," August 16).

The recent Australian Dental Congress brought to light many startling facts. The most important fact stressed was this growing menace of dental decay. *Something must be done to fight it.* This was the general verdict of the dentists.

But how? Dentists agreed that the most essential thing to do was to stress publicly the need for more *calcium-bearing* foods in the Australian diet. *You cannot have sound teeth without the necessary supply of calcium.* The following 7 vital rules have been scientifically planned to help you get more calcium-bearing foods into *your* diet.

7 Vital Rules for the Care of Your Teeth

1. Prenatal diet should include wholemeal bread, milk (particularly rich in calcium), butter, eggs, salads, green vegetables, fresh fruits. (Teeth begin to form seven months before a child is born.)
2. Teeth-strengthening foods for children: Milk, butter, eggs, salads, vegetables, and fruits.
3. Teeth-strengthening foods for adults: Milk, fish, eggs, salads, fruits, cheese, greens, and vegetables. All are rich in calcium and phosphorus.
4. Exercise for teeth and jaws is essential. Choose foods which provoke much chewing.
5. Obtain Vitamin D from Cod Liver Oil, Halivol, milk, egg yolk, and greens; also by sun-bathing. (Vitamin D enables the body to deliver lime and phosphorus to your bones.)
6. Visit your dentist every six months for dental inspection. This is essential.
7. Clean your teeth at least twice a day with Euthymol — the GERMICIDAL Tooth Paste.

Be Sure You Use a Germicidal Paste. Euthymol Destroys Germs Within Thirty Seconds

The countless tiny crevices between your teeth and gums, and the moisture and warmth of your mouth, provide an ideal breeding place for bacteria. In following the 7 rules for the care of your teeth, remember to brush them frequently. Use Euthymol and you will make that brushing doubly effective. Euthymol foams through into the most inaccessible crevices between the teeth. It causes a germicidal action to take place, that destroys germs in less than thirty seconds' contact.

The Rideal-Walker Test Proves Greater Value of Euthymol

This is no idle claim. The Rideal-Walker Test is a standard method used in the evaluation of germicides and antiseptics. In this method the antiseptic properties of Euthymol Tooth Paste against the Bacillus typhosus are compared with those of pure phenol. The minimum standard required is a phenol co-efficient of 0.14, which implies that the tooth paste has a germicidal action equivalent to that of a theoretical 14 per cent. solution of phenol.

Free New Booklet—"How To Save Your Teeth"

250,000 copies of the new authoritative booklet "How To Save Your Teeth" have just been released to all chemists. Go to your chemist and ask him for a tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste. There are two sizes, priced 1/3 and 2/-. Ask your chemist to give you a free copy of this new booklet, "How to Save Your Teeth." This booklet was published in the interests of the general public and should be read by everyone in your family.***

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And Now—Men's Faults That Women Dislike

A SERIES of pictures in The Australian Women's Weekly last week showed the faults that men dislike in women. The series below turns the tables—showing common faults in men disliked by women. The man who hasn't one or other of these faults is the perfect husband—perhaps.

A MAN'S constant protests against lipstick are vain and only become tedious with much repetition. Most women to-day consider it a necessity for make-up.

IF, WHILE WAITING for dinner, a husband can find nothing better to do than to play patience, it would be a pleasing gesture if he set the table while his wife bustles in the kitchen. Or, if that is unnecessary, he should be sociable!

THE SIGHT OF A MAN lounging about the house in braces is singularly unpleasing. It is distinctly an offence when he comes to the dinner table so attired and growls when it is suggested that he wear a coat.

A WOMAN LIKES to see her man leave the house looking respectable and not as though breakfast had been late, or that he had no one to care for him.

SWANK IS RIDICULOUS. Your wife knows—no one better—that the fine, square athlete's shoulders are your tailor's gift, not Nature's.

THE SLOVENLY ASPECT of ashes in your saucer is singularly irritating to the female sense of tidiness. Why, do you think, was an ash-tray placed on the table?

FEET ON THE SOFA is an offence against all housewifely instincts. And don't put your glass down on a polished table—that is almost as bad.

READING AT TABLE is an insult; why marry, if a newspaper is a better table companion than a wife?

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Happy ever after in HOLEPROOF SHEERS

All the dreams you've ever dreamed come true when you wear HOLEPROOF SHEERS. They're the loveliest sheers you've ever seen through . . . flattering from top to toe with their perfect clearness and sheerness. There are several HOLEPROOF sheer styles.

BLACK MAGIC: A magically flattering sheer . . . combining every modern feature with a beautiful transparent appearance . . . 7/11.

GAY DECEIVER: A gay and silken sheer combined with cunningly concealed, long-wearing features . . . . 6/11.

SHEER LOVELINESS: A good looking service sheer . . . with more wear per pair than any other stocking of this type . . . 5/11.

ALL-IN-ONE: A luxury sheer crinkly crepe . . . with super dullness and unequalled wear and comfort . . . . . 7/11.

Of course, all are manufactured under genuine Ringless Patent.

For Sport and City wear when you like a service sheer, we recommend . . . **JOY,** Pure silk from top to toe . . . with amazing durability. It is rightly called the 'famous happy medium weight' . . . . 6/11.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

The Loveliest in the World

Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN.

Long-Range Picture of a Woman Pioneer

Early Days in the Colony

Arnold Bennett once said that perhaps the greatest book of the war would be written by someone who hadn't been there.

Possibly Joanna Cannan, English novelist, had something of this idea in mind in relation to Australia when she wrote "Pray Do Not Venture."

THE author states that she got most of her material from her grandmother, who lived in Melbourne in the early days of settlement.

Miss Cannan's long-range view of Australia is interesting if it isn't always convincing. There is, too, an evident desire to please Australians.

Harriet, the heroine, is a direct reproduction of the pioneer woman of the sentimental novels. Her English home is too narrow for her. She strides over the hills with the wind on her face and her dog by her side wondering what lies over yonder hill—if she were Australian she would know that there was just another hill.

But nostalgia and wanderlust drive her on from an unhappy marriage to an unconventional elopement with a former sweetheart, which brings her to the city of Melbourne in the early days. Melbourne—then an infant city—brings her a feeling of joyous freedom after the restrictions of her village home in England, and her unpleasant mother and sister from whom she has escaped.

"She felt so happy she wanted to dance across the paddocks singing 'Farewell, Mother and Sophia, Farewell Mr. Gregson' (her husband from whom she ran away)."

While David read the "Argus" and complained of the hardships of living in the colony, Harriet revelled in the new scene, "What did it matter if you lived uncomfortably and died obscurely, so long as you lived and died obeying the voice within you that said, 'Go on further! Look over!'"

Harriet meets some friends from England and goes inland to their station. She wants to meet bushrangers, and one day while out riding with a man named Campbell, who is oddly attractive to her, the chance comes.

"Oh, it was lovely to be in danger. She was scared to death and glad. Suddenly the horses were put to the canter, and the battle was on. Her horse reared. She let go of the pommel; gripped it between her knees with a strength she never thought to possess, held her plunging horse, drew out her pistol, and turning in the saddle aimed and fired.

"She was conscious of a face suddenly inhuman, a slumping body that rolled from the saddle into the shallow water.

"While her people in England were chattering over the first grouse of the season, Harriet had bagged her first bushranger."

Her thirst for adventure temporarily slaked, she returned to Melbourne and David, but again the wanderlust called her.

Campbell had a station out in the "Never Never." That was enough for Harriet. She set about the business of going with him.

Circumstances help her here. David inherits a lot of money and decides to return to England to shake the dust of the colony off his feet in quick time. Harriet decides to run away from him rather than return to her people.

She slips from her home one morning, and she and Campbell leave for the inland. The horses were ready, and as dawn was breaking they left Melbourne behind.

They turned their horses and trotted to the ridge. They rode through the larches and could see another ridge and another, and far off and shining now in the distance the blue hills beyond.

Harriet had gone bush, thus fulfilling another of her ambitions.

There were apparently plenty of hills to look over, for Harriet lived on the station for the rest of her life, and was buried in the bush paddocks under the coolibahs when she died.

Sad to relate, all this sturdy pioneering went for nought. After Harriet's death her children returned to London and her grandchildren shuddered at the name of Australia. Christopher and Robin lived in London. Christopher, after leaving Oxford, decided to set up as an interior decorator. Robin had a very nice voice and got a job with the B.B.C.

Which doesn't seem as if the family has done right by their Harriet, who dared so much for them in the past.

AGATHA CHRISTIE, famous English thriller writer, whose latest novel, "Dumb Witness," is a splendid piece of work.

Books To Read

"A MURDER IN SYDNEY." Leonard Mann. Well-written novel, with flashes of brilliance.

"JANE'S PARLOR." O. Douglas. Family tale of life on the Scottish border.

"ACT OF GOD." F. Tennyson Jesse. A more serious novel with a religious atmosphere.

The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts.

Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Since 1907 more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/- per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, SS. Sydney, N.S.W.

Do people see KIDNEYS in your eyes?

Do dull, tired, fretful eyes tell tales on your kidneys and liver? Then bring back the youthful sparkle and snap that eyes should have by killing the trouble underneath. The harmful body poisons that pour from disordered kidneys or liver are very often the real cause behind insomnia, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, backache, biliousness, gout, and a host of other distressing symptoms.

Follow the advice of three generations of sufferers to whom Warner's Safe Cure has brought new, vigorous health and vitality. It is advice that comes from sixty years of world-wide successful experience. Use Warner's Safe Cure against all functional disorder in kidneys or liver.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Original Form 3/- Concentrated 2/9

To ensure one free movement of the bowels daily, take Warner's Safe Pills, 1/- per phial.

Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

My secret is Vivatone—the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle today and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.

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She Wears Such Lovely Clothes

You'd never guess she dyed them herself . . . with Fairy Dyes, of course. They're so easy to use, and give new life and freshness to clothes and household furnishings.

7½d Fairy Dyes

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

So they Say

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

WOMEN'S INTELLECT

WOMEN, on the average, are not as clever, intellectually, as men. There has never been a great woman philosopher, nor has there been a really great woman painter or playwright.

The only art in which women can hold their own is in that of acting; chiefly, I think, because of its very emotional and personal demands.

That is just the reason why woman fails in other arts. She cannot be sufficiently objective and impersonal to create anything really outstanding.

Only when she ceases to think as a woman does she get nearest to success.

£1 for this letter to Miss Noelle Taylor, 23 Khartoum Ave., Gordon, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

SELFISH BACHELORS

AS married people we often feel indignant with bachelor friends. We find that bachelors are apt to get into the habit of visiting the homes of married friends whenever they feel a little lonely, and want "somewhere to go." This is far from flattering to us. One is only too pleased to be kindly and hospitable, but we, and other married friends, notice that bachelors seldom reciprocate. They may be entertained, warmed, fed, and cheered, hundreds of times, yet it is the exception for an unmarried man to entertain his married friends. In this respect bachelor men may look to spinsters for an example because the bachelor woman will give flowers, sweets, or cigarettes, or arrange a little party for her friends—and does not remain happy under any obligation.

Mrs. D. Hursthouse, Hastings, New Zealand.

✣ ✣ ✣

WRANGLING IN HOMES

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that if our children hear the constant wrangling of their parents they will most likely suffer a nervous breakdown when they grow up.

I should say the boot is on the other foot. It is the wrangling children who are driving their parents and elders distracted. It would appear that the economic independence of girls has not made for happiness in the home.

It has made them headstrong, impatient of criticism, and domineering towards the younger members of the family. The hapless mother cannot help seeing this, though she is powerless to prevent it. How many ailments of mothers are caused through this? I have seen so much of it at homes I visit.

Miss Bessie Davidson, c/o. Mrs. Lukeman, Warwick, 25 Fernhill St., Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

UNFAIR CRITICISM

TO your inky guns, readers! Too many foolish sentiments voiced by men have gone uncontradicted. Mr. St. John Ervine recently stated that women novelists have no humor.

This criticism is hardly fair, for the men novelists have had many years to develop and improve the art of writing humorous prose while the first humorous novel by a woman was published at a comparatively recent period. Yet, despite this disadvantage in years, there are a number of really excellent humorous novels by women.

Personally I much prefer those inimitable flashes of feminine whimsy and find them far more human and enjoyable than that stiff, unnatural humor which innumerable men writers struggle vainly to force into page after page of their work. It soon palls.

Miss J. L. Hand, 27 Toner Street, West Kempsey, Macleay River, N.S.W.

Single Girls' Apathy Towards World Affairs

MISS HARDING (4/9/37), judges single girls harshly.

Though not always ready to air their opinions publicly, there are many unmarried girls who take a definite interest in current problems and events.

Time does not always permit them to contribute to pages which invite their opinions.

Then again married women possess a degree of confidence which single girls do not acquire until they, too, learn through life's experiences.

Miss Constance Child, No. 7 Rae St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Has No Time

I DO not think that the single girl adopts a lethargic attitude to current problems and topical events.

She knows just as much about them as a married woman, but she hasn't the time to write about them.

Most single girls are employed in offices or factories, and they need physical recreation to which they treat themselves at nights or during week-ends.

This is the reason why so few single girls air their opinions in this page.

Miss G. Jackson, Prince Street, Paddington, Brisbane.

Other Mediums

SINGLE girls are not uninterested in problems and topical events, Miss Harding.

They read and discuss world affairs but never seem to find time to catch up on their letter-writing, let alone express their opinions through the medium of the newspapers.

Miss C. Prince, 311 Malvern Road, East Malvern SE6, Melbourne.

Diversity of Interests

THE single girl has such a diversity of interests that she seldom gets time to write letters that are not really necessary.

Nevertheless, there are at least six single girls who have something to say in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly (4/9/37), if one includes Miss Harding, who believes them to be too lethargic.

Mrs. M. Burgess, Rosary Crescent, Highgate Hill S1, Brisbane.

Lacks Concentration

THE reason so few single girls contribute to these pages is because their lives are so full of activity that they have not time to concentrate.

Whereas a married woman, resting after a day's work, will read the papers slowly and thoughtfully, the

MARRIED women read more intelligently.

modern miss will skim through them hurriedly while waiting for her wave to set, and then dash off in search of more pleasure.

S. M. Gillan, Jerseyville, N.S.W.

Helps Solve Problems

I, TOO, have noticed the preponderance of married women who write to this page. The ratio, I should say, would be about one in three in their favor.

And I think this definitely points to lack of interest in human problems on the part of the single girl.

The way you show interest in this page is a true indication of how you feel towards life. The fact of writing shows a definite interest and desire to take an active part in solving its problems.

Miss Dorothy Manning, Greenwich Point, Sydney.

Is the Present Exam. System a Fair Test?

REGINA COPEMAN (4/9/37) is quite right. Examinations are a test of nerves, rather than knowledge, and the child who is not nervous scores.

Pupils should be judged according to the year's work. This would be a fairer way and would serve to keep up the child's interest in his work. Often a child slumps his everyday schoolwork, then when examination time arrives makes a great effort to proudly beat the nervous child who has probably been patiently toiling all the year in the hope of "coming top."

J. Settree, Bourke, N.S.W.

Test of Qualifications

EXAMINATIONS are necessary, but not for the purposes at present employed. They should be set by the class teachers without flurry and special preparation, for the specific purpose of eliciting strengths and weaknesses of individual pupils and with no competitive, or "passed and failed" aspects. This overcomes the nervousness and health aspects.

For all outside purposes, including employment on leaving school, a composite report from the school staff should be sufficient, and far more accurate than the stray "A's" and swarming "B's" which buzz in the educational bonnet to-day.

Muriel MacPherson, 8 Russell St., Oatley, N.S.W.

Teaches Self-reliance

TAKING a broad view, examinations are actually a preparation of the child-mind for the greater tests which will come to him in later life, and adults should recognise them as such.

A child should definitely not be driven beyond his capabilities, but should be encouraged to do his best. If he succeeds he will have won confidence in himself, which will be of great value in making him self-reliant and equip him to meet the larger feats which the years will bring.

Are we then going to shield and protect our children from all worry and strife, or are we gradually going to train them from infancy to meet tests as they come, with fortitude, so that when they are old enough to take their place in our social system they will not feel alone and ill-equipped in a cold, hard world, but will be prepared for the worries as well as the joys which will come to them.

Mrs. C. Davis, 29 Bunyula Road, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Necessary Goal

I FAVOR the examination system.

To me, having a goal and general standard at which to aim gives stimulant for concentration.

This power of thought builds stronger minds and character. Many a quiet, "dull" type of child shows underlying ability at examinations.

Mrs. Phoebe Chaplin, Brickfield, Carisbrook, Vic.

Amazing Paradox

THE world situation to-day presents, to my mind, at least, a truly amazing paradox.

We live in an age when machinery and every scientific means known to man combine to produce a marvellous wealth of food and clothing—more than sufficient to feed and clothe the millions on this planet. Yet side by side with this wealth of production—a large percentage of which is wasted through lack of markets—we find millions on the breadline and even hear of women and children dying of malnutrition!

Why this state of affairs? In a world that bleats overmuch of trade relationships, of "amicable understandings" between nations, one finds it difficult to subscribe to the theory that we live in an advanced Christian era.

Mrs. F. M. Mills, Deniliquin, N.S.W.

Should Youth Contribute To Home Upkeep?

ONE-THIRD of children's wages as board, as advocated by Mrs. Lister in The Australian Women's Weekly (4/9/37), seems little return to parents who have perhaps sacrificed many comforts to educate their children.

At least two-thirds of their wages, until they reach 20 or 21, when they have a better sense of value of money, seems little enough to give parents who still have to board and clothe children.

Careful mothers could then bank a few shillings as a surprise for the children in later years.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 62 Simpson St., East Melbourne C2, Vic.

Reflects on Youth

MRS. T. D. LISTER reveals one of the weak spots in modern life. The question of young people's allowance to their parents is not merely one for those immediately concerned. It has a much wider application because it goes to the roots of national life.

That an increasing number of sons and daughters, having reached an age when they are capable of earning their

SELFISH of youths to keep all they earn!

own living, should still be dependent on their parents is a blot on the youth of the land.

Whether it is due to indulgent parents or to selfish youth will make little difference to the inevitable result. For young people to keep all that they earn without contributing anything towards their board and lodging is utterly selfish and the very negation of that spirit of independence which should characterise a young nation.

Mrs. A. M. Dawson, 16 Laura St., Westmead, N.S.W.

WOMAN'S BEST AGE

IN my late teens I regarded thirty as frightfully old, and airily dismissed the thought that one day, too, I would—barring accidents—attain that milestone.

However, the years sped by, and experience, the great enlightener, has taught me many truths. Maturer judgments now temper youthful exuberances and a calmer, saner outlook is mine.

Now I know myself, and the years ahead have not the power of terrifying me. At thirty a woman comes to years of discretion whilst still retaining a joyful zest for living; it is the apex of her youth and the summer of her life.

D. Bryant, 199 Trafalgar St., Petersham, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

FALLING BIRTH-RATE

THE reason of the low birth-rate is not so often that married people cannot afford to keep a baby now, but that they fear the future. A general feeling of apprehension is abroad, and the horrible thought of insecurity makes the assumption of extra liabilities a grave matter.

If economic conditions really improved, the majority of women could return to the domestic sphere, and men could shoulder their rightful responsibilities. This is the only way in which race suicide can be averted.

Mrs. E. R. Moritz, No. 2 Carlton Parade, Torrensville, Adelaide.

✣ ✣ ✣

CARELESS SPEECH

WHAT is wrong with our children's English? I find it quite a rare thing to meet a child who will speak correctly.

I say will speak, because I believe there are many who can speak correctly if they were not so lazy intellectually.

I wonder what is chiefly to blame—carelessness in the educational system or in the home environment.

Both these training centres should aim high and pull together concerning our children's correct speech. Second nature is strong, and if we ourselves slip into a careless way of speaking our children will unconsciously follow our example, despite their education.

Mrs. Clark, Riverview, Nimmitabel, N.S.W.

END THAT DYSPEPSIA

Modern science has come to the rescue of the dyspeptic martyr. No longer need you purge and purge your system with weakening salts or old-fashioned strong mineral preparations—"hoping for the best." With De Witt's Antacid Powder you can treat your digestive troubles in a truly natural and scientific way.

How De Witt's Antacid Powder Acts

1. Restores lost appetite and assures the assimilation of all the nerve and body-building elements from the food you once more enjoy. One ingredient actually digests many times its own weight of certain foods.
2. Banishes the pain and danger of neglected indigestion.
3. Neutralises the sour, acid condition that leads to ulceration and gastritis.
4. Cleanses the system of harmful germ-laden fermenting matter.
5. Gently stimulates the digestion to regular healthy action.
6. Protects the inflamed stomach from further attack.

Every case of Indigestion is instantly relieved, and continued treatment restores the normal digestive processes.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

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WAY of ESCAPE

Continued from Page 12

"I DON'T know." Hilary shook her head. "It doesn't seem like Mr. Dawlish. But if you heard him, he must have said it."

Hilary had heard enough. Perhaps Rodney had said those things and behaved like that; perhaps he had loved this woman enough to feel like that about it. There were people who loved like that, she supposed. But Rodney Dawlish was the sort of man whose life was made up in grand measure of old clothes, older pipes, dogs, fishing-rods, guns, and such-like paraphernalia. It was all very puzzling. That bit about there being another act to the play was very significant, too.

"I'll have a peep, anyway," decided Hilary. "I can't believe it till I see it." A thick cedar hedge guarded the house. She opened the green gate and walked up the drive, clutching the key old Mrs. Throgham had given her, to bolster up her confidence. She hadn't been in Dawlish House since she was a little girl. It had been full of life then, before Rodney's father had died and the family drifted apart. There used to be gay parties on the lawn under those droopy old willows. It was right there, by the lily-pond, that Rodney had kissed her good-bye—a careless, boyish kiss that had gone deeper into her spirit than he could ever dream. He had been her ideal before; after, he became her god.

And now she was entering her god's temple to gaze on the bridal-garment so carelessly flung aside, to see how the woman he had chosen had flouted him. The house was empty. Hilary was sensitive to houses. She knew that this old place had long been deserted, yet about it, since that strange day, there hung still a ghostly radiance of flowers, of new silks, a suggestion of feverish excitement of a wedding, and the prelude to the nuptial march.

Hilary went upstairs, walking needlessly tiptoe, along the hall and into the great bedroom where the bride had been preparing. At the door Hilary stopped to gaze and marvel. It was like a room in the enchanted palace in the fairy-tale, in which all human activity had been suspended suddenly, where a dozen tasks were interrupted in the very middle of their doing. Cases half-packed, clothes flung on chairs, white shoes, little shoes, slippers, mules, a flamingo-colored kimono, a powder-puff strewing white dust on the dressing-table, and the wedding-gown of shiny silk and gossamer lace, the long, filmy veil, the wreath of orange-blossom.

It startled and saddened Hilary. What must Rodney have felt? What a shock it must have given him when he learned that she had abandoned all this and callously turned away! Yes, even Rodney might become sour and embittered, and insist that these things be left as a sort of monument to a dead love. Or did he really believe she would return? No one knew anything about her. She might have since married. Still, she might have repented, might still love him and come back to claim him.

"And he would have her back. From the way he spoke at the dance that night, he expects her and wants her."

Hilary's heart leaped up, it seemed, till it reached her throat. She heard the sound of wheels on gravel. She darted from the window and peered from behind the curtain. A grey car was parked in front of the house and Rodney was helping a girl to get out—the same girl who had got on the bus after bidding "Darling Nick" farewell.

"The missing bride!" muttered Hilary. "And he's falling for her all over again, or I guess wrong. But what am I to do? I simply can't face them. They'll know I've just been spying. I know——"

She heard the front door open, Rodney's voice, the voice of Lois Aiken dropping large, rich marshmallows of words. There was a door from this room that led through a short passage to the den. From the den she could slip down the back stairs. She slipped into the passage as Rodney and Lois reached the landing. But the door at the other end was locked.

She could hear them talking—Rodney's deep voice, the rich laughter of Lois.

"Just a year to the day, Rodney. And what an empty, bitter year it was, my dear. Torment! But it had to be. I couldn't marry you, feeling as I did, knowing that I might let you down. I wasn't sure of myself."

"And you are now, Lois?"

"Yes, dear boy. I am sure. I am ready. How—how fanciful of you to leave this room undisturbed. How it must have hurt you!"

"Terribly!" Hilary's brows wriggled. She knew Rodney Dawlish better than this girl, and she had heard him say "Terribly," often and often.

"I am sorry. But I told you, love you or not, I would come back here to-day, Rodney. I came. And you wanted me back."

"I wanted you back, Lois. You will recall our wedding was to be at four."

"How well do I recall!"

"And at three the messenger came with your letter saying you couldn't go through with it, that you wanted a year. I met the lad down the road——"

Hilary sneezed just then—a terrific sneeze that had seemed to start at her toes and, though she fought it every inch of the way up, seemed only to gather strength from her opposition. Instinctively she ducked, fearing it would bring down the plaster.

A thunderous silence followed the cataclysm. Hilary bit her lip and twined her fingers together.

"Who and what was that?" Lois Aiken's words were rather like ice now. The door was flung open and Hilary, blinking her eyes, walked into the bedroom.

"Hilary!" Rodney's voice was glad. "You darling!"

"I must ask for some explanation, Rodney!" Lois stared icily. "Is this woman here by your invitation? What is she to you?"

"I—I'm sorry, Rodney," began Hilary. "I came here because Mrs. Throgham has 'sciartica,' and couldn't get here. Then I thought I could get out the back way, but the door was locked. I—I hope I haven't spoiled anything——"

"Rather not," said Rodney. "I'll begin again where I left off. I always loved plays, Lois, and now we have a most fitting audience to the final curtain of this one. Rather, she is part of the cast. You wonder, and so does everybody else, why I left your lovely wedding-dress lying there. I'll tell you why, Lois"—Hilary alone saw the mockery in his eyes—"because I wanted you to lift it up."

"You wanted me to lift it up, Rodney?"

"Yes. Yes. Lift it up now! Lift it off the bed!"

Lois looked perplexedly from him to Hilary. Slowly she moved up to the bed and lifted the gorgeous thing she had touched last a year ago. She stared and Hilary stared. There was a letter under the dress.

"It's addressed to you, Lois. It was written an hour before I got your farewell message. Read it."

Lois turned white. Uneasy fingers tore at the envelope. Hilary watched her face as she read and saw the last vestiges of color ebb from it.

"READ it aloud, Lois," murmured Rodney.

She turned on him, hands clenched, her eyes wide, her mouth unpleasantly twisted. The letter she crumpled into a ball and flung into his face.

"You—you beast! You—you jilted me!"

"Ah!" Rodney nodded, pleased. "An hour or so before you jilted me, I was on my way when I met your messenger. But my jilting was final, yours was a cowardly piece of subterfuge. I knew you were in love with your artist friend, Nick Lennister, and I know you're still in love with him."

"I'm going," said Lois. Hilary, who had edged round to the door, stepped aside from Lois' swift passage and the wicked look in her eyes.

"I suppose you're the childhood-sweetheart, Goldilocks?"

"Yes," said Hilary sweetly. "And here's 'the way of escape.'"

And that was that.

Rodney was looking at Hilary with a warm and open smile. He came to her and stood close beside her, looking down into he eyes.

"You would like to see this letter, I think." He retrieved the crumpled paper from a corner and opened it out. "In a way it concerns you."

Hilary read it and glanced over the edge of it when she had finished.

"You mean what you say—what you told her in this letter, that you saw a girl who was the fulfilment of a dream, that you saw her for just a moment in a train that ran side-by-side with yours, and for that reason even more than because of what was between her and Lennister, you wouldn't marry her?"

"Even so, Hilary."

"And—and that was me?"

"That was you. Do you remember once when you were a kid, I kissed your nose and said perhaps when we met again I'd kiss you in earnest?"

"Do I remember? Do I? I've never forgotten. But do you remember?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, you'd never think it!"

(Copyright.)

SONG CLASSICS

"Liebestraum"

Liszt-Schipa.

Ah, love, as long as love dwells
in your heart,
Guard well your fond love,
That by the grave you may not
weep in pain,
And mourn your love in vain.

O keep alight
The flame within your heart,
To keep it shining bright,
That heart may answer heart in
long embrace,
For love that secretly has given
its heart
Has given its heart away,
Will fill the soul with joy,
And drive away all cares and
sadness.

Away! the angry word,
That like an arrow flies,
Ah, grieve not your love,
Lest he should weep, ah, weep
alone,
Oh, wound him not, lest he
should weep alone!

Ah, love, as long as love dwells
in your heart,
Guard well your love,
That by his grave, that by your
lover's grave,
You'll not grieve.

Tito Schipa conceived the idea of being the first to arrange this renowned piano selection for voice.

Kiss and be Beautiful

By Air Mail from our London Office.

"Kiss and be beautiful" is the advice given women by Robert Stephanoff, chief make-up man in the Samuel Goldwyn film studios, after having studied the kiss for twenty years.

MR. STEPHANOFF has come to the conclusion that kissing as an exercise is a highly stimulating and beneficial tonic.

"The more girls blush," he says, "the clearer their complexion becomes, and the more velvety their skin.

"If a girl is an 'eye-closer,' the increased circulation that is induced causes each tear duct to release a tiny tear which soothes and washes the eyeball.

"When the kiss is over her eyes sparkle bright and clear."

The trouble, according to Mr. Stephanoff, is that so many kisses are not perfect. And, incidentally, he hates the kiss lacking in verve, which he says, occurs in its worst forms as follows:

1. The good-morning peck as the husband dashes for the 8.15.

2. The same husband's nonchalant kiss as he returns home after a hard day at the office.

3. The twisted kiss, indulged in when one or the other is in an awkward position—such as leaning out of a railway carriage window.

So keep yourself beautiful by kissing—the Stephanoff way.

• pure food
• cool drinks
for 59/6

Long, hot days and stifling evenings will soon be followed by demands for icy drinks, salads, and cold meals! Face the summer with a "Shasta" ice chest. It is lined with galvanised iron and fitted with removable ice tank, two shelves, loose drip pipe, drip tray, and bakelite shelf holders. 37ins. high, 20½ins. wide, 15½ins. deep. Price 59/6.

5/- depos. 2/- wk.

Bon Marche Ltd.
1 BROADWAY, SYDNEY

Vitality, rich blood, sound digestive organs—These are the essentials to healthy childhood, and for generations Mothers have found these essentials in Cornwell's Malt Extract—the pure and reliable body builder. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. Sold by all Grocers and Chemists.

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MALT EXTRACT
Famous for over a Quarter of a Century

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Know—

That Arthur Rubinstein, famous visiting pianist, refuses to cross the English Channel by air although he does practically all his travel in aeroplanes? He has an intuition that that particular flight would be unlucky for him.

Frugal-minded

BEING frugal minded, I can't help wondering just what is being done about all those cabbages, pumpkins and marrows that were only partially scooped out to pose as sandwich containers at the lovely cocktail party on board the Mooltan on Thursday. Maybe Captain Roche and his merry men will have them served up for innumerable dinners on the homeward run! The entertainment was a tremendous success and the decorations entrancing.

Among members of the Consular Corps present I noticed the blonde Mrs. Marocco, wife of the acting-Consul for Italy, looking very smart in a tailored black ensemble, and Mr. Vigeveno, vice-Consul for the Netherlands, and his slim wife. Also present were Lady Snowden and Mrs. Lang Gibson, Sir Cyril and Lady Ward, and Dr. and Mrs. Glan Satchell.

Party at Queen's Club

MRS. A. T. ANDERSON, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Alan Foott, entertained about thirty guests at the Queen's Club on Friday afternoon in honor of Gwen Ramsay. Gwen, you remember, announced her engagement to Tommy Crooke not so very long ago.

Mrs. Anderson and her daughter both wore very chic black ensembles. Mrs. Foott's ensemble was brightened by a lovely spray of pink orchids.

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Warm in the way of weather and enthusiasm will be the welcome awaiting Commander and Mrs. Farncombe in Brisbane. Mrs. Farncombe's sister, Mrs. Eric Smith, formerly Peggy Ross Nott, makes her home there.

✦ ✦ ✦

Difficult Colors

HOW very satisfactory it must be to have Mrs. Jim Cosh's blonde hair and fair complexion. She is one of the very few people I know who can wear canary-yellow and lime shades with success. I saw her playing tennis this week with a bright yellow jumper and socks of the same shade with extremely well-tailored white pique shorts.

Although her tennis engagements will have to be curtailed while the actual moving takes place, Mrs. Cosh is looking forward to settling in to her new flat at Point Piper this month.

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Among the well-known people who left by the Mariposa on Friday was M. Paul Bellier, who will visit the world's leading fashion centres to buy models for his firm.

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Al Fresco Party

I HAVE just heard of a very lovely party given by Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar at her home, Mt. Bowen, near Kurrajong. Thirty-seven guests were invited for midday on Sunday and they were regaled with a piping hot and very extensive repast set under the trees in the lovely garden.

Yellow flowers were used for the table decorations and they fell in trails to the green lawn.

Fleeting Glimpses

FOR many years past we have had all too fleeting glimpses of Mrs. Herbert Marks during her infrequent visits to town. Her country home at Bowral, which is surrounded by a charming garden, proved so fascinating that the chatelaine had little inclination to leave it for long.

But now Mrs. Marks has let her farm, so as to be free of possessions and responsibilities for a while, and is staying at 52 Macleay Street.

Panniered Frocks

QUITE charming were the old-world panniered frocks worn by Joan Mackaness and Josephine Bell when they gave a joint recital at the Conservatorium Hall on Thursday last.

Joan, who included a delightful selection of English songs ranging from folk songs to moderns in her programme, wore a green satin frock made festive with a pink floral design. Josephine's frock was pink with green flowers and ribbons.

Among the audience were Dr. and Mrs. George Mackaness, Helen Williams, Valda Aveling and Mary Stevens.

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Mrs. Keith Jopp, who has been living at Woollahra for some years, is coming nearer to town and will make the Garden Club her future headquarters. She is looking forward to the return of her daughter and son-in-law, Sir Harry and Lady Chauvel, from abroad.

Lovely Setting

TRULY baronial was the atmosphere of Elizabeth Bay House on Friday night, when the Base Commandant, Brigadier J. M. Hardie, and the officers of the 2nd District Base entertained at a ball.

Clanking swords and clinking spurs, spruce dress uniforms and many glittering medals made a perfect foil for the lovely frocks worn by the ladies.

The Chief of the General Staff, Major-General J. D. Laverack, of Melbourne, was one of the many distinguished guests. Also present were Mrs. J. M. Hardie, Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Newman, Captain and Mrs. G. A. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Milson.

All the Brighter

MILITARY circles in Sydney will be all the brighter for the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. C. P. Meredith, who have been transferred from Fort Forrest, Fremantle. Mrs. Meredith's arrival will be postponed for quite a time, as she is at present on the high seas en route to India for the wedding of her son John in Madras.

AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH of Mrs. Dudley Hardy, of Edgecliff, and her pet Sealyham, Skipper. The terrier is begging politely for a small cake.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Hand-made Bouquet

MRS. ARCHIBALD SHAW, a bride of last week, thought of two novel features for her wedding raiment. A sequinned Juliet cap was worn instead of the usual tulle veil and matching sequins trimmed a wide belt and a boat neckline.

Very original was the bridal bouquet in hand-made lilies of silver lame which made a lovely contrast for her white chiffon frock.

Mrs. Shaw was formerly Iris Dempsey. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Dempsey, of Burren Junction, and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw, of Currawee, Moree.

Consular Record

SAD as M. and Madame Henri Segaert are to leave our shores, they must certainly be looking forward to three weeks' complete rest on board ship en route to Bangkok via Singapore.

The number of the farewell parties given in their honor must have created a record in Consular circles. Last Friday the de Dardels gave a party for them; on Sunday they were the guests of Sir Francis and Lady Anderson, and on Monday they were made much of at the University. They sail this Wednesday in the Nieuw Zeeland, and the best wishes of this country go with them.

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Mrs. J. B. McKay, of The Overflow, Warren, paid a very short visit to town last week. While here she stayed with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards, Elizabeth Bay.

✦ ✦ ✦

Floral Decorations

AIRLIE KEEP and Mrs. Roy Buckland went to a great deal of trouble with the springtime decorations at the ball at the Prince Edward Yacht Club on Friday for the Pastel Ball Funds.

They were busy at work with flowers gathered from their own garden and those of friends on Thursday afternoon, and only stopped in time to have a spot of sleep and food until they donned their dance frocks.

Mrs. Harry Meeks, Mrs. Eric Sheller, Mrs. Lang Gibson, Mrs. W. E. Roberts and Mrs. Len Darby were among the wearers of smart evening gowns at the party.

Gay Tonings

MRS. ARTHUR COBCROFT, I am told, has not slavishly followed the fashion for neutral colorings in her decoration scheme at Herbert Park, Armidale. She has bright colors in different rooms, and the effect is very attractive and individual. Her little daughter Patricia is at a most bewitching age, and is excessively proud of her four brand-new teeth judging by the way she displays them with her frequent smiles.

Have You Seen—

Mrs. Roy Buckland's new evening gown of blue chiffon mounted on cerise silk to give a cyclamen effect? Mauve, blue, and cerise form a panel at the back, and flowers in these colorings decorate the corsage.

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THE DIP

can be truly delightful...

A little Scrubb's in the bath—and how delightful the dip becomes! Lassitude leaves—you feel a glorious glow enveloping you — the whole system is toned! If you're careworn the quickest cure is a bath — softened and smoothed with Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia.

Use only SCRUBB'S—it is three times the strength of other Ammonias, and therefore more economical.

SCRUBB'S

CLOUDY

AMMONIA

BETTY SAYS she has tried lobster and various other dream-makers in efforts to foresee winners, but so far without success. Still, she has not given up hope, and expects to dream a winner or two before the big Carnival is over.

BETTY'S *"Racey"* NARRATIVES

Such Stuff as Racing Dreams Are Made On—Crayfish etc.

By BETTY GEE

Are dreams infallible as a racing guide? Undoubtedly. When you get the right dreams.

Didn't a Melbourne business man, Mr. E. Dickenson, dream of Wotan for the Melbourne Cup in June? And on the first Tuesday in November about the time you took your afternoon tea he was £7000 the richer for having employed his subconscious mind industriously while sleeping.

MR. DICKENSON dreamed a horse named Wo Tan won the Melbourne Cup and kept backing it at odds of 200 to 1 until he had accumulated wagers to the grand total of £7000. He had never heard of such a creature before. But he was right, and next day the books paid him the money in the form of a bonus to the greatest horse-race dreamer Australia has ever known.

But Mr. Albert Coppel, also of Melbourne, and a committeeman of the Victoria Club, Melbourne's leading sporting and betting club, disputed the title.

Away back in 1913 he took a ticket in a certain consultation and drew a horse named Posinatus for the Melbourne Cup. He'd never heard of him. Posinatus hadn't heard of Mr. Coppel, either, and he wasn't even in Melbourne for the race. He was luxuriating up on his owner's farm near Maitland.

Mr. Coppel's chance of landing the prize looked just about as forlorn as could be.

But one night he met a policeman who told him of the vivid dream he had had that a horse named Posinatus would win the Melbourne Cup. Mr. Coppel's horse. Did he prick up his ears?

Then something happened in the betting market. The books were loaded to the plimsoll with bets against the favorites. They looked for a loophole

Posinatus came down to Sydney and won City Tatt's Handicap, a small race which had no bearing on the Cup. But the books grasped this straw, offered the owner a big parcel to a mere song to run in the Cup, and he won it.

Won a Fortune

ALL this happened while Mr. Coppel was lamenting that the horse wasn't there. How could he win the Cup if the horse didn't even come from Sydney?

"Don't worry," said the policeman. "He'll win it all the way. I saw him do it in my dream."

So convincing was the constable that the day Posinatus arrived from Sydney for the Cup, Mr. Coppel, not content with his draw in the sweep, backed the horse for £10,000, at 100's to 1.

The policeman was right. They always are!

Posinatus came, saw, and conquered. Even to leading all the way, as the policeman's dream had prophesied.

Mr. Coppel is a rich man now. He put his money into gilt-edged securities. The policeman was made comfortable, too.

So you see the stuff dreams are made on is sometimes a good durable fabric.

How I wish I could buy a yard or two of it!

How does one induce such informative visions?

I've tried lobster. I've had pickles and blackpudding, and corned beef and chutney. But it's no good. No thoroughbred horses race into the phantasmagoria of my dreams. Only elephants, rhinos, and other fearsome mammals.

Well, if the mountain won't come to Mahomet, I'm going to produce my own dream-winners.

I'm having a slap at Hawkesbury races at Rosehill next Saturday. I'll dream that King's Head wins the Quality Handicap, and see if it comes true.

The Head Waiter's dream for the Grand Handicap is Gay Knight, and that sounds a suitable race for a Grandee, doesn't it?

Our Fortune-Teller says Dickie will dream of a fair woman, the wretch, and perhaps it will be Pearl Verde in the Three-and-Four-Year-Old Handicap.

ROUSE YOUR UNDER SKIN

see BLACKHEADS clear
PORES look finer

Begin to use this "deep-skin" treatment

Two Common Faults! Blackheads and coarse pores spoil the prettiest skin!

They come when tiny glands *underneath* function faultily—clog the pores with overthick oils. First blackheads form. Soon pores are looking larger.

But you can bring that faulty under-skin back to healthy action! Rouse it with the faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment:

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed oils go deep, release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe off. At once, your skin looks clearer. Pat in more cream — *briskly.* The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder. Your whole face fresher, clearer. Soon blackheads are discouraged. Pores are actually smaller — lines and wrinkles tend to fade away.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the very places where pores showed largest will soon be finer textured and more youthful again.

Faults start here

Skin faults start in under-skin — when tiny glands function faultily, pores get clogged.

SKIN FLAKY? MELT IT SMOOTH!

For this you need a different cream

Those flaky bits that rough up your skin, and ruin your make-up—are dried-out particles of skin, flaking off. You need a special kind of cream to *melt* them smooth!

A distinguished dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, dried-out surface cells melt away. Then the new supple cells beneath appear. The skin immediately looks fresh."

Now you know why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a marvellous powder base! Use it twice a day. . . .

For a smooth make-up—Before powder, film on Pond's Vanishing Cream. Watch it melt rough "powder catchers"—bring out new smooth skin. Powder goes on evenly.

Overnight for lasting softness—Follow your regular cleansing with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Apply to face, hands, arms—wherever skin is rough. It softens your skin more, the longer it's on!

Viscountess Joan Moore

"Pond's Cold Cream ends worry about blackheads, enlarged pores. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin a lovely softness, holds powder."

•

Pond's Cold Cream—cleanses, invigorates.—Pond's Vanishing Cream—melts roughness, holds powder.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

September 25, 1937. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Austral for Films?

WORLD famous as a Wagnerian opera singer, concert and oratorio artist, Australian Florence Austral, who returned to her home in London recently after a three years' world tour, admits to a secret, though not very serious, ambition.

She would like to make a picture.

"It would be such fun, but I'm afraid I'm too large to be a screen star, though I believe they can do marvels in altering one's height and weight with lights and camera angles."

Mme. Austral has sung at Sir Henry Wood's promenade concerts, and has various concert engagements, but apart from these she is devoting all her spare time to settling into the house to which she had just moved when she and her husband, John Amadio, left for their long tour.

Sick Claudette Holds Up Production

● *Claudette Colbert's sinus trouble is holding up production of "Tovarich." After a week in bed with a severe cold, she returned to the Warner lot to play the part of the Russian refugee in Paris, but she had hardly worked three hours when she was forced to quit and go back to bed.*

In the meantime, the rest of the cast are impatiently cooling their heels, and costs for this lavish production are steadily rising.

Three Big Stars

● *Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas are the three stars of Paramount's "Angel." Marlene is shown (above) alone, and (bottom right) with Douglas. The latter is also seen at the races, while Marshall shares a scene with butler Ernest Cossart.*

✦ ✦ ✦

Powell's New Picture

WHEN William Powell returns to Hollywood in October, after a long vacation, he will go immediately to 20th Century-Fox to star in the screen production, "Jean," with the charming French actress, Annabella, of "Wings of the Morning" fame, as his leading lady.

It is rather ironical that he should be cast in a play of this title, but let us assure you even Hollywood would not stoop so low as to gather publicity by deliberately giving it that name.

It is a French play, now being produced in London, and the title refers to the name of the leading male character.

✦ ✦ ✦

He Loves Her

RUMORS persist that Luise Rainer and her playwright husband, Clifford Odets, are approaching a parting of the ways.

Nevertheless, long distance telephone calls from New York, and the sheaves of telegrams and air mail letters received daily by the little Rainer, definitely indicate husbandly devotion.

Joan Picks Australian

WHOM do you think Joan Crawford wants to make a picture with?

None other than Australian Alan Marshall, who made his Hollywood debut in "Garden of Allah," followed by various villainous roles, and more recently in "Night Must Fall." He played Captain Willie O'Shea in "Parnell," and was in Garbo's "Madame Walewska."

Joan says, quite frankly, she thinks Alan is the best actor in Hollywood.

✦ ✦ ✦

Madeleine Holidays

MADELEINE CARROLL is off on a grand holiday with husband Philip Astley, touring French waterways aboard a brand new motor-cruiser.

She deserves it. You need a rest after a hectic session of eighteen-hour working days in Hollywood.

Before she left London, Madeleine threw a cocktail party, and believe it or not, she confessed she had been suffering from indigestion.

"The moment I landed in England I had a huge meal," she said, "and in the course of it I ate half a cottage loaf. I couldn't resist it. American bread is dated, sterilised, cut in slices, and wrapped. It isn't bread any more. But an English loaf—well, it's worth indigestion."

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MONEY FLIES In HOLLYWOOD

Galloping Bankrolls of Film Folk

By JOAN SEBASTIAN

WHEN, wearied by nine months of idleness at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the young Earl of Warwick cancelled his five years' contract with the studio, he had collected in the vicinity of 35,000 dollars, although not once in the whole nine months did he take part in a picture.

But staggering as this must be to the normal mind, in Hollywood such occurrences are as commonplace as false eyelashes, weight - reducing, romance rumors and divorce.

SOMEONE once coined the phrase, "the galloping bank-rolls of Hollywood," and it pertinently describes the film colony's tendency to throw money around with the giddy abandon of a drunken sailor. Galloping bankrolls are typical of every line of business in Hollywood. They reach from producer to extra; from efficiency expert to property man.

There's a Hollywood story concerning the producer who walked upon the set where a Biblical picture was being filmed, looked at a group of bedraggled men and demanded: "Who are they?"

"The twelve Apostles," a yes-man answered hurriedly.

"Twelve! Twelve! I thought I told you to order two hundred. Why don't you do as I tell you? And dress them up. All two hundred. Clothes like that—bah! Didn't I order that this be a super-special?"

Like most jokes this has its basis in truth. It is a particular favorite of mine because it explains the spirit of Hollywood so concisely. If the Bible has twelve apostles, Hollywood must have two hundred. If the average man of wealth drives a Packard, the motion picture star has to have a specially built Deusenberg.

The incident of the Earl of Warwick recalls numerous other instances of Hollywood keeping people idle on good money.

Several years ago Ann Sothern, then known as Harriette Lake, was visiting her mother, who taught singing in Hollywood. A Metro scout saw her and urged her to sign with them. She signed, and as shrewd a man as the late Paul Bern saw a great future for her.

Months passed, and at the end of those months she had accomplished precisely nothing. Not, mind you, because she hadn't proved herself, but simply because they'd kept her idle all the time, with no chance to show what she could do. She had a similar experience at Warners.

Robert Taylor spent six months of idleness on the Fox lot before going over to M.-G.-M. Clifton Webb, Broadway dancer, drew fifteen hundred dollars a week for five months in Hollywood, then, disgusted, returned to New York. Gloria Swanson, essaying a recent come-back, was paid by M.-G.-M. for six months, and then dropped.

Recently I chanced to be on a set while they were testing a stranger for screen possibilities. This man meant absolutely nothing to the company which was doing him the favor of making a test to see whether he had motion picture possibilities.

There was no reason to impress him with the magnitude or finesse of making pictures; there was assuredly no motive for impressing the cameramen, electricians and other members of the regular studio crew.

One scene called for this stranger to drop a spot of poison into a glass of champagne. There were two cases of bottles standing ready. I inspected them. They were real! Imported champagne. Two bottles were used for the "take" and the "retake." Two bottles out of two cases! The onlookers had a treat with the balance.

"Why real champagne for a test?" I asked an assistant property man.

"Why not?" he answered. "Ain't this the movies?"

It was. You see what I mean? Galloping bankrolls are the movies. Like the famous male star . . .

Many people seem to have the mistaken idea that the lavish-spending film personality belongs to a bygone era.

There are more magnificent and truly lavish estates in any five acres of Beverly Hills, Brentwood, or Toluca Lake than existed in all of Hollywood in the dear, dead days.

Harold Lloyd has an elevator in his home, one of the largest pipe organs in existence, and one of the costliest rugs in his drawing-room; he has a real golf course on his property and the finest playhouse for children in the world.

The grounds of Jack Warner's magnificent home sport a cascade, lit by electric lights. Louis B. Mayer has just installed, to the tune of sixty thousand galloping dollars, a new bathroom of Italian marble in which all the fixtures are gold.

At the back of her fifteen-room mansion, Joan Crawford has a Little Theatre with three additional rooms attached to it, including a kitchen, so that when Joan is in the mood to stay out there, the servants can pop over and cook her meals for her.

If you quote the extravagant caprice of silent star Mabel Normand, who impulsively took along with her on a trip to Europe all the friends gathered at the pier to bid her good-bye, present-day Hollywood can match it with Marion Davies' European trip of a year or so ago, when she chartered the entire front portion of the great ship (decks and all!) so that she could enjoy the personal friends whom she took as her guests to be assured of interesting company.

● *ABOVE: Marion Davies. She chartered the whole forward section of a liner to take herself and friends to Europe.*

● *LEFT: Dolores del Rio, whose Chow dog has a special chair and a servant to feed him. There's style for you!*

Prodigal Valentino

IT is true that Rudolph Valentino used to spend thousands as if they were hundreds. As for instance the occasion when, just before midnight, he received a telephone call that a certain very famous lady would be along to see him shortly.

By the time she arrived, a strip of Oriental carpet stretched from Rudy's priceless, imported front doors to his equally priceless, imported grilled gates. The bill for the hastily-purchased carpet was four thousand dollars; the service charge for opening a closed store and rushing delivery—one thousand dollars.

But such extravagance has its modern counterparts. Before Irene Dunne's husband removed his dental practice from New York to Hollywood, Irene used to play bridge with him every night over the trans-continental telephone.

William Powell, week-ending not so long ago at Lake Arrowhead, three hours' driving distance from the film capital, sent to his Hollywood home for a charcoal broiler so that his steak might be cooked just the way he likes it best. Transport costs on the broiler came to two hundred and fifty dollars.

Waiter for Dog

DOLORES DEL RIO has a special chair for her Chow dog, which sits at the table with her and is handed his food by his special servant. Lupe Velez recently paid a cathedral artist an enormous sum to design a stained glass window for her Johnnie's bathoom.

One up-and-coming young leading man has just bought a new car that will take him months and months to pay for. Specially built; extra size. And when he brought it home he found the garage of his home was too small, so now he's hunting for a bigger place to fit the bigger car.

Out Malibu way there are empty "beach shacks" of a dozen rooms or more. The fad for Malibu is waning. The stars are migrating to the mountains and the desert instead of the sea. And the twenty - thousand - dollar shacks, built on land that was leased and could never be owned, stand there, monuments to Hollywood's galloping bankrolls.

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SOME OF IT MAY BE TRUE

By MARY OLIVIER

PUBLICITY is the life blood of the picture business. No industry in the world of commerce has been so built upon the mightiness of the pen and vividness of the imagination.

No modern commodity has so intrigued the interest of the public as that of manufacturing celluloid entertainment.

THE ingenuity of publicity writers and the showmanship of stars and movie moguls have contributed considerably to the establishment of motion pictures on their present plane.

But the childlike simplicity of the general public in accepting fiction as fact is encouraging this sort of thing and actually doing Hollywood more harm than good.

Both the stars and the public are fed up with the tiresome twaddle about Dietrich's Pekingese and Gable's trained goldfish. What they want are true, meaty, readable stories that present the film world and its employees in their true colors.

They're tired of the erroneous impression that it is a crazy centre of sex, sin and stupidity, created by the Press-agents, sob sisters and cinema scribblers, many of whom have never been within a thousand miles of the gates of Hollywood.

Truth in Advertising

GRANTED, really good entertainment can get by on its merits, but the public like to be told a film is good before they allow themselves to believe it. The catch in this is that many a poor picture has been converted into a sweeping success by the fertile selling copy of an advertisement writer.

Of course, there is no such thing as truth in advertising. But no greater licence is taken by the picture industry than by those who advertise other commercial commodities.

Could you, for instance, imagine a furniture firm advertising, "This bedroom suite probably won't last more than six months. The bed is a bit shaky now, but we've screwed it up tightly so you won't notice until you get it home. Positively no guarantee, no refund if it doesn't suit"? Or, "This pattern carpet is right out of date, that's why it is so cheap"? Of course not. For the same reason no poster is going to tell you that "This picture is the biggest failure we've ever made. We know you won't enjoy it, so put your cash into the kid's money-box."

It is true, though, that an astute showman once advertised, "This show is terrible, but I gotta screen it. Come at your own risk," and played to better business than he had done for years.

Forgive me for the digression. The subject really under discussion is the banal, childlike blather, blah and hooey that emerge from Hollywood disguised beneath the glamorous title of publicity.

Presumably acting under the belief that there is no such thing as bad publicity, Hollywood Press-agents seize upon every little happening in the colony as an item of universal importance. What they don't know they manufacture, color a little, enlarge, trim and present as a brilliant news story or item.

Take, for instance, these two enlightening pieces of information culled at random from a current issue of a widely-read film magazine:

"Garbo's pet kitten now knows what it feels like to be a visiting tourist or a member of the Press, for she, too, was barred one day from the Garbo set. 'Tis said that kitty purred for hours when ejected."

Boy, what a waste of good paper and type, not to speak of the time of some bright spark in thinking up this brainstorm and the minute or so it's taken us to read it.

Here's another . . .

"Workmen repairing the water main leading to the Weissmuller 70-foot swimming-pool accidentally chipped off a corner of the concrete retaining wall, and there, to their astonishment, was a strong box, which, when opened, revealed a silk swimming suit. Lupe tearfully acknowledged that it was the suit worn by Johnny when he set so many of the world swimming records, and that she had put it there out of sheer sentiment when laying the cornerstone of the pool several years ago."

I bet the person who thought that one up received a 10-dollar rise and a double-barrelled fountain pen! My own award is a liar's licence personally endorsed.

No doubt you are as familiar with the old hackneyed one about the popular star who's just too cut up because her boy friend has gone abroad and she's so, so lonely. Or others such as Wendy Barrie's penchant for collecting snuff-boxes, just for the fun of it. The well-known director who handed out expensive Havana cigars when his pet pooch had pups. And that Bette Davis was so pleased with a certain scene in her latest picture that she threw her arms about the director's neck and kissed him so fervently that she positively ruined her make-up. Oh, well!

That a well-known star has been requested to lose weight for her next opus is a matter of nationwide comment. While the fact of a cinema queen deciding to part her hair at a new angle is an item to be recorded for posterity.

All the world loves a lover, but Hollywood is just crazy about pairs romancing.

Gloria Gorgeous only has to split a bottle of ketchup with Mervyn Manly at the Brown Derby, or borrow his handkerchief on the set, and the whole world knows that Cupid is in the offing. By the time the big news gets into circulation, Gloria is probably sharing a hamburger with some other fellow and Mervyn has had time to get married and divorced twice over.

Divorce Always Interesting

SECOND to romance, divorce creates the most interest. It makes such excellent debatable conversation with your travelling companion as to whether or not they were really suited to each other in the first place.

The good old sex angle provides a fruity base for most Hollywood stories, true and untrue. It's only a recent vogue, but its popularity puts all other inflimation in the background.

And you, dear reader, are the person who has encouraged it! Surprised?

That streak of sentiment that lurks beneath your modern, sophisticated exterior delights in those stories of film romance. That morbid curiosity to peek under people's skins to find out what they are really like has been granted. That stickybeak, but very human, complex and the love of a titbit of scandal and gossip are responsible for most of the drivel that comes out of Hollywood.

As in entertainment, the film people and the publicity writers are merely catering for what the public has shown it wants.

The stars themselves do not approve. They are not averse to good, honest publicity, the value of which they are only too eager to appreciate. They don't mind a scrap giving down-to-earth, to-the-point interviews, posing for photographs and generally co-operating. Similarly, Press-agents and publicity writers would much rather author material based on facts and truth than rack their brains for another blather story.

More often than not when popular Hollywood figures open a paper or periodical it is to find themselves credited with all sorts of doings and sayings as foreign to them as relationship to an Egyptian mummy.

But the public laps it up with avidity, rivalling that of a starving man and the remarkable credence of a pack of kindergarten children.

GALLERY OF STARS

Kay Francis

Starred in Warners' "Another Dawn."

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ERROL FLYNN'S Tale Of ADVENTURE

Young Star's Novel Creates Sensation

ERROL FLYNN'S long-awaited book, "Beam Ends," has just been published. Australians, who know the places and the people of whom he has written, will be amused, perhaps entertained in spots, and disappointed frequently.

But, although actor Flynn has obviously allowed his imagination to run footloose in many parts of his book, overseas reviewers, not being able to judge of his veracity, are giving "Beam Ends" plenty of attention. The following review from the English "News Review" is typical:

AT about the time a location unit was visiting Tahiti to take shots for the first film version of "Mutiny on the Bounty," a young Irishman who had been concerned in a short bout of opium-running was doing a little honest pearl fishing around the island.

Because he was a descendant of mutineer Fletcher Christian and fairly good-looking, he was given the part of his ancestor in the film. Errol Flynn was his name, and it was flimsish enough to keep.

Those who followed the galloping career of the biology professor's son in Warner's "Captain Blood," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Green Light," were mostly unaware that his swashbuckling roles have had their parallel in Flynn's own life.

In "Beam Ends," gasconading writer Errol Flynn nimbly and wittily described his adventures among cyclones, sharks—human and piscatorial—and savages in the turbulent seas surrounding the Great Barrier Reef.

Adventurer Flynn arrived at Sydney after striking gold with more money than was good for a lad of 20. He started on an old-fashioned spree, awakening six weeks later with only £200 of his original £1000 left, a yacht and two friends. He had insisted on taking the boat away as something to remember the original owner by, after a riotous evening aboard.

Flynn had learned something about sailing from the second mate on a steamer which he had left partly because when he fell down the coalhole the mate thought the best way to revive him was to throw the coal in after him.

With him on his crazy journey across 3000 miles of treacherous sea he took a Manxman named Charles, a Cambridge graduate known as "The Dook," who knew a little about sextants and sailing, and Rex, whom he had picked up while drunk.

Directly Sydney's newspapers heard about them and their total funds of £5, they pointedly asked how they had got their sailing papers. After four unsuccessful attempts to escape this unwelcome publicity, Flynn and his friends put out quietly at dead of night.

Flynn was put to work the hand-pump and keep the bilge down. His crew of three was haggard with seasickness; and near Richmond River mouth, 80 miles below Brisbane, the diesel engine collapsed and steering gear snapped.

Only by the short stump of a tiller could the Sirocco's course be guided, and across the seven-breakered bar they could see a black ball on a shore flagpole.

According to "Sailing Directions" this meant the bar was too dangerous to cross, but with the harbor's lifeboat ready and local inhabitants alternately cursing and praying, Skipper Flynn got the disabled boat across.

While they were safely anchored in the harbor, vessels up and down the coast were looking for their bodies, for the Richmond pilot had forgotten the formality of informing the authorities of arrival.

Fortified by six bottles of pickles, a box of carpenters' tools and some sweaters won in a poker game, the adventurers left for Brisbane. Near the river they were almost cut in two by a 20,000-ton steamer.

In the Narrows once more they had to face the problem of replenishing without money. After a strong talk the scrupulous Dook, who had lost at the poker hand which decided all such matters, was appointed forager-man.

Foraging

HE made off towards a flock of fat sheep munching on the shore, and came back covered in gore with his murdered trophy. This supplied nourishment until they reached Rockhampton.

After a series of adventures that included a period spent by now famous film star Errol in the local gaol, the group hurriedly left Rockhampton under something of a cloud. Temporarily changing the name of the vessel, they got further sustenance straight from the sea by dynamiting garfish and boiling them in coconut milk.

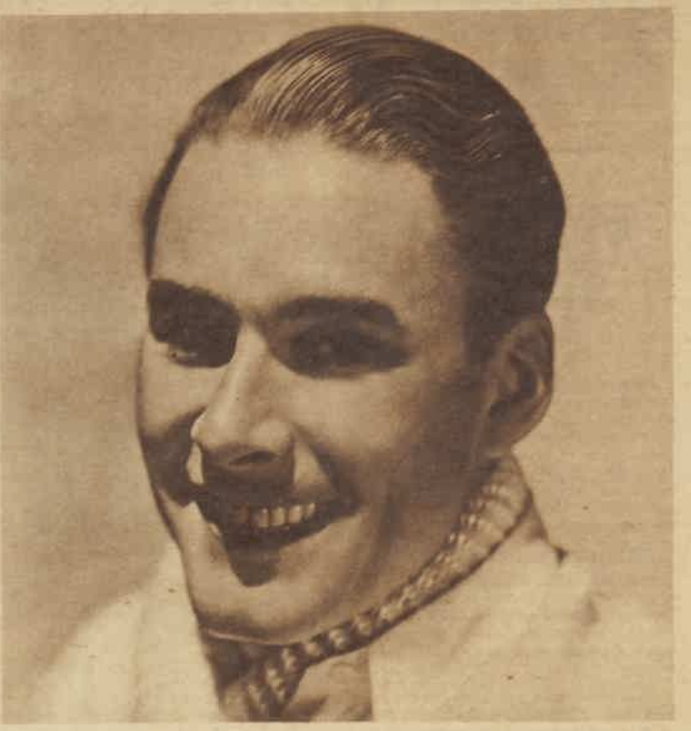
After negotiating a cyclone by Lizard Island the crew put in on the New Guinea coast and took on a pilot savage named Inamotu. For a plug of dynamite they got all the fruit and vegetables they wanted.

Inamotu was an expert dynamiter, and when he noticed a picture of Lord Nelson in the cabin he remarked, "That man damn fool. Hold dynamite too long, lose him arm."

Later the courageous Inamotu and the gallant Dook were drowned when the Sirocco foundered on coral and there was not room for all in the dinghy. Flynn, unconscious, was given preference.

In Tavai they dined with the only white man in a hundred miles, but were interrupted first by the entry of his native wives, then by the host suddenly seizing his revolver and firing successfully at a passing thief, lastly by a small embalmed kangaroo served as second course. This looked so reproachfully at them over the brim of the dish that Flynn could not meet its gaze, and abruptly left while the others stuck to their seats in horror.

Still as jobless and hungry for adventure as when he began his riotous voyage, film star Flynn closes his invigorating story in a hurricane of excitement. Two years ago he was earning £12 a month acting in the Malvern festival. On arrival at Croydon last week he was drawing a Hollywood salary of £600 weekly.



Adventurer Flynn

● IN HIS BOOK, "Beam Ends," Errol Flynn deals at length on his Sydney days, and his subsequent voyage up the east coast of Australia in a yacht. Overseas reviewers describe the book as a racy narrative of devil-may-care adventure and fun.

Follow the STARS *to* BEAUTY

Max Factor's Color Harmony Make Up, the choice of 96% of all Hollywood film stars, will make YOU look your loveliest too! Blonde or brunette, redhead or greyhead you'll find the right harmonising shades of powder, rouge and lipstick on the Max Factor Color Harmony Chart! Good news! Substantial price reductions on all Max Factor's Preparations! Sold at leading stores everywhere.

Ginger Rogers, of R.K.O., using Max Factor's powder.
At the opening of the new Max Factor Make-up Studios, Hollywood, Robert Taylor escorts Irene Hervey, M.-G.-M. star.
Loretta Young, of 20th Century-Fox, using Max Factor's rouge.
Jane Wyatt, of Columbia, using Max Factor's Lipstick.

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FREE *Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample of rouge in my shade, also 48-page Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-up." I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Print name and address and post to MAX FACTOR'S, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney. Fill in chart below with x's.*

A 29.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair	Blue	BLONDE Light Dark	Dry
Creamy	Grey		Oily
Medium	Hazel	BROWNETTE Light Dark	Normal
Ruddy	Brown		LIPS
Olive	Black	BRUNETTE Light Dark	Moist
Sun Tan	LASHES Light Dark	REDHEAD Light Dark	Dry
			AGE

15.46

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

FROM an inside source we hear that the late Jean Harlow left such a small amount of money at her death that her mother will soon have practically nothing, and may have to use her knowledge of interior decorating to earn a living.

Jean was only in star rating for about six years, and until she complained a year and a half ago, was being paid less than half the salary earned by many other stars having equal or even less drawing power. Few people realise the tremendous expenses entailed by stardom. In Hollywood, appearances mean everything and a star is compelled to keep a large home, servants, secretaries, to dress well in public, spend enormous sums for beauty treatments and donate money to dozens of charities.

In addition to all this, Jean had several private charities of her own, and paid anonymously for the medical treatment of many unfortunate people. Her savings were also badly depleted by several unfortunate stock investments, and by a bank failure a couple of years ago.

✦ ✦ ✦

IS Anna Neagle excited? She's Hollywood-bound to appear in person at the Californian premiere of "Victoria the Great." And she is thrilled by New York's reception of the film. Hard-bitten New York critics have practically run out of adjectives in their praises of Anna's performance, and "House Full" signs are permanent features outside the cinemas.

As well as acting in the film, Anna invested £10,000 in it. Herbert Wilcox, the director, went without salary, drew all his money out of the bank, and realised on all his investments to back his faith in it. When it was finished, he rushed over to New York with thirteen tins of negatives (By the way, it was Anna Neagle's thirteenth film), and returned with the story of its great success. He had made a profit of £250,000 in American contracts to show the film in 4000 cinemas throughout the continent.

✦ ✦ ✦

Carole Lombard has two telephone numbers. Her studio and friends call her on one line, which has several extensions throughout her house, but Clark Gable calls her on a special private wire, and when that telephone rings she knows it's he. That wire, of course, has no extensions.

✦ ✦ ✦

BARBARA STANWYCK is being annoyed by a mysterious practical joker. A San Francisco newspaper received a telephone call the other night from a self-styled pilot who claimed that he had just flown Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck to Yuma to be married. Both Barbara and Bob are embarrassed by these false reports.

Another mysterious prank came to light when five youngsters appeared separately at the studio, each claiming to have found a toy balloon with a note attached. The note was an invitation to any child under 12 having red hair to have lunch with Barbara Stanwyck at the studio.

The youngsters were not lying, and Barbara didn't have the heart to disappoint them.

✦ ✦ ✦

JOHN BARRYMORE'S reformation is delighting the studio, and it is all due to Elaine Barrie, his young wife. John even appears for his appointments on time. The way to make him do it is to telephone Elaine and, by some miracle, she gets him there promptly, in good condition.

REMARKABLE how many films are being made that call for a knock-down battle between the romantic leads. Carole Lombard and Freddie March staged a beautiful fist fight for "Nothing Sacred" the other day, with Carole, we're afraid, giving Mr. March a real run for his money. In fact, it's rumored Clark Gable may resume his boxing lessons when he gets a glimpse of the mean left his girl friend landed on Freddie's jaw for the scene. Or does he know about all that already? Another screen battle in which the lady emerged victorious was staged at R.K.O., with Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall as the principals. Outcome of this one was even more serious than the Lombard-March fracas, with Barbara landing such a hard one on the dignified Mr. Marshall's eye that he had to resort to a two-day beef steak treatment before the black and blueness subsided sufficiently to permit him to return to the cameras.

✦ ✦ ✦

LOCAL papers are having a great time playing up the fact that newcomer Wayne Morris is Alice Faye's most constant escort these days, and insisting it's a romance. Actually the thing was started as a publicity stunt, mainly to get Wayne's name in the news, and Alice's real enthusiasm is still singer Tony Martin. But although Tony knows he is still leading man in Alice's life, he is pretty annoyed by the Morris business. Meanwhile, Hollywood is pondering why and how Alice managed to arrive at a recent preview with Tony and leave with Wayne.

✦ ✦ ✦

Hollywood is going "nuts" over a new game called Frisco Flats, that enables one to get rid of any repressions caused by being forbidden to break windows in one's youth. It's a bowling alley with real glass windows at the end, and there's a prize for the one who smashes the most.

✦ ✦ ✦

TALL, red-headed American tennis ace, Donald Budge, has been seen round the film studios during his sojourn in London, but he has no intention of surrendering his stardom of the courts for a possible future in celluloid.

His visits have been to see his old friend, Paul Lukas, who is the polished menace to Annabella's serenity in "Follow the Sun." Paul can wield a racquet, and has partnered Donald at the Palm Springs Club out in California, but to him tennis is "just a recreation."

He speaks an engaging English, or rather, American, but he is a little unsure of his original nationality as he was born on a Transcontinental express bound for Vienna, which remained long enough in Budapest to give him a stationary birthplace.

Although now definitely wedded to films, Paul has a soft spot for the stage, and thinks Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde and Shaw combine in themselves all the elements of greatness in the theatre. But he is not high-hat about it, and thinks a highbrow is a person educated beyond his capacity.

✦ ✦ ✦

MONOCLED Eric Von Stroheim, who has just finished playing the chief spy in "Mademoiselle Docteur," has a gnawing ambition to make a film about Hungarian gipsies.

He's had it ever since his early youth in Vienna, when he used to desert the city of love and laughter and sail down the Danube to Budapest and wander with the gipsy folk.

"Every human emotion can be found in a gipsy melody," he says, and he won't be happy till he puts that emotion on the screen.

When he talks about his dream picture you can hear deep, strange-sounding voices, and the creak of moving waggons, and the gay, sad, haunting songs of the Tziganes.

If he can produce the film as vividly as he describes it, there's reason for his belief that it will be the crowning achievement of his career. But for the moment he must remain in London to make two pictures with Tom Walls.

MRS. RAYMOND MASSEY (Adrianne Allen on the stage) presented her husband with a daughter the other day.

Massey hasn't seen the new member of the family yet. His bad leg (a clot of blood formed suddenly, you remember) still chains him to Hollywood, but they expect him home in Sussex soon.

DOTS and DASHES

● Errol Flynn vacationing on writer Ernest Hemingway's yacht in Mexican waters, where the two can have peace and quiet to do a bit of fishing and discuss their experiences in Spain. ● Joan Crawford kept busy between scenes of "The Bride Wore Red," knitting baby blankets for the expected Gary Cooper and Robert Young heirs. ● Newcomer Jon Hall, whom Sam Goldwyn discovered and gave the star spot in "Hurricane," getting his second choice role, the lead in the forthcoming million-dollar "Goldwyn Follies." ● Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets still kept busy denying rift rumors. ● Warner Baxter giving the rights to his prized invention, a photo-electric cell gun, that is equipped with a fine light ray for shooting at night, to the United States Government for army use. ● Sam Goldwyn "blowing in" a cool half-million dollars for the big storm scene in "Hurricane."

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP —GUARDS HEALTH, PREVENTS INFECTION

The hand that clutched this strap before yours may have left behind the dangerous germs of infection.

Here is one of the easiest ways of picking up infection—dangerous germs pass from hand to hand

A single coin may pass through hundreds of hands in a day: it is *bound* to carry infectious germs.

Every hand-clasp—a gesture of friendliness—may also be a deadly danger through the possibility of passing on the dangerous germs of infection.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR

Marlene Dietrich, Robert Donat. (London Films.)

THE grim atmosphere of Russia before and during the revolution has been created with splendid imagination by Producer Alexander Korda in this film, the best he has made since "Henry VIII."

Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat handle romantic roles with sincerity and finesse in a fairly good story of hairbreadth escapes.

But it is Korda's haunting background that dominates the picture.

You will feel its full power in one of the early scenes, an assassination on a winter night in a street of St. Petersburg.

Robert Donat is an English secret service agent who is sent to Siberia as a political prisoner by the Russian Imperial Government, and then released when the Bolsheviks take control.

As a Bolshevik official he becomes escort of the prisoner, Countess Alexandra (Marlene Dietrich). They fall in love, and for the rest of the film he is helping her to escape from Russia.

Marlene is no temptress this time, but a fugitive who meets danger with stoical courage.

As an expression of aristocratic dignity and Russian sadness her beauty is deeply effective.

Donat, returning to the screen after his serious attack of asthma, is an actor with a style peculiar to himself—reticent, rather worried, full of a quiet strength. He is suited perfectly to this chivalrous role.

The film's weakness is a struggling, episodic plot. The fugitives have four narrow escapes, which become faintly monotonous, and then the film abruptly stops.

Nevertheless this plot—which is taken from James Hilton's novel—provides enough action and suspense to counter criticism.

And in Korda's sombre, authentic setting the two restrained stars interpret the most moving love story of recent films, a story which (as the title indicates) is fundamentally the same as the old tales of courteous knighthood. The recipe for romance has not changed much since the Middle Ages.—State; showing.

★★★ SARATOGA

Jean Harlow, Clark Gable. (M.-G.-M.)

WITH this breezy film of the Turf we say good-bye to Jean Harlow.

In her last part she gives a glorious display of bogus refinement, complete with English accent, all picked up during European travel.

Clark Gable, as a smart bookmaker, is not a bit refined, so Jean snubs him in favor of a rich "sucker" (Walter Pidgeon).

Gable weaves a net of horsy intrigue to induce the "sucker" to lay bets.

The scheme works, and Gable retires on his winnings, accompanied by Jean, who decides to forget her refinement.

Gable is right at home in his hard-boiled part—far more than in his recent role of polished gentleman.

There is brilliant work in support, especially from Lionel Barrymore as Jean's grandfather, a fine old stud-farmer who sees more good in horses than in human beings.

The direction of the show is masterly, and the racing scenes are tensely exciting.

Two comedy sequences stand out.

One presents a crowd in a race-train singing a wistful ballad called "The Horse With the Dreamy Eyes"—a worthy descendant of the "Flying Trapeze" passage in "It Happened One Night."

The other sequence is Jean Harlow's examination by a nerve specialist who horrifies her by prescribing an early marriage with her tedious fiance.

As the picture was incomplete when Jean Harlow died, a double was used in five small scenes, but the substitution has been made so cleverly that it escapes detection.

Wit, perfect casting, and headlong pace put "Saratoga" on the upper level of streamlined comedy.

But the final bow of a memorable star gives it a certain sadness.

Queen of vituperation, in roles of lovable toughness we shall not look upon her like again.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

William Boyd, George Hayes. (Paramount.)

HOPALONG CASSIDY totes that deadly gun against some pretty bad hombres this time at Cottonwood Gulch.

When his brother is "accidentally" killed by a crooked deputy sheriff, pawn of a master mind called "Lone Wolf," "Hoppy" thunders in to clean up the Gulch.

With "Windy," his grizzled saddle-mate (George Hayes), he unmasks the local bank manager as "Lone Wolf," and deals him some rough justice.

For once romance meets "Hoppy" on the trail in the person of "Faro Annie" (Bernadene Hayes), but "Hoppy" is not the marrying kind, and in the end he rides off alone.

"Lucky" (Russell Hayden) is even luckier than usual when he is trapped on a railway line and "Hoppy" diverts an oncoming train by throwing a switch in the nick of time.

This plot is 1918 vintage, but the flavor lasts, and the acting is capable all round, with honors to grizzled "Windy."—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

NEW FACES OF 1937

Joe Penner, Harriet Hilliard. (R.K.O.)

ALL the leading players in this revue are prominent American radio and cabaret stars who have scarcely ever been seen on the screen before.

No doubt their inexperience in films is a partial reason for the poor quality of this production.

But much of the blame can be laid to the story, which is immensely foolish without being faintly funny.

The best thing in the film is the tap-dancing of Lorraine Krueger, and the worst is the acting of William Brady. This young lyric tenor sings pleasantly, but otherwise achieves a new high level for insipidity.

Milton Berle and Joe Penner, two crazy comedians, work overtime to reap a very lean harvest of laughs.

The loudest come in Berle's scene with his stockbroker, when the fluctuations of the market cause him a series of fits and spasms.

R.K.O. will have to give them a better vehicle if these new faces are to become familiar faces.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

Week's Best Release

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR"

—moving romance, on a haunting background.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

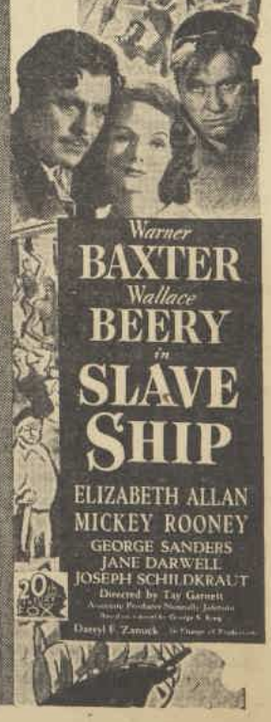
★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

CAPTIVE LOVERS ON A HONEYMOON SHIP OF HORROR . . . as mutiny reddens the decks of the last slaver!



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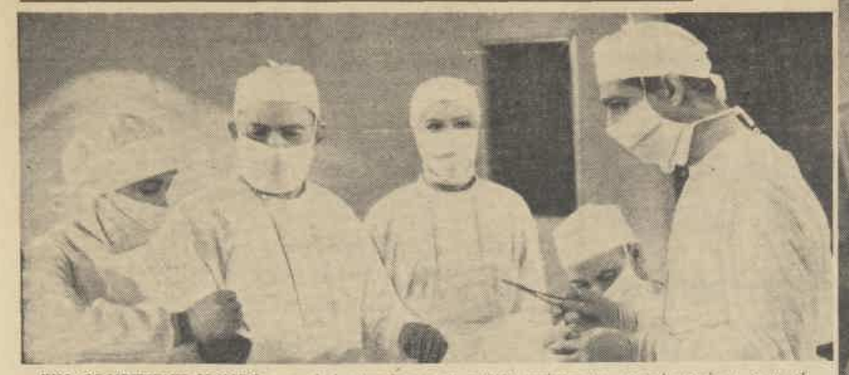


"IN COMPETENT HANDS a surgical operation is an artistic performance carried out by a team of skilled artisans and based on accurate scientific knowledge," writes a cancer specialist in the article below.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY *Medical Service* WELCOMED

Full Story of Cancer Is Told This Week

Wide public interest is evident in this new, informative, and authoritative series of medical articles introduced in The Australian Women's Weekly last week.

The many expressions of appreciation already received from readers indicate that the articles are eagerly welcomed as a valuable service to the community in the spread of knowledge about some of the chief causes of ill-health and mortality.

This week a specialist fully reviews the history of cancer, another widespread disease that afflicts mankind. The survey aims to tell the story of cancer in as simple terms as possible, and explains the position of treatment exactly as it stands to-day.

No. 2—CANCER

By A SPECIALIST

THE full story of cancer is difficult to tell—at least to the public.

Because of this, individual members of the medical profession are chary of expressing opinions on both general and special aspects of cancer questions, lest the layman be unjustifiably soothed or unreasonably scared as he reads beliefs, propaganda, and statistics put forward by various authorities—no doubt with the best intentions.

It may be said, however, that in recent years a fatalistic outlook has been succeeded by a sober optimism, or even a hopeful expectancy.

The term "cancer" throughout this article is used in its widest sense—to denote any malignant growth.

To understand this qualification, "malignant," certain basic facts must first be grasped.

Cell Growth

THE human body is built up of units named "cells." Each cell is a mass of jelly-like material named protoplasm, with a central body called the nucleus; the whole is enclosed in a firmer skin, the cell-wall. All cells have this basic structure; but many become specialised to serve certain purposes.

Thus there are skin-cells, bone-cells, liver-cells and the like.

Now, growth of any living creature, or part of it (such as growth from the baby to the adult, or growth of new skin to cover a wound) is not carried out by simple enlargement of the cells concerned, but by their multiplication. Each cell breaks into two, these two into four, and so on; these new cells eventually become of the same size as the original.

Cell growth is not haphazard; it takes place under some mysterious bodily control. When its purpose is effected, the growth stops.

Such control of growth (named "organisation"), however, is lacking in tumors.

In tumors, growth (due to multiplication of the tumor cells) not only serves no useful purpose, but does not stop.

Tumors can be divided into two classes. They may be "benign" tumors; these grow and keep on growing, but remain walled-off from the rest of the body by an enclosing capsule.

They may cause serious symptoms by their pressure on important organs, but they do not spread into the tissues around them. Such local tumors, when diagnosed, can often be effectually removed by surgery, with subsequent complete cure.

The other type of tumor is the malignant growth, or cancer. Here a group of cells, at first indistinguishable from the cells of the surrounding tissue, begins multiplying endlessly and for no useful purpose. But not only is any growth-control or "brake" absent, but also any local limitation.

There are numerous varieties of malignant tumors and their characteristics and habits are well understood.

How It Spreads

SOME are mild in disposition, with few destructive qualities. Others are extremely vicious, but even the mild, if neglected, may run riot and destroy life.

Generally there is no wall or capsule round a malignant tumor. In the most malignant types the multiplying cells spread in groups into the surrounding tissues.

Seedlings are carried away by the lymph or blood stream to distant parts of the body till they come to rest and form growing tumors in these new sites. This is the interpretation of the ancient idea that cancer (Latin, the crab) spread its claws throughout the body.

One can grasp at once the difficulty of the surgeon in dealing with malignant growths.

And the cause of this sudden anarchy of cells in one spot? After 36 years of intensive research, it must be confessed that science is still in the dark to a great extent, though discoveries made in the last few years promise a solution.

ONE of the earliest theories put forward was that cancer is due to a germ. But scores of attempts to isolate a causative micro-organism from cancerous tissue have been made, and all have failed.

The importance of this negative finding is great; were cancer due to a germ, the disease would be infectious, or transmissible from a sufferer to a healthy person, like tuberculosis. Or it might be contagious, like smallpox; which would imply that contact or close association with a sufferer might communicate the disease.

Literally thousands of experiments have been made to test this matter of infection, and it may be taken as proved that cancer cannot be transmitted in this way.

Virus Theory

IN animals, cancer can be transplanted; that is, a growing cancer can be removed from one animal and transferred to another, where it grows like a "graft" or transplant.

This transplantation can only take place successfully between individuals of the same species. But as a means of natural spread of cancer among human beings it is out of the question; transplantation requires a careful surgical operation, and no accidental grafting has been recorded.

A germ being definitely put out of court, a virus was next suspected. A virus is an ultra-microscopic living particle which can pass through a very close filter; certain well-known diseases, such as infantile paralysis, are due to such organisms.

There is still a school of research-workers which believes in the virus theory of cancer. As far back as 1909 Peyton Rous discovered a type of tumor in fowls which, unlike the general run, can be transmitted by injecting the filtered fluid obtained from it into other fowls. In other words, this type of fowl-tumor is infectious, and such infection resembles that of a virus.

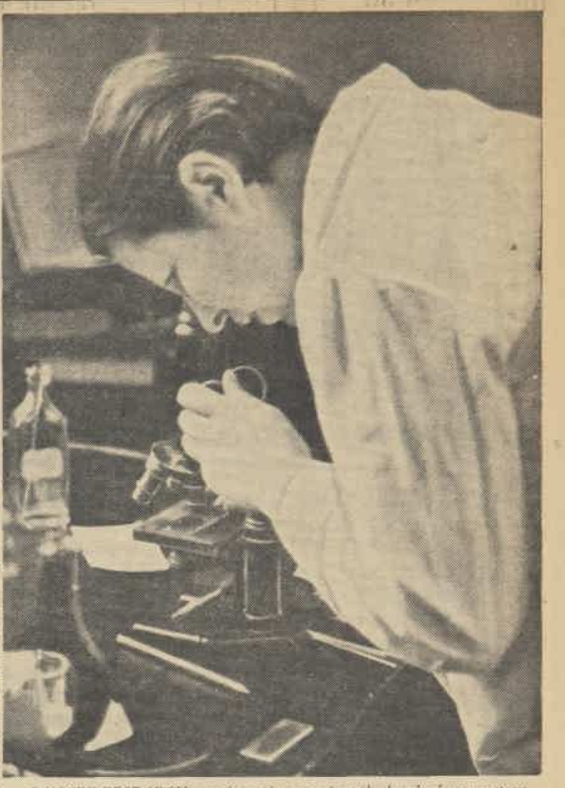
Readers may remember the sensation caused in 1925, when two English research-workers, Barnard and Gye, claimed to have actually identified an organism present in this type of fowl-tumor.

This claim was disproved, and after many puzzling experiments the virus theory has lost ground among research-workers. The majority believe that what is transmitted in the Rous cancer-fluid is a non-living substance—some biological product which acts as a stimulant to cells, provoking unbridled growth.

This biological product is a chemical substance. And recent research into the causation of "mosaic disease" in the tobacco plant has revealed that the "virus" in this case is a very complicated chemical compound capable of adding to itself in some mysterious way in living material, and hence causing the spread of the disease locally, and favoring distribution to distant parts of the plant's economy.

The analogy with cancer is obvious, though not necessarily accurate, or as yet demonstrable, and science likes to be sure.

Continued on Page 58



CANCER RESEARCH may be said to stand on the brink of momentous discoveries that will benefit mankind.

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MILLIONS and Millions of all races throughout the civilised world have proved for over twenty years that 'ASPRO' is a medicine which genuinely relieves pain and headaches without in any way sacrificing SAFETY on THE ALTAR OF RISK. The scientific reason is that 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the system, is a solvent of uric acid, an internal antiseptic or germ destroyer and an anti-pyretic or fever reducer. That's why 'ASPRO' acts directly on the basic cause of many ills. Chemical research is a continuous job in the 'ASPRO' laboratory, but we steadfastly refuse to add to our product any drugs or narcotics which would in any way harm the heart or leave dangerous after effects. It has been proved that 'ASPRO' does its work QUICKLY and SAFELY. Don't accept substitutes which are offered as "just as good."

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Is a WORLD-WIDE SUCCESS

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER.

Marsden Street,
Shortland, N.S.W.,
Dear Sirs, 18/6/37.

Until two years ago my daughter suffered from St. Vitus Dance or Nervous Chorea. She went into hospital and seemed to be cured for the time, but two years ago she had a very severe relapse and I decided to treat her myself. I gave her one 'ASPRO' tablet three times a day with hot milk and two 'ASPRO' tablets before going to bed. After two months' treatment she completely recovered and has been in the best of health ever since. 'ASPRO' tablets did what all the other treatment failed to do.—Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) Mrs. LILY E. PETER.

"Without 'ASPRO' I Would be Unable to Leave My Bed."

64 Daglish Street,
Wembley Park, W.A.,
Dear Sirs, 4/6/37.

I want to tell you of the wonderful relief I receive from 'ASPRO.' I have been a sufferer from Rheumatoid Arthritis for 11 years; I have been taking 'ASPRO' tablets for the past 8 years. I think this evidence enough that 'ASPRO' tablets do not harm the heart. In fact I have been told by doctors to continue with 'ASPRO.' I truly think myself without the aid of it, I would not be able to leave my bed.

(Sgd.) N. B. STANLEY.

Miles From Doctor, 'ASPRO' Our Standby.

Dear Sirs, Farina, S.A., 20/3/37.

I have proved 'ASPRO' the best medicine to keep in the house as we have lived for years hundreds of miles from any doctor. 'ASPRO' is a very good all round medicine and I find it especially good for Headaches and Rheumatism, also it saved us from a bad attack of 'Flu. As soon as we feel a cold coming on we just take a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets. We are never without a big bottle in the house in case of emergency. I tried a good many other medicines but I believe in 'ASPRO' above them all to relieve pain quickly without after effects.—Yours truly,

(Signed) GOOL MAHOMET

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12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
13—It relieves ill after effects of alcohol.
14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
15—As a Gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsilitis

Nicholas Ltd.

34E/37.

Black O'ROURKE

Continued from Page 14

"I DON'T know what to make of it," she answered, "but I seem to hear a voice behind me saying always: 'Eileen is a liar.'"

"This Shaughnessey is a big, bold, good kind of a man," said Anne.

"He is indeed," said Eileen.

"He has a foolish look when he laughs, however," said Kinsale.

"I don't see that," said Anne. "But there's no fool about McGuire that I noticed."

"I have heard him say many clever things," said Eileen.

"He laughs the first at his own jokes," said Kinsale.

"But after all, that O'Rourke is the man of them all," said Anne.

"Perhaps he is," smiled Eileen.

"And why, pray?" asked Kinsale.

"I don't know," said Eileen, "except that he's such a man of a man."

"Don't be judging a man by the loud bray that he has to him," said The Kinsale.

"Do you like not one of them all?" asked Anne.

"Why shouldn't I like them? And yet, why should I?" said Kinsale. "But a black O'Rourke is a black O'Rourke! I'm off to bed. Good night to all."

As he went up the stairs, he heard Aunt Anne saying: "Poor Danny, the New York will never be out of his bones. And nothing would suit him except a man he could build like a skyscraper into the clouds."

But Kinsale lay for a long time in his bed, putting one black thought beside the other until his mind was wrapped in darkness entirely before he slept.

When he came down to breakfast the next morning he saw Eileen with her eyebrows turned pale overnight and her lips dim. She blushed when she saw him.

"Are you ashamed of your own naked face, woman?" he asked.

"I'm only a wan sort of a thing, sir," she said, "and I thought it was color you loved."

"There's color and color," said The Kinsale. "And why do you 'sir' me when Daniel is my name?"

"Yes, sir," said Eileen. "And we'll be starting home again this day."

"Am I The Kinsale, or am I not?" asked Daniel. "And if I'm The Kinsale, you stay here for a time while I watch the way these men of yours come and the way they go. Do you hear me? And I have found a a good mare to set you off. Her name is Brilliant and she's by Top o' the Morning out of Diamond Dust."

"Is she, just?" asked Eileen.

"She is, just," said Kinsale.

She remembered: "Top o' the Morning was by Happy Hour, by Halcyon Days."

"If I said 'no' to that," said Kinsale, "the Halcyon look in her face would call me a liar."

"But the thing of it is," said Eileen, "that I've done no riding these years, but only walking from the house to the barn and from the barn to the creamery."

"Can you not ride, woman?" demanded, Kinsale and his heart paused.

"If I cannot ride," said Eileen, and her head went up, "I am not of Clonmel, whatever. But I cannot sit a horse now as a Clonmel woman should do."

"Then you must walk through the world for a bit," said Kinsale, "and afterwards we'll see."

This was the reason of it that when Shaughnessey came riding up that afternoon and asked for Eileen, he had to leave his horse behind him and they went walking.

"But where will you walk?" said The Kinsale.

"There are the woods, yonder," answered Eileen.

"The sky has a mean look to its face," said Kinsale, "and when the Antrim Woods lie like a smoke on the rim of things, there is sure to be rain. You'd be a wet woman before you came back, Eileen."

"Well, a good Clonmel skin will keep water out," said Eileen, and she went off with Shaughnessey.

"Mind the ways and the byways!" said The Kinsale, shouting after them. "Better men than a Shaughnessey have lost themselves in the Antrim Woods!"

Shaughnessey turned and gave Kinsale the look; then he made himself big and walked on beside Eileen; and at last they grew so small that they danced before the eyes of Kinsale, and then they were lost in the mist of the woods.

An hour later the rain came down. It did not come as it falls on other lands, but the wind went roaring all in one stride from Dunboyne Mountain to the Cleggis Hills, and then the water fell so hard that it knocked up pale rain dust from the ground. With that rain came The O'Rourke, and the wet dripped from his black moustache.

"Where's Eileen?" he asked.

"In the rain," said The Kinsale.

"Who took her?" asked The O'Rourke.

"Shaughnessey," said The Kinsale.

"There was never a brain in a Shaughnessey of them all," said The O'Rourke. "But who let her go?"

THE Kinsale could not answer. A heat came into his throat, but it was not of words.

So they waited, while a false night closed over Clonmel and Aunt Anne came into the room like a whisper and lighted the fire and looked on them, and went out again with her hands folded together before her.

INNOCENCE

Did I kiss you or did you kiss me?
For I'm certain I don't know whether
The one's to blame for that touch of lips,
Or if both of us kissed together!

I know this much, you were close to me
And the rest of the world receded,
And voices whispered behind my heart,
'Twas you, and you alone I needed.

But who's to blame for the first embrace
I'm vaguely at loss to state,
But deep, deep down in the heart of me,
I'm telling myself 'twas Fate.

(And all because you shall never know
That I was the one who planned it so!)

—YVONNE WEBB.

Then Shaughnessey came, with his face red and brier scratches on it.

"I could not have lost her, and yet she is gone!" said Shaughnessey. "My wits whirled about a bit in the rain and I only ran up to the top of a hill to see where we were, and when I saw and came down again, there was no Eileen."

"Sit here and talk with your elders," said The O'Rourke, "while I go fetch the girl in."

"Stay by the fire, O'Rourke," said The Kinsale; "she's a Kinsale and my duty is towards her."

He walked out the door, and Tom O'Rourke walked after him.

"Danny! Oh, Danny! Will you not take a raincoat?"

"Raincoat be damned," said The Kinsale.

"Man, at your time of life have you no fear of rheumatism?" asked The O'Rourke.

The Kinsale did not speak. He only walked, and the mud clotted around his shoes and weighed down his knees till they ached. So they came to the Antrim Woods, where the wind tore away the tender young leaves and flung them down and the rain stamped them into the ground.

If it were dark outside, mind you how dark it was inside. There are some forests that the Lord planted and made to grow so straight and clean that even to see them naked puts summer into the heart of a man, but a black devil raised the Antrim Woods and choked the paths with thorny brush and gnarled the trees and broke their branches with storms.

"I'll take the left way," said The O'Rourke.

"I'll take the other," said The Kinsale.

Please turn to Page 44

ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realise my ambitions? What is my Lucky luck? Marriage? Travel? Finance? All Questions answered and full Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 2417E, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:—

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, fly to the South Pole to rescue
MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Missing airwoman. Walking through a wall of steam at the Pole, they find themselves in a prehistoric world of a million years ago. They meet a neanderthal man whom Mandrake dubs
ANDY: Who reluctantly leads them to Molly, living peaceably in a cave among the primitive people. She warns them of a cave, in which dwells a nameless monster, whom the people call "The Terrible Thing." In an unguarded moment Mandrake and Lothar find themselves flung into the cave as sacrifice to the monster, which they discover is nothing but a harmless penguin who has followed them from the Pole. They find their way out, hand the penguin over to Andy. As they emerge a monstrous winged lizard carries Molly off into the air. NOW READ ON—

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BLACK O'Rourke

Continued from Page 42

HE walked a while and then he leaned a hand against a tree and felt the cold, wan trickle of the rain going down the skin of his back. But he remembered the Kinsale blood in Eileen, and was he not The Kinsale? So he walked on again until he saw, before, a shadow that moved in the twilight. He shouted and ran forward, but when he came close, he saw that the other figure that ran towards him was only The O'Rourke.

They said in one voice: "It's you, is it?"

"Why didn't you keep to the left way?" asked The Kinsale.

"I kept my way," said The O'Rourke. "Why didn't you keep to yours? Or do you need glasses on your old eyes?"

"The left way leads down by the lake and you haven't been near it," said The Kinsale.

"The right way takes you into that hollow," said The O'Rourke, "and poor Eileen drenched with the wet and the cold!"

"Is a black O'Rourke telling me the way through the Antrim Woods?" demanded The Kinsale.

"Am I black?" asked The O'Rourke. "Go home while I have pity of your years."

"You are black," said The Kinsale, "but maybe I can take some of the blackness off."

And he struck The O'Rourke lightly with the mere tip of his fingers, across the face. Tom O'Rourke said nothing at all except one word, but he struck Daniel Kinsale on the root of the nose and would have flattened him in the mud except that the trunk of a tree put its hand between the shoulders of Daniel and stayed him on his feet, and gave a stiff backing to the long left with which he stopped the rush of O'Rourke.

"So?" said O'Rourke. "I'll murder your heart for you!"

And he charged again, warily now, with his weight in good balance and his guard high and his right hand withheld like a thunderbolt.

But there is a place in lower Manhattan to which rich, fat men go to rediscover their ribs and their hips. Some of them lose weight with the medicine ball, and some pull at elastic machines, but being a man of Clonmel, The Kinsale had taken to the gloves.

Now The Kinsale thanked the kind Lord that had led him to melt away so many pounds in the gymnasium. For his good straight left was as a defence which held out the wild bulls of O'Rourke's charges, most of the time. It was only when he ventured a right that The O'Rourke broke through and hurt him in the body and dazed him about the head and made the blood run on his face until The O'Rourke drew back a little and panted: "Will you give up? Will you say 'enough,' you old fool?"

"It was only a matter of slipping," said The Kinsale. "Put up your hands before I murder you!"

And he came right in at The O'Rourke. But his breath was short, so that he tasted the smoke and the sickness of the cigars of yesterday, and a ten-pound lump of lead weighed down that good left hand, and his heart staggered and said "yes," and "no" beneath his battered ribs. But one thing upheld him and that was remembering that he was The Kinsale.

"One more, then," said The O'Rourke, "and this will be the last, if I have to break my hand doing it!"

But when he charged, by the will of God and the teaching of the gymnasium, the aching left arm of Kinsale straightened and his fist on the face of O'Rourke stopped him and stiffened him. It was partly the weight of the punch and partly the surprise that made Tom O'Rourke throw his guard high. And The Kinsale saw the opening and the darkness left his eyes. Into that good right cross he put all his hope and all his hopelessness. Say what you will, a neat right cross is a virtue even in a blackguard, but to The Kinsale it was a miracle, for when the blow snapped home it knocked the hair on O'Rourke's head all here and there, and his body stiffened and he fell like the flat of your hand on the table.

HIS skull struck the root of a tree that was placed handy there, and his head bounced, and then he lay still.

While The Kinsale was wiping the blood and sweat from his eyes and thanking God, a cry ran upon him out of the dimness of the Antrim Woods, and Eileen ran by him, wailing: "Oh, Daniel, Daniel, what have you done? Have you murdered him entirely?"

"I have only put him in his place," said Daniel. "Hands cannot kill a black O'Rourke."

In fact, at that moment O'Rourke sat up, though he swayed a little and his mouth hung open like the mouth of a witless oaf. His eye was swelled shut and the blood gushed from his split lip and the last blow had opened the flesh over his cheekbone.

"Thank God he is not hurt at all," said Eileen. "But, oh, Daniel, I thought for a minute that the black of The O'Rourke would be too much for you."

"Darling," said Kinsale, "I was only making play with him for a minute. Eileen, could you love an old man?"

It was easy to take her in his arms. She pulled a wet handkerchief out of her sleeve and cleaned a place on his face and kissed him.

"Who have I been loving at all, these days of days?" she asked.

When they looked around them, The O'Rourke was gone, which was the strangest thing of all. So they went back through the Antrim Woods together while the sky began to clear into thunderheads with white feet and black shoulders.

The Kinsale stopped, presently, and stared at the ground; for he saw there his own footprint, which he had made as he took the left way, and just behind it was the smaller mark of a woman's foot that had not been there before. He looked and he looked, but he dared not look into the face of Eileen. Yet, since his arm was around her, he could not help but feel her tremble.

"Daniel, are you angered with me, darling?" she asked him.

"Woman," he said, "I begin to think and think— Days ago, did you not have talk with Aunt Anne?"

"I had only a word or two that I saved and put by me, Daniel," she said, trembling more and more. "I would not lie to you, for I had a word or two that were worth the keeping. Are you turning your face from me, Daniel?"

"Why would I turn my face from a woman that proves she's no fool? Aunt Anne shall have a touch of my mind on the matter. But you are in my heart so entirely, Eileen, that the door is shut and locked on you."

"I thank God and Aunt Anne," said Eileen. "And think for yourself, Daniel. When I saw you both come raging into the woods to hunt for me, how could I keep from following to see which one would find me?"

(Copyright.)

GIRLIGAGS

"IT ISN'T what she eats that keeps the boy friend broke—it's WHERE she eats."

HURRY! VEGEMITE COMPETITION CLOSES OCT. 4

2 MORE PONTIACS free!

24 OTHER BIG PRIZES

We have chosen these big 6-cylinder Pontiac sedans for our first prizes because we consider them the last word in mechanical perfection and design.

Here's your chance to win that big luxurious car you've always wanted! Just read the limerick at right. The last line is missing. Sit down and write out your last line to complete the rhyme.

Read the simple rules below and let us have your entry, together with the label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite, sold by all grocers and food shops. More good news! You may send in as many entries as you please! The label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in two entries. If it is an 8-oz. jar, you may send in four entries. Remember—someone must win—and it might easily be YOU!

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

(1) Copy the limerick on a separate sheet and print your last line in block letters.

(2) Fill in the coupon in this advertisement with your name and address, and pin it to your entry or entries, together with the requisite number of Vegemite labels (see condition No. 7).

(3) Entries will be judged by the Sales Director of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., and the Advertising Director of "The Australian Women's Weekly" in the presence of the press. The judges' decision shall be final, and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.

(4) Two Pontiac Sedans, each valued at £430 plus Sales Tax, which will be paid, and registered for one year, will be given away *free*. One Pontiac will be given to the best entry from New South Wales, and one to the best entry from Victoria. The twenty-four other consolation prizes will be awarded to the next best entries. Twelve of these will be distributed in Victoria and twelve in New South Wales.

(5) Employees of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., and the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency are not permitted to enter this competition.

(6) All entries to be included in the judging must reach the offices of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. not later than 5 p.m. on Monday, October 4th. Results will be announced in the Kraft Music Parade over 2UW on Tuesday, October 12th.

(7) Any person may forward any number of entries provided each attempt is accompanied by a label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite. Two 1-oz. labels will *not* do. The label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in two entries, and the label from an 8-oz. jar entitles you to send in four entries. All entries must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, carrying your name and address, so that the list of winners may be posted to you following the judging of the competition.

When the radio announcer gives the names of the prize-winners, will he announce YOUR name? It's up to YOU! Sit down now—and write out that missing line. It's great fun!

Quick Facts About Vegemite.
(Read Carefully Before Writing Missing Line)

(1) Vegemite is a highly concentrated pure extract of yeast, containing valuable mineral salts and precious body building vitamins.

(2) Full of nutritional riches, Vegemite is of great value for children.

(3) Highly concentrated, Vegemite should be spread very lightly on bread and butter, or biscuits—then you enjoy the full, rich, tasty Vegemite flavour.

(4) A touch of Vegemite vastly improves the flavour of stocks, stews and all other savoury dishes.

NEW SOUTH WALES PRIZE-WINNERS

Prize-winners will be announced during the Kraft Music Parade from 2UW between 8.45 and 9.45 p.m. Tuesday, October 12th.

24 prizes in all! And these will be equally distributed between the thirteen best entries from Victoria and the thirteen best entries from New South Wales for the last line to this limerick:—

2 Pontiac Sedans, each valued at £430 (Registered for One Year)
2 Second Prizes at £50
2 Third Prizes at £20
20 Prizes at £2

JUST FILL IN THE LAST LINE TO THIS LIMERICK

"Keep some Vegemite always on hand,
In a soup, or a stew it's just grand,
While a dash on some bread
Makes the tastiest spread
_____"

Here's an example of the last line. Come on! Try your hand!
"Than you'll find in the whole of the land."

SEND THE LABEL — SEE CONDITION No. 7

It's easy to remove from the opal jar. If the label does not pull away smoothly, just stand the jar in water for several minutes, and you will be able to remove the label without any difficulty.

Mark your envelope "LIMERICK" and address—
To the Directors, Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., G.P.O. Box 3769V, Sydney, N.S.W.

On a separate sheet I have written the complete limerick with my last line(s). I am enclosing this with the requisite Vegemite label(s), as per condition No. 7, together with a stamped envelope bearing my name and address. I agree to abide by the Judges' decision as final and legally binding.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

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HELLO . . . . TEACHER *is Calling* YOU!

Banned Children in Epidemic Get Lessons by Radio

Because the infantile paralysis epidemic in Victoria has compelled 44,000 school-children to stay at home, the Commonwealth's biggest and strangest radio school has come into existence.

FOR the first time in the history of Australia, an Education Department has deliberately set out to produce a set of daily assignments of work specially selected and arranged to be done in conjunction with radio supervision by a teacher.

As soon as it was necessary to close schools, a station was put at the disposal of the Education Department for an hour each day, and soon English, history and geography lessons were being given over the air.

These lessons are still being given, but now, in addition, the Education Department has a new system of long-distance supervision in working order.

FAR FROM BEING irksome, school-lessons over the air are proving successful during the infantile paralysis epidemic in Victoria. The novelty of the experience is appealing to the youngsters, and they are performing their daily tasks with enthusiasm.

Every week a booklet of daily assignments of work is compiled.

Teachers at all the closed schools prepare sample assignments of work and send them to the Department. A committee of experienced teachers go through the samples, pick out those that are most worth-while, supplement them and have them printed in book form.

About 44,000 of these booklets—30,000 for juniors in grades I to IV and 14,000 for seniors in grades V to VIII—are despatched to all the closed schools every Thursday.

The teachers then address and post them to the children so that they will be ready to begin work on Monday morning.

Several problems were met in compiling the books.

One was how much work a child working at home could be expected to do. The answer to that was not more than two hours a day.

Another was the fact that children attending different schools would be at different stages in their work and different pages in their text books.

Parents Assist

SO the committee concentrated on newspaper work. News of the day and current topics are being worked into the lessons, so that instead of sending them to their text books all the time in search of information, the teacher broadcasting the lesson sends the children in search of the newspapers where they can read about history and geography in the making.

The new arrangement does not pretend to replace the lessons that would be had at school. Its object is to direct the child at home in purposeful activity, and to keep him from getting out of touch with school work altogether.

The success of the work with the juniors depends largely on the assistance of parents, and the directions in the booklet are largely for their guidance.

Children, as a whole, are not used to taking directions in the written form, so it is the voice of the teacher coming over the air between 9 and 10 o'clock every morning that actually gives life an absorbing interest to lessons that look rather flat and uninteresting when they are merely viewed on paper.

Special Records

THE infant teachers who open the session create the cheery school atmosphere by conducting what is the equivalent of morning assembly.

One mother says she never knew before that school could be such a joyous thing for very small people.

The morning hour at 3AR is divided into four quarter-hour sessions for Grades I to II, III to IV, V to VI, and VII to VIII, with music between each session.

Even the records are specially chosen, and a short commentary is given about the composer or the composition, providing an unofficial lesson in musical appreciation as well.

The half-hour session every afternoon is devoted to checking and reviewing the day's work done by the senior classes.

These long-distance lessons provide the one bright spot in the paralysis epidemic. They are doing something that was heartily advocated at the recent Educational Conference—bringing the school into closer touch with the home by bringing it right into the home itself.

Women Advocate Reform in Divorce Laws

Continued from Page 3

BEFORE a woman can obtain a divorce she must prove that she is domiciled in the country to whose Courts she presents her petition.

A person is domiciled in the country which the law regards as being his permanent home.

This does not necessarily mean the country where he is living, even for some years, if he were born in some other country and intends to return there.

For this purpose, incidentally, each of the Australian States ranks as a separate "country."

If then, for example, a woman born in New South Wales marries in this State an American who is living in this State for business or other purposes, but who intends ultimately to return to America, then he retains his American domicile and his wife acquires an American domicile, although she has never been even outside the borders of New South Wales.

Supposing he deserts her here. As the law stands she cannot take proceedings here, as the American courts would be the only ones who had jurisdiction and she must go there—often, quite obviously, an impossibility.

There are hundreds of women so placed in this State. In one respect the hardship has been alleviated by law—and that where a woman is deserted by her husband (domiciled here) who afterwards acquires a foreign domicile. For divorce purposes on the ground of desertion, she shall be regarded as retaining the domicile she had when the desertion took place, instead of acquiring his new one.

Denied Relief

THIS, however, leaves untouched the hundreds of cases where New South Wales women marrying men not domiciled, even though resident, here lose their own domicile by marriage, and are consequently debarred from obtaining relief in our own courts.

One of the reforms advocated is the right to enable a married woman to establish her own domicile for the purposes of obtaining a divorce.

It is also desired that where persons have been judicially separated for three years or more the marriage may be dissolved.

You can now trade-in your old Piano for the new

DREYER

the finest Piano value obtainable in Australia.

Glorious Tone Quality—Fully Guaranteed.
Terms from

6/3 WEEKLY

'Phone, B4628, for valuation of your present Piano.

USED PIANOS.

Mignon	£30/10/-
Nanon	£45
Leipzig	£44/10/-
Victor	£65

30/- Deposit, 3/9 Weekly.

USED PLAYERS

Wurlitzer	£74/10/-
Gulbransen	£85
Francis Bacon	£85

£5 Deposit, 6/9 Weekly.
Bench and Rolls Free.

Write for full particulars of the New Leonard, the Electric Refrigerator that gives the most for your money. Prices from £44/15/-. Terms from £4 deposit.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

WINKWORTH'S
51 YORK STREET
Near Lottery Office-SYDNEY

WHAT DO YOUR STARS SAY ABOUT YOU

YOUR FUTURE!

The Right Occupation
The Right Time to Play
The Right Place to Work
The Right One to Love

LEARN FROM YOUR PERSONAL HOROSCOPE

KNOW what to expect look. When to take care what to do how, why and when to do it. Your "on" and "off" days.

I will post to you a handwritten 1200 word personal Horoscope, including complete character reading with valuable advice to guide you in luck, love, work, gambling, games, and fortune.

I WILL INCLUDE FREE

An 18 page 7000 WORD BOOK containing a calendar showing the quality of each day of your life. Complete daily readings for each day of every year. The most complete astrological guide ever published. Telling how to read signs and portents, lucky colours and much more valuable information. Send 2/6 NOW for this miracle Hindu Work. INCLUDE your birthdate. Your money refunded if YOU are not satisfied. This offer is limited.

TOGI R. ALPHA, Box 3858T, G.P.O., Sydney.

"SCRATCHITIS" CRIPPLED MY BROTHER

writes Bartholomew, the bath...
"My brother and I were twins. We found ourselves installed in adjoining flats. My brother was unfortunate. His mistress used harsh scourers. Soon he was scratched all over; and now, though only a year old, he's a cripple with 'Scratchitis.' Such a shame — and he could have still been young and handsome if he'd been smooth-cleaned, as I am, with Monkey Brand . . ."

BATHS STAY SO GLOSSY.. *when Smooth-Cleaned with* MONKEY BRAND

There's one way to make sure that your bath will always be smooth and lustrous. Have nothing to do with harsh scourers. They *scratch* the surface. *Smooth*-clean with Monkey Brand. Its fine, even particles shift all the dirt *without scratching* . . keep the surface always as glossy and bright as new.

"Use my cleaner for every surface you want to keep smooth and attractive. Whether it's PORCELAIN, ENAMEL, METAL, WOOD, or PAINT — Monkey Brand will clean it easily and without scratching."

ACTUALLY COSTS YOU LESS
Monkey Brand is a *concentrated* cleaner—a little cleans a large area . . . . thoroughly! So much more economical than bulky, inefficient cleaners.

A LEVER PRODUCT

MONKEY BRAND

S.148.37

2GB
presents

In response to public demand

FRANK WATANABE
and
The HONOURABLE ARCHIE

SIX NIGHTS WEEKLY
(Mondays to Saturdays)
8.15 p.m.

2GB
"The Favourite Station."

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FREE! BEST QUALITY ALUMINIUM WARE

in Exchange for Bonus Labels from

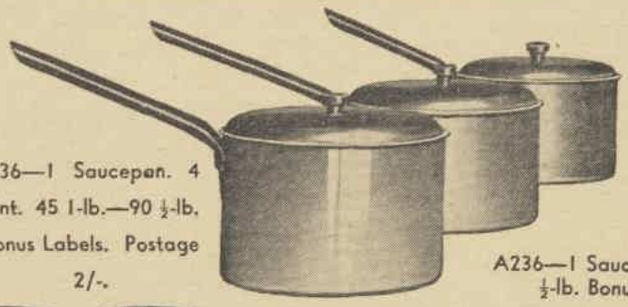
GOLDENIA TEA, THE BILLY TEA, AROMATTE TEA, GRANUMA PORRIDGE MEAL, INGLIS COFFEE WITH CHICORY, INGLIS ESSENCE OF COFFEE AND CHICORY, INGLIS BAKING POWDER, INGLIS PURE SOLUBLE COCOA, INGLIS HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA (CLOUDY).

If you cannot call, write for INGLIS BONUS BOOK. This book gives you full particulars and illustrations of the many bonus presents, and the number of Bonus Labels necessary to obtain them.

WE HEREIN ILLUSTRATE A FEW SPECIAL LINES OF THE HUNDREDS AVAILABLE.

Post your Bonus Labels to INGLIS TEAS, Box 1582E, G.P.O., Sydney, and write your name and address clearly on the outside of the package. Then, in a separate letter, give your name and address, the number of Bonus Labels you are forwarding, and the number or numbers in the Catalogue of the presents you have chosen.

A238—1 Stock Pot. 10 pints. 65 1-lb.—130 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/6.



A36—1 Saucepan. 4 pint. 45 1-lb.—90 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 2/-.

A250—1 Billy Can. 2 pint. 25 1-lb.—50 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/6.

A251—1 Billy Can. 3 pint. 28 1-lb.—56 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/-.

A236—1 Saucepan. 2 pint. 32 1-lb.—64 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/6.

A237—1 Saucepan. 3 pint. 40 1-lb.—80 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/9.

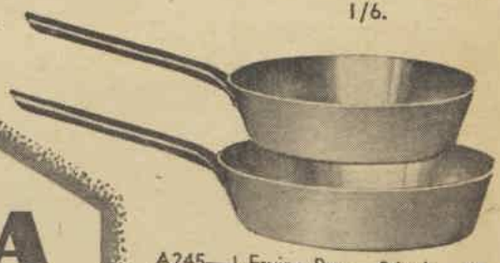
A117—1 Kettle. 3 pints. 35 1-lb.—70 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/3.

A118—1 Kettle. 4 pints. 40 1-lb.—80 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/6.

A91—1 Teapot. Size 5 cups. 28 1-lb.—56 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/3.

A95—1 Teapot. Size 8 cups. 45 1-lb.—90 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/6.

A259—1 Fish Fryer (round). 45 1-lb.—90 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 2/-.



A245—1 Frying Pan. 8-inch. 22 1-lb.—44 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/6.

A280—1 Frying Pan. 9-inch 25 1-lb.—50 ½-lb. Bonus Labels. Postage 1/9.

INGLIS GOLDENIA TEA

B472 G

ADORABLE DOLLS *for* SMALL GIRLS...

LEFT TO RIGHT: Baby Sally, Marietta, and Baby Peggy, three adorable dolls exquisitely dressed in crepe-de-chine clothes. The dolls, together with paper patterns for making extra sets of clothes, and transfer for embroidery, can be obtained from our Needlework Department. Free transfers are also given with the dolls.

Most Thrilling Gifts of All... and Ideal for Christmas

CAN'T you imagine how wild with delight any small girl would be to receive one of these adorable dolls? They are exquisitely dressed in crepe-de-chine clothes in dainty pastel tints.

WHY not order one of these dolls now for your small daughter for Christmas, which is not far distant? They can be obtained from our Needlework Department complete, as shown in the picture. And with every doll you get a free transfer for embroidering the dolls' clothes.

In addition, you can obtain from our Needlework Department paper patterns for making extra sets of clothes for the dolls, also with the transfer for adding little touches of embroidery.

Included free also with set of patterns is the transfer sheet, size 10 by 10 inches, for embroidering the tiny garments.

The transfer design is very simple to work in shades of pink, blue, or cream.

For making the dolls' clothes only remnants of material are required—silk, cotton, muslin, and similar fabrics being suitable.

Order dolls now from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

Patterns for Dolls' Frocks

SET OF PAPER PATTERNS for making these dolls' clothes can be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1/9. Transfer for embroidery is included free.

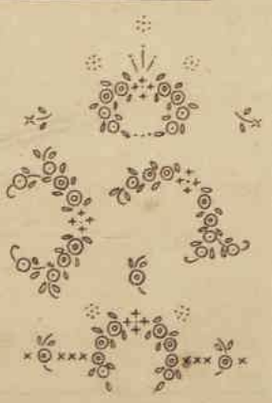
The prices of the dolls are:—

Baby Peggy: Composition head, celluloid limbs, dressed in crepe-de-chine, 10 inch 5/11, 12 inch 6/11, 14 inch 10/6, 16 inch 12/6, 22 inch 21/, 24 inch 25/6. Transfer free

Baby Sally: New Marsit head, celluloid limbs; dressed in crepe-de-chine, 10 inch 6/11, 12 inch 8/9, 14 inch 12/6, 16 inch 16/6, 18 inch 19/6, 20 inch 22/6, 22 inch 27/6, 24 inch 32/6. Transfer free.

Marietta: All-British doll, composition head, body, and limbs; dressed in crepe-de-chine, 12 inch 15/6, 20 inch 19/6. Transfer free.

Complete set of paper patterns for making extra sets of dolls' clothes, dress, petticoat, jacket, panties, and bonnet, cut in sizes to fit 10 inch to 24 inch doll, price 1/9.



PORTION OF THE TRANSFER which is given free with each doll, and is also included in the set of paper patterns for making extra sets of dolls' clothes.

MRS. D. LUDLOW

In the colorful breakfast room in Mrs. D. Ludlow's house, Black Forest, Adelaide, buttertone-yellow walls form a background for yellow, orange and green painted furniture. The woodwork is also painted green.

Smart modern homes are gay with COLOR!

STEP into any modern house and analyse its charm, its cheerful, gay appeal. You'll find it's enchanting because it's colorful! Lovely pastel walls make the background for painted furniture, bright-colored accessories form accents in a harmonious scheme. Such a place makes you sigh with envy—unless you realise how easily you could get such effects in your own house with Taubmans paints. Paint your walls, woodwork and furniture yourself—it's easy and inexpensive to do!

"Not a brushmark when I use Taubmans Duisetta," says Mr. S. Strong of Thery Street. "And the way it covered up that old paint in only one coat is certainly remarkable."

"Dynamel is certainly easy to use and it's so easy to keep clean and fresh," says Mrs. Chidgey of Leslie Street. "It's fun to work in my cheery kitchen now."

Let Anne Stewart show you how to make your home more lovely

"The Colorful Home", by Anne Stewart, explains how to get any effect you like through the magic of color. Read how to plan color schemes, how to paint walls, woodwork and furniture, how to transform any dreary, old-fashioned interior into a delightful modern room. Taubmans will send you this book free of charge—fill in the coupon and post today!

Anne Stewart, Director,
Taubmans Home Decorating Service,
75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Dear Miss Stewart,

Please send me my FREE copy of your book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. to cover posting and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A.9.

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Baby Welfare Lessons...for Men

A WOMEN'S CLUB at Copenhagen, Denmark, holds a course for husbands, teaching them all about baby welfare. This is done partly for the sake of economy; poor families can then dispense with nurses. This man is learning one of the first lessons.

A GROUP of young men are shown receiving instructions in baby welfare from the matron. At left another pupil learns how to bath a child. Dolls are used for the lessons for prospective fathers.

WHAT IS THE SECRET?

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

People Who Succeed When Serving Others

Many of the world's most famous people belong to the zodiacal sign Virgo, which governs those born between August 24 and September 23.

Such people have generally been noted for their intellectuality, humaneness, method, constructiveness and quiet persistence. They have overcome their tendencies toward self-doubts, pessimism and destructive criticism and developed their splendid powers of deduction, analysis and reasoning.

VIRGOANS make some of the best judges, doctors, nurses, agriculturists, organisers, executives, contractors, merchants, writers, teachers, and advisers in the world. They have the ability to excel in these fields if only they use their powers constructively, confidently and wisely.

Strangely enough they usually prove more successful when giving service to others. They like authority—can, in fact, be quite dominant, upon occasion—but because of their troublesome spasms of self-doubt or indecision are really better off when there is someone upon whom they can lean in times of emergency.

They shine at detail work which necessitates method, neatness and reliability, and employers who have "brain-waves," but lack patience or system, cannot find better assistants.

Virgoans get so used to being asked for advice that they are inclined to proffer criticism or advice when such is not desired. This often gets them into trouble, and is a trait which should not be cultivated.

Hard Workers

THOSE in search of information, however, will find it well worth while to seek their opinion. They have not earned their name as "walking encyclopaedias" for nothing.

Most Virgoans are self-made rather than lucky. Once interested in a project they are hard and reliable workers.

They should set high goals for themselves. They should overcome all tendencies to grumble or worry over difficulties or setbacks; to bow their heads beneath obstacles. Their difficulties are generally the stepping-stones to future accomplishments.

In fact, these people have within them all the necessary materials for good fortune and desirable living. But they must take care not to be their own enemies.

Discontent, self-doubts, and inferior work should never be tolerated. The desire for appreciation—meaning so much to Virgoans—should not be regarded too highly. Self-satisfaction over life's duties well done should prove even more desirable than expressions of appreciation.

There is an important place and valuable work for true sons and daughters of this sign of the zodiac if only they will realise their own great powers for good. They must learn to express their abilities in constructive ways. Their ideals must be turned into achievements.

The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be sure to get any matter of importance started on September 21 or 22. Then live quietly.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Make the most of September 23. September 24 is next best. Begin new ventures or make impending changes and ask favors then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The stars should favor you for a while, so work hard to achieve your ambitions. Make changes or seek promotion on September 25 and 26. Be confident and optimistic.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Difficulties and delays may bring upsets or disappointments, so do not attempt very important matters, especially on September 21 or 22.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Fair for you on September 21 and 22.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on September 23 and 24.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Go after the things you want on September 25 and 26. Your chances of success are good then. Try to begin contemplated changes. Ask favors.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): September 21 and 28 just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Just fair on September 21 and 22. Routine best.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Take no risks, especially on September 27 and 28. Try to avoid partings, losses, opposition, and delays, for such may cause annoyance and worry. Live quietly.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): It is your turn to put contemplated plans or changes into operation. Ask help of others; seek advancement. Work particularly hard on September 25 and 26 for your efforts then can produce good results.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Not spectacular. September 27 and 28 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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What Women Are Doing

Women Cricketers

REALISING the importance of recruiting young players to build up teams of women cricketers in the future, Mrs. Ranald Peden, captain of the team that recently visited England, intends concentrating on this work.

She will not play this season, but hopes to help in coaching and interesting schoolgirls in the game.

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Latest Novel Meeting With Success

VERA DWYER, who has established herself in the ranks of well-known Australian writers, is gratified at the success of her latest novel, "House of Conflict," published recently by Angus and Robertson. The story portrays numerous types of Australian characters in reaction to English influences, as well as depicting humorously some English viewpoints regarding Australia and its people.

Miss Vera Dwyer —Dorothy Welding.

One of Miss Dwyer's earlier books, "The Kayles of Bushy Lodge," published by the Oxford University Press, London, some years ago, has lately been included in a cheap edition of standard fiction issued by that firm. Her other books include "The Marches Disappear" and "In Pursuit of Patrick."

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Missionary Addresses New Evangelical Union

LINKING up with the Empire organisation of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, students of the Adelaide University have formed an Evangelical Union, and have elected Miss Ruth Lyons as secretary. The first meeting of the union was held last week with Dr. Beryl Bowering, of the Jiaganj Mission, Bengal, as the speaker.

The union is also organising lunch-time Bible study circles, and hopes to extend its activities to witness and drawing-room meetings in the near future.

Dr. Bowering, who is the daughter of Mrs. J. R. Bowering, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in South Australia, is now at home on her first furlough. With another doctor, she is in charge of a huge women's hospital in connection with the mission.

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To Hold Fifty-Seventh Annual Meeting

THE Y.W.C.A. in Sydney will hold its 57th annual meeting on September 30, and will have as the principal speaker Mrs. O. Peatfield. She was a former member of the staff, and returned within recent weeks from England with the Australian Women's Cricket Team, of which she was manager on its overseas tour.

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Librarian for Mothercraft Association

WHEN the Queensland Mothercraft Association was formed in Brisbane six years ago, Mrs. D. J. Garland was a member of the first committee, and has been associated with it ever since. A few years later, when the association secured rooms and a library of its own, Mrs. Garland was appointed honorary librarian, a position she has held ever since.

Mrs. D. J. Garland —Dorothy Coleman.

The library is very popular, as few mothers could afford to secure the mothercraft books for themselves, and, indeed, many of them are unprocurable in Australia.

Mrs. Garland is also assistant honorary treasurer. Last year, with the assistance of Mrs. Frank Warren, she organised a most successful children's party to raise money for the association, and again this year she will give her services, with others, to organise another one.

Charmed with Australia

DETITE Mrs. L. E. Gielgud, wife of the Under-Secretary of the League of Red Cross Societies, is at present visiting Australia for the first time and is so impressed with Australians and their country that she intends to include a chapter on the subject in the book she is writing about her travels.

Mrs. Gielgud, who was married in Budapest last June, was formerly Miss Zita Gordon, the Hungarian stage and screen star, and is accompanying her husband on a world tour. They will visit America after a short stay in Australia and then continue to Paris, where they will make their home.

Girl Musician Leaves for London

AFTER strenuous weeks of concerts, recitals, and broadcasting performances, Miss Vina Barnden, the 20-year-old pianist, of Adelaide, who has shown such remarkable talent that practically every musical celebrity who has heard her has sung her praises (figuratively speaking), has left for London.

Not only Adelaide, but the whole of Australia, expects great things of her, for her stage presence is as arresting as her playing. With her pale, vivid face and abundant black hair, she is an unusually striking girl. Miss Barnden, who studied at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, will have had her 21st birthday before she reaches England.

She expects to be away for at least two years, and practically the only thing on her programme when she gets there is work.

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Dancing Teacher Adjudicating in Two States

MISS KATHLEEN GILL, of Geelong, Victoria, who has been adjudicating dancing at the South Australian Elsteddfod, began teaching dancing at the age of 13, and at 15 she put on her first revue, which ran for four nights and a matinee. These revues she has made an annual affair, and "Just the Children," as she calls her youthful company, has a revue ready for production now.

Miss Gill

Miss Gill had about 1100 entries to judge in Adelaide, leaving South Australia recently for New South Wales, to judge dancing at Wagga, where she has adjudicated before. Miss Gill learned her dancing in Melbourne from Miss Jennie Brennan, and her national dancing from the late Jack Fraser, and she teaches both private classes and at the schools in the Geelong districts.

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Worked for Society For Thirty-Seven Years

WITH the Preston (Victoria) Benevolent Society making special plans to celebrate its 50th birthday next year, we are reminded of one of the greatest charitable workers in the district—Mrs. A. R. Allrich.

She is treasurer of the local Red Cross Auxiliary and vice-president of the Royal Melbourne Hospital, but her outstanding work is in connection with the Benevolent Society.

She has led this organisation as president for the past 12 years, but her association with it goes back much further.

Before accepting the presidency she was secretary for 15 years, and in all has been connected with the society for over 37 years.

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Thrilling Life in the Antarctic

MRS. INGRID CHRISTENSEN, who returned recently to Oslo with her husband and 17-year-old daughter after taking part in the expedition which surveyed the Antarctic, is preparing at Sanje Fjord for another expedition to the same region.

The last expedition sent out an aeroplane in which Mrs. Christensen accompanied her husband and dropped a Norwegian flag, claiming the area for Norway.

New Zealand Women's Association of N.S.W.

NEW ZEALAND women resident in Sydney have banded themselves into a strong body, and as the New Zealand Women's Association have become a definite unit in the community life. The active members number about 150.

Mrs. Meredith —Dorothy Welding.

In addition to its social activities the club provides a definite service to New Zealanders passing through, and welcomes them to its club rooms on the 4th floor, N.Z. Bank Chambers.

Members will celebrate Dominion Day at a musicale, to be held at the Hotel Australia on September 27, when the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. G. A. Parkes) and Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens, wife of the Premier of New South Wales, will be guests of honor.

The association has a very live committee, with Mrs. Hammond Meredith as president. The publicity secretary, Mrs. D. R. Ferguson, comes from a well-known New Zealand family, being a granddaughter of William Greenwood of Greenwood's Corner, Epsom. Her husband, Donald Ross Ferguson, is also linked with New Zealand, through his great-uncle, the late Rev. Donald Ross, a cleric well known for his ministry in the Lakes District, Canterbury, and Rotorua. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson live in the house that was formerly Mr. Ross' home at Arncliffe.

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Delegate to Congress In Buenos Aires

IT will be a long time before Miss Ruth Bedford, well-known writer of plays and verse, exhausts her stock of interesting reminiscences of her trip as Australian delegate to the P.E.N. Congress, held in Buenos Aires last September.

Miss Bedford returned to her home in Sydney this month. After the congress was over she travelled round a great deal, visiting places off the beaten track of tourists.

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Long Record of Service to Red Cross

MRS. H. L. ARCHDALL, of Brisbane, who was recently awarded a long-service medal from the Queensland Red Cross Society, has been associated with this organisation since the outbreak of the Great War. She was living in Rockhampton when war was declared, and a week after a committee was formed, called the Queensland Contingent Sewing Guild, of which she was president. The garments made by those women were sent away on the very first troopship to leave Australia.

Mrs. H. L. Archdall —Noel Maitland.

When in 1916 Mrs. Archdall went to live in Brisbane she continued her work with the Red Cross. She was appointed the society's official visitor to hospitals, and made many friends among the returned men. She also worked in the Red Cross kitchen, and was one of the original workers of the depot.

Mrs. Archdall is still a vice-president of the society.

Playwright Writes And Produces Pageant

ONE of the busiest women in Melbourne is Mrs. Marjorie McLeod. If she isn't writing a comedy, she's preparing a broadcast, or producing a tragedy.

Mrs. McLeod —Broadmore.

One of her latest successes was winning, in conjunction with John Ormiston Reid, the prize for the pageant in connection with Victoria's Presbyterian Centenary celebrations. This remarkable work, which consists of twelve varying scenes and a finale, is to be presented at the King's Theatre on September 29.

Mrs. McLeod is in charge of the production and of a cast which numbers more than four hundred, including a choir of a hundred voices. The costuming is most interesting, ranging from symbolic dress to the native costumes of Korea and the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. McLeod has for some years been prominent in the Dramatists' Club, and last year wrote and produced "Within These Walls," which was presented at the Princess Theatre in aid of the funds of National Theatre Movement.

Her latest farcical comedy, "New Tricks," was produced recently for the Dramatists' Club, her daughter, Shirley McLeod, taking the part of Jenny, the modern girl who brings up her mother.

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Opening of New C.W.A. Home in Warwick

THE Warwick branch of the Queensland Country Women's Association established a new C.W.A. cottage recently. Mrs. D. J. Nelson performed the opening ceremony.

The name of the cottage is Eavsnolme and it was named to perpetuate the memory of two persons who played an important part in its history, Mrs. H. Sterne (whose name is Eva) and Mrs. Holmes, president of the Gore branch. Mrs. I. Wonderley, formerly a council member of the association for ten years, and president of the Toowoomba branch, performed the "naming" ceremony. The gathering took the form of a fete.

Famous for Her "One-man" Stall

MRS. F. N. STOPS, a prominent member of the women's committee for the Girls' Home, Launceston, is quite famous in Tasmania for the "one man" stall, which she conducts at the annual fair held to raise funds for the home.

The stall's contents of exquisite needlework are always Mrs. Stops' own handiwork, and at this year's fair there was a goodly and varied store of articles to delight the heart of the most fastidious housewife.

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Has Won Success in Radio Work

MISS ANNA GALE, who has just returned to her home in Christchurch, New Zealand, after doing most successfully some radio work in Sydney, says Australian people are a little different from the New Zealanders. Australians do get really enthusiastic and let themselves go when they are given something they really enjoy, she thought. She has just completed two years' work in Sydney.

When in Sydney Miss Gale also made a number of records at a well-known studio.

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To Supervise Nutrition Survey in W.A.

AFTER completing a most successful nutrition survey in South Australia, Miss Irene Glasson went to Perth to initiate the survey there, appointed by the Commonwealth Government through the Advisory Council of Nutrition. For the last year Miss Glasson has been supervising the nutrition survey in South Australia, and has received congratulations on all sides for her work, in which she was assisted by Miss Dorothy Hedger.

Miss Glasson

Besides the main work of the survey in budgeting the amount and types of food consumed in homes of all classes, Miss Glasson took a keen interest in every case, visiting each of the homes. She was formerly general secretary for the Y.W.C.A. both in Adelaide and Melbourne, and, just before her appointment to the nutrition survey, spent 12 months in England on a scholarship from the Society of Friends.

Three Flowers Hand Cream will do wonders for them—give them the coveted creamy whiteness, the aristocratic velvet smoothness every woman cherishes. Delicate, fragrant—this exquisite cream is instantly absorbed by your skin. You may use it freely before going to bed, before slipping into your finest gloves. Keep a jar prominently displayed on your dressing table, to remind you that a tiny dab of Three Flowers does wonders for your hands.

AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY ENSEMBLE . . .

Three Flowers Face Creams . . . Face Powder . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . Hair Preparations . . . and Perfume.

RICHARD HUDNUT AIDS TO LOVELINESS

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A Bad Complexion Looks Terrible

An otherwise good complexion can be spoiled by clogging powder, and dust from the atmosphere. The pores of the skin are unable to breathe and a blotchy, unhealthy appearance is the result. Frequent washing with soap and water will not remove the accumulations. This can be done only by the daily application of pure mercolized wax, night and morning. It cleans away every vestige of powder and dirt and allows the skin to breathe freely. It gives a wonderful tone to the skin and removes the dead tissue that clogs the pores. Here is another beauty hint that will help those whose faces will not bear too close an inspection—pheminol, which can be bought at all chemists, will remove unsightly hair from your face quickly and harmlessly.**

ADELYN ADELYN ADELYN

Adelyn

FOR STYLE AND DISTINCTION

Coats Frocks Suits

WHITE MANUFACTURING CO.

Flinders Lane . . . . Melbourne

CHANCE *of a* LIFETIME

Continued from Page 5

"EVER since then I've been promising myself I'd eventually settle out here some place, where I'd never hear the clatter of bad steam radiators or the roar of a subway. I went east again when dad died," he added, more soberly. "It took me a long time to get his estate settled, but I finally got the money—and here I am, ready to buy your Box H."

"You—you are ready to buy?" gasped Jane.

"If you're willing," he amended hastily, "to accept ten thousand in cash and a mortgage on the rest?"

Something began to whirl dizzily in her head, so that she gripped the saddle-horn to steady herself. Ten thousand dollars was more than she'd dared hope for even in her most optimistic moments. What startled her about the offer, however, was the incomprehensible fact that it didn't make her feel quite as deliriously happy as she knew she should be.

That was Monday.

For the rest of the week Phil Coffman bumped his noisy way to the Box H daily. He inspected the cattle, the horses, the barns, the house, and the land; and seated with Jane in the small office which had been her father's and her grandfather's, he frowned thoughtfully over the ledgers.

"Can't say you've been making much money," he muttered.

"Nobody has for the past few years," she answered stoutly. "You can see, however, that I've been holding my own."

He nodded.

On Friday he said, "All right, Miss Harmon. If you don't mind riding in to Endicott's office to-morrow morning I think we can settle the whole business. He's promised to have all the necessary papers drawn up, and my certified cheque for ten thousand will be ready."

They were on the porch when he said that. Deep in the west, beyond the purple mountains, the sun hung low—a blazing crimson disc. Phil Coffman squinted at it, and a contented grin lifted the corners of his mouth.

"Mighty beautiful country," he whispered. "I'm going to like being here!"

Jane, too, looked at the sunset. Her eyes travelled slowly over the vivid streams of color pouring through the skies. When she tried to reply, some illogical obstacle clogged her throat. She had to swallow before she could murmur:

"Yes—it is kind of beautiful."

"You won't see anything like it in the east," he assured her.

"I don't care!" she suddenly flared, her voice rising defiantly in a manner that made Phil Coffman stare. "I don't care! There are plenty of other things to be seen in the east besides sunsets—and I'm going to see them!"

What bewildered and annoyed her when she rode the black stallion toward Gainesville the next morning with Pete Carver disconsolately trailing her was the lack of enthusiasm the sale of the Box H was stirring in her heart. "What's the matter with me, anyhow?" she thought in bitter vexation. "Here's something I've been planning, dreaming of, and when it happens I don't even cheer!"

Later on, Lawyer Endicott came out to the ranch. He found them in the garden and thought they were more like people about to fall in love with each other than anything else. Later they went to town to complete the deal.

They were seated at Lawyer Endicott's desk. Several papers awaited her signature. Jane Harmon's hand quivered slightly when she wrote her name at the bottom of each of these documents. And when at last she dropped the pen the Box H belonged to Phil Coffman.

"Guess that satisfies us both, doesn't it?" he said gaily. "We both get what we wanted. We should be happy."

Jane tried hard to reflect his smile. She knew, however, that her effort was a feeble and dismaying failure. As she rose she felt unaccountably tired. Her left hand listlessly picked up her Stetson from a chair. Mechanically she shook back her flowing wheat-colored hair.

"Well," she sighed, "that's that."

"If you were a man," said Phil Coffman, "I'd invite you to the saloon across the street for a drink. As it is, my suggestion is—have Pete lead your horse home and let me drive you to the Box H in my animated can."

Jane agreed somewhat limply; went out into the brilliant sunshine and settled in the seat beside Phil Coffman. His flivver snorted, roared, exploded. Then, with the leap of a jackrabbit, it lunged off in the direction of the Box H.

AS they tore noisily along the narrow road, with billows of yellow dust rising high behind them, Jane tried desperately to infuse herself with a sense of exhilaration. After all she was making realities of dreams. The Box H was sold. She had ten thousand dollars with which to launch herself. No responsibilities . . .

"I hope you'll come back pretty soon," Phil Coffman said. "Just to see the changes I make in the Box H."

"Changes?"

"I'm going scientific."

"What on earth do you intend to do?" in surprise.

"Try out a lot of new-fangled theories. No use my telling you what they're going to be. I'd rather have you come back and see for yourself. By the way, when will you come back?"

"Not for a long, long time!" she answered stubbornly.

"Months?"

"Years!"

That silenced Phil Coffman. He drove thoughtfully, following the serpentine road into a rising region of badlands. His dilapidated flivver struggled uphill with alternate coughs and roars. Finally it reached comparatively level ground on a strip of narrow road that bordered a ravine. And here——

The thing happened with such terrible suddenness that she could never afterwards recall its details.

All she remembered was a deafening bang. One of the front tyres blew out, and the steering wheel jerked crazily in Phil Coffman's hands. The car swerved to the left. It leaped wildly, like a horse frightened off a trail. He did his best to yank the wheels around, but the road was narrow, and he was half a second too slow.

The front wheels crashed over the edge of the drop.

For an instant the car hung on the rim, teetering, sliding, inexorably slipping toward the left—and destruction.

"Get out!" hoarsely yelled Phil Coffman. "Jump! Jump!"

Jane had no recollection of heeding his outcry. Her response must have been mechanical, impulsive. She flung the door open, hurled herself out headlong—just as the flivver, with a scream of metal against rock, slid over the edge.

She fell to the trail on her knees. Gravel lacerated her hand, ripped her legs. But she was aware of no pain. She rose dizzily, almost collapsed again. Utterly pallid, eyes afire, she ran to the edge of the road and stared down in unspeakable horror.

Please turn to Page 51

Attractive And Comfortable

CECILIA PARKER selects this mulberry crepe dress for spectator sports wear. It is piped in white and tiny white buttons extend from neckline to hemline.

NINE MONTHS ON A STICK! —and then Played in Rugby League Semi-Final

AMAZING HEALTH RECOVERY OF 45-YEAR-OLD QUEENSLAND MAN

Only those who suffer the agony which faulty kidneys bring in their train can appreciate the joy that Mr. Lee experienced when at last he found the remedy that gave him real and lasting relief—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

This letter, so obviously written from the fulness of a grateful heart, is but one of the thousands which have been sent to us telling of pain relieved, health regained and the joy of living again restored after hope had been given up.

This genuine letter should be read by every sufferer from Rheumatism or Backache

Writing from 137 Wellington Road, E. Brisbane, Queensland, on 24th August, 1936, Mr. W. J. Lee says:—"It gives me great pleasure to write these few lines. Twelve months ago, when I heard of your wonderful pills, I was in a very bad way. I had tried everything, but got little relief. When I started taking De Witt's Pills, half a bottle made me a new man. I am 45 years old, and since taking De Witt's Pills would pass for 25. People ask my wife what has happened to me. I was always miserable, suffering intense agony with pains in the shoulders and down the back.

Now I am in the pink of condition. **I was nine months on a stick**—my case was one of the worst in Queensland and your pills are the only thing that relieved me. Nothing else was any good. I have put on about 2 stone in weight, and I have never felt better in my life. **I played in the semi-final Rugby League match last Saturday.** Six months ago I gave your pills one of the most severe tests they could ever get. I was working on a storm-water drain for three weeks—wet all the time. But I never got the slightest pain—thanks again to De Witt's Pills. I tell everybody how wonderful De Witt's Pills are. I wish I was in the position to send your people a substantial cheque. Your pills are worth £50 a bottle. I say this from the bottom of my heart."

Year by year there are hundreds of thousands of people who bless the day they first heard of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and were persuaded to test them in order to restore their kidneys to health. Agonising Backache and the torture of Rheumatism had tormented these people. Many had tried all sorts of remedies, but found that only real and lasting relief could be obtained by using a remedy specially prepared to act on the kidneys—De Witt's Pills.

Do you suffer from BACKACHE or RHEUMATISM?

In 24 hours you know De Witt's Pills have started their Healing Work

If you, reader, suffer from any of the symptoms which warn you of Kidney Trouble, do not experiment with unknown articles. Again and again De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have proved their worth until there can be no doubt in the mind of any thinking person that here you have a remedy that does all that is claimed for it. Within 24 hours of taking De Witt's Pills you can see for yourself that they have started their healing work. Then comes blessed relief from pain. As the kidneys recover their natural health you begin to feel more vigorous, you lose that "too-old" feeling. Your Rheumatism and Backache disappear, and you can again take your place among your fellows at work or play knowing you can give a good account of yourself.

You will be delighted with the kidney relief that you will get by taking

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- was 3/6 5/9 was 6/6 New Trial Size 1/9

Formula and Quality the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

INCLUSIVE PRICES

COOLANGATTA £7 15 0
10 Days

COOLANGATTA & BRISB. . . £10 15 0
13 Days

DAYDREAM ISLAND . . . £16 11 0
(Barrier Reef) 14 Days

ADELAIDE £13 15 0
(With Sightseeing) 14 Days

CANBERRA . . . £6 17 6
4 Days

TASMANIA . . . £15 17 6
13 Days

TASMANIA . . . £20 0 0
(Dec. 24 to Jan. 6) 14 Days

TASMANIA . . . £22 0 0
(Dec. 16 to Jan. 3) 19 Days

TASMANIA . . . £24 10 0
(Dec. 16 to Jan. 6) 22 Days

MELBOURNE, by Parlor Coach £15 10 0
(Dec. 25 to Jan. 3) 10 Days
Travelling via Coast; returning via Canberra, with full accommodation throughout and sightseeing in Melbourne.

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CHANCE *of a* LIFETIME

Continued from Page 50

THIRTY feet below the flivver lay quivering in a shallow stream.

Phil Coffman must have been catapulted out of the car as it hurtled down the rock drop. She saw his figure sprawling limply between two boulders. His arms were outstretched. His face was hidden against the ground. He lay still—very still——

Something hoarse, stifled, burst from Jane's throat. She looked wildly from left to right. A hundred feet away she discerned a narrow, crooked trail. She raced to it now. She went down the precipitous path so crazily, so recklessly, that she slid half the distance on her back. Stones and brambles ripped her clothes, tore at her body. The pain merely intensified the feverish anxiety that lashed her on towards Phil Coffman.

When she fell to her knees beside him, she heard his breath issue on soft moans. She seized his shoulders, rolled him over on his back.

"Phil!" she whispered. "Phil!"

He didn't reply. His eyes were closed in a face as grey as the rocks about him. There was pain in that countenance, and perspiration oozed from his forehead. He lay within a few inches of the stream. In desperation, Jane snatched up handfuls of water and flung them into his face.

Even that didn't help. He lay unconscious.

For a few seconds, while thunder stormed within her, Jane Harmon stared about in helpless despair. She was, she realised, some ten miles from Gainesville; only four from the Box H. Pretty soon, it suddenly occurred to her, Pete Carver would be coming this way, leading her horse back to the ranch.

Jane thrust her arms under the back of the unconscious man. She was, of a sudden, ecstatically grateful for the manlike strength life on the range had given her. They'd been strong women, the Harmons, and she was one of them.

When she rose, Phil Coffman hung in her aching arms. She reeled with his bulk, staggered against the stump of a tree. He must have weighed close to a hundred and seventy. Yet somehow, stumbling, stiffening her knees against collapse, Jane managed to carry him these hundred feet to the bottom of the trail.

There, panting after the effort, she put him down in a clump of sage. Her temples throbbed furiously. Her whole body felt wet. She'd lost her hat, so that her yellow hair tumbled wildly about her cheeks.

Again her arms encircled Phil Coffman. Once she sent a swift glance upward towards the trail—an appraising glance, as if to measure the achievement she must expect of herself. Then, moving backward, she began to drag Phil's figure upward.

That was the way Pete Carver found her a few minutes later—with her burden halfway to the top.

Dr. Hancock, short, fat, white-haired, rolled down his sleeves as he emerged from the bedroom. He found Jane anxiously waiting in the shadowy hall, her teeth pressing into her lip, her features pallid.

"Well?" she whispered.

"Not so good," grunted the physician. "Three fractured ribs, dislocated shoulder, badly-sprained ankle—to say nothing of a wrenched wrist."

"Oh!" huskily.

"He'll have to stay here a few days. We can't move him to Gainesville the way he is."

"Of course he'll stay!" Jane cried almost angrily.

"I'll send somebody out to look after him——"

"You needn't! If you'll just tell me what to do——"

The doctor raised his head, stared at her in surprise. "You?" he queried. "I—I thought you were figuring on leaving here within a day or two."

"Not now," curtly. She peered past the doctor's bulk into the room, at her own bed. Phil Coffman lay there, eyes closed. He was asleep now, breathing regularly. She finished, "I'll hold off going away until he's able to get about and manage himself."

When the doctor left she entered the bedroom slowly. She stood beside the bed, staring at Phil Coffman's pale countenance. Every nerve in her body seemed to contract into a tight, spring-like coil. She looked at him in silence for a long time. Then she sat down beside the window, rested her arm on the sill, and stared emptily towards the distant mountains . . .

FOR a week, according to Dr. Hancock's orders, Phil had to remain in bed. During that time, despite his protests, Jane nursed him with the firm tenderness one reserves for an unruly child. She herself brought in his food. At the beginning, when he was forbidden to move even his arms, she fed him.

"Good Lord!" he said once, with a laugh like a groan. "I never felt so stupid in my life. You oughtn't to be doing this for me, Jane. If you'd let me hold that spoon——"

"Say 'Ah-h,'" she commanded. When he opened his mouth, she filled it with food.

Towards the end of the week a huge case of books arrived at the Box H. It was addressed to Phil.

"I had 'em shipped out," he explained, "as soon as I was sure I was going to buy this outfit. If you'll get Pete to open the case, you might find something you'd like to read aloud. Do you mind?"

She didn't mind at all. On the days when he could sit on the porch, resting in sunshine, she read to him Pearl Buck's, "The Good Earth." Sometimes she read slowly, in a fascinated voice, as though completely forgetting his presence. When at last she finished, he asked:

"Like it?"

"It was beautiful," she whispered.

"There's a sort of sequel to it," he said, "a book called 'Sons.'" He paused for a time, staring meditatively at the jagged horizon. When finally he roused himself, it was to smile. "Take 'Sons' along when you leave, Jane. It'll make good reading on the train."

Jane looked straight at him. There was a queerly twisted smile on his lips—the sort of smile she'd never seen there before. It held a tinge of bitterness. She tried to say something, but words refused to issue from her constricted throat. What it was that choked her, she didn't know. She looked down hastily at her hands clasped in her lap. To her astonishment, they were gripping each other rigidly, so that the knuckles stood out like yellow knobs.

"You'll be going soon, I suppose?" he asked.

Jane nodded. She thought of Chicago with its teeming, rollicking streets. She thought of New York—the gateway to Europe. She thought of the ten thousand dollars that now made an opulent treasure of her account at the Gainesville Bank. . . .

"Yes," she said to her hands, "I think I'll leave in about a week. You're all right now, aren't you?"

Phil Coffman didn't answer.

Saturday afternoon more than forty people came to see Jane Harmon off. There were cattlemen and their wives. There was a crowd of yelling cowpunchers who waved sombreros as if they were cheering bronco busters at a rodeo. There was Lawyer Endicott, holding a hat high above his old head while the train pulled away from Gainesville.

And there was Phil Coffman.

Despite the doctor's dubious warnings, Phil had insisted on being driven to Gainesville in the buckboard. He sat on its seat now watching her as the train slid away. From her window she looked back into his eyes. For a moment she saw nobody else in that noisy crowd. Phil wasn't smiling; he wasn't waving; he simply sat there watching her depart. . . .

She was a little abashed to discover, when at last she straightened, that tears were trickling down her cheeks. She pressed a handkerchief to her lips, stared blindly through the pane.

Gainesville and its crowds fell miles behind her. The Box H was infinitely far behind, too—irretrievably far. In two hours the train would make its first stop at Wilford Junction; after which there'd be a long, swift, arrow-like dash across the plains towards Chicago.

Jane told herself bitterly that she ought to feel overjoyed. Here it was—the brilliant consummation of everything she'd planned to do with life! She was twenty-three, footloose, with a new world ahead. She ought to be giggling like a happy schoolgirl. She ought to be tense with anticipation. Her eyes ought to be glowing, and she ought to feel flushed.

And instead, tears were wriggling down her cheeks. . . .

Suddenly she stiffened. It was silly to yield to this sort of mood. She sniffed into the handkerchief with decisive finality. When she'd put the strip of linen away, she gave her attention to the packages strewn about her seat. A dozen people had brought farewell gifts. But she sought among them selectively, almost uneasily.

Please turn to Page 52

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, ¼ ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense.

By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance.

For CHILDREN

every mother's stand-by in the nursery

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA is the perfect nursery laxative and corrective of digestive disturbances. Safe and natural in its action, it causes no pain or griping. Doctors and nurses have prescribed it for over 100 years, and it is now more widely used than ever. DINNEFORD'S is also the recognised remedy for acidity, heartburn, liverishness and constipation in adults. But always make sure you get DINNEFORD'S

Quick! a dose of DINNEFORD'S

PURE FLUID MAGNESIA or TABLETS

Sensational Announcement!

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—*If This Wonderful* HAIR TREATMENT Does Not Grow NEW HAIR!!

The Most Stupendous Offer Ever Made to the Men and Women of Australia Who Would Grow New Hair!

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE!

Was Bald for 16 Years

HAIR NOW GROWING

"Hair has started to grow over parts which have been bald for 16 years." (Signed) G. L. Horton, S.A.

Bald Patch Completely Covered.

"I am pleased to say it is the best I have ever tried. I have a beautiful head of hair now, and the bald patch I told you about is completely covered."—G. W. Axford, C., Vic.

Hair Growing Like Wildfire

"I could have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different restorers in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week. Well, I can beat that easily, as it cured my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire." (Signed) E. J. Reynolds, M., N.S.W.

Great DISTRIBUTION Offer To ALL READERS

TEST IT YOURSELF NOW! — WITHOUT RISKING ONE PENNY!

NOW you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid you of dandruff, or any other hair trouble you suffer from, within 40 days, it COSTS YOU NOTHING! Not one penny! This Sensational Money Back Guarantee protects you! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation, all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW for particulars.

NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT HAIR!

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. You have not used the RIGHT method. Hundreds of people who had tried all kinds of "tonics" found their hair falling out in handfuls and were fast going bald. But now their hair is thick and lustrous—thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER GROW HAIR!

THEY never have—because it is impossible while the scalp remains in a choked condition. There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the New Murchison Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight or it won't cost you one penny! POST THE COUPON NOW!

Miss I.G., of Qld., says: "My hair is improving wonderfully under your treatment, there being a thick growth of new hair all over my head, also every bit of dandruff has disappeared. You have my permission to use this letter and praise."—Miss I.G., B., Q.

So confident are we of the efficacy of the Murchison Method that we place before you this Sensational Money Back Guarantee—could anything be fairer. Here is your great opportunity to test it yourself NOW.

Mrs. Annita Burgess, Beaumaris, Vic., says: "Course a Blessing!" "I am writing to thank you for the wonderful results received from your hair treatment. I was in despair—my hair had been falling out and had got very thin, and no life in it at all, and was full of dandruff. I decided to try your course. Well, I can really say it has been a blessing to me, as my hair now looks really better than I have ever known it to be. You will agree that the photograph speaks for itself."

WAS PRACTICALLY BALD—BEAD NOW COMPLETELY COVERED WITH YOUNG HAIR.—"I have been applying your hair culture course for thirty days with splendid results. I was absolutely bald on the crown of the head, and no hair on the temples—just a very thin streak across the head between the temples and the crown. Since I have been using your course my head is completely covered with young hair. I have tried every known method of hair growing without the slightest result, until I tried yours. I can recommend your course to anyone, for my hair was in a very bad state."—George Morrow, C., N.Z.

MRS. A. BURGESS

BALD PATCHES GROWING HAIR. "Before I started to use your hair treatment my hair was falling out that much that I thought I would be bald in a short time. Thanks to your wonderful treatment, the bald patches on my scalp are growing hair very rapidly, and I would recommend your hair treatments as the best in the world. It has cured my dandruff, and my hair is 100 per cent. better."
W. A. PEARSON, P., N.S.W.

Read This Convincing Proof from Grateful Men and Women—They Started By Sending at Once!

L. Phillips, of Dungan, says: "Hair Has Grown Twice as Thick!" "After the first night's treatment the dandruff began to disappear; at the end of three days was completely gone. New hair was growing at the temples and crown of the head at the end of 30 days, and in a very short period all my hair and scalp troubles were over for good. My hair has also grown twice as thick. Anybody suffering from any of the hair disorders I have had and desiring to get rid of them for all time, and obtain a good head of hair, just write to J. Kelso Murchison."—L. Phillips, D., N.S.W.

HAIR GETTING THICKER AND STRONGER EACH DAY!

"I have been using your treatment for the past five weeks, with wonderful results. I am pleased to say that the dandruff has entirely gone, and my hair has taken on new life again, getting thicker and stronger each day."
G. LORD, G., S. Aus.

£1000 GUARANTEE

We guarantee that all testimonials published in this announcement are genuine letters or extracts from reports received by grateful men and women who have used the Murchison Method successfully. These letters, together with hundreds more, are open for inspection at our offices at any time.

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CHANCE of a LIFETIME

Continued from Page 51

AT last she lifted a flat, oblong package. This was what Phil Coffman had given her before they left the ranch-house. When she unwrapped it, she found the copy of "Sons" he'd promised.

For a few moments she sat with the book forgotten in her lap, her eyes gazing through the window into nothingness. She saw herself reading to Phil during those long days of convalescence. She saw his suntanned young face attentively watching her, smiling——

When she opened the book, she discovered he'd written a note on the fly-leaf. It was rather a long message, and she read it in amazement: "Jane, dear,—

"For days I've been trying to screw up the courage to ask you not to go—at least to wait a few months for me. I hoped that by the end of next spring, after I'd established myself here, we might go east together for a month or so—on a wedding trip.

"But you seemed so eager to get away, to taste the new life, that I didn't have the heart to delay you. You were champing, pulling at the reins.

"So go ahead, Jane, and make the most of it. I have an idea it'll begin to cloy after a few months. I have an idea that you belong out in this country, just as I do. It's in our blood. So come back whenever you've had enough of the other world. The Box H is still yours. It always will be. I'm simply running it until you return. Get that ten thousand dollars spent in a hurry, won't you? Then rush back here and we'll see a minister.

"PHIL."

When Jane lifted her head, her skin felt taut. Every muscle in her face had hardened. She found herself gulping. It seemed to her that the conductor at the end of the aisle was blurred; he appeared to be swaying—a man viewed through mist.

She read Phil's inscription again.

With every word her heart hammered more furiously. She wanted to gasp and cry out things that were surging within her. But there was no one to listen. No one who would understand, anyhow. She clasped the book tightly in her lap, and for an hour thereafter Jane Harmon stared blindly across rolling prairie.

WHEN the train slowed for Wilford Junction, the conductor saw her abruptly rise and begin to yank luggage out of the rack above her head. She worked with a kind of frenzy, her face pale, her teeth fiercely biting into her lip.

"Say, miss," he protested, hurrying to her. "You don't have to change here."

She swung to him, her eyes blazing. "I'm getting off," she said. "What time can I catch a train back to Gainesville?"

"Wha-at?"

"Gainesville!" she repeated tightly, almost desperately. "What time can I catch a train back to Gainesville?"

MRS. F. DAWES
—Dorothy Coleman.

The conductor blinked incredulously. His lips fell open. It wasn't until the train creaked to a complete stop that he finally managed to blurt, "You—you can get the 5.18 back in about twenty minutes!"

"Good," said Jane. "Will you help me off with these things?"

He did.

As they stepped down to the platform, her eyes looked westward—towards a fiery, sinking sun hanging over purple mountains. "Look!" she whispered, her features aglow in that glamorous light of sunset. "Isn't it the most beautiful sight you've ever seen?"

(Copyright)

GIPSY LIFE in a MOTOR "Trailer"

Caravanning Is Best Holiday Plan, Says Woman, After 2000 Miles

Travelling in a trailer is certainly an ideal way of locomotion, according to Mrs. F. Dawes, who, with her husband, set out from Adelaide early in August and in easy stages completed a 2000 miles run to Brisbane.

"IT is our first experience of travelling by caravan," Mrs. Dawes told The Australian Women's Weekly, "but it will be by no means our last. We have done a tremendous amount of tent-camping, but no more of that.

"The caravan will now be our means of travel, always. We were really three and a half weeks on the road, but were only travelling two and a half.

"We took each day in very easy stages, never starting until a quarter to ten in the morning, and parking for the night about half-past five."

Well Equipped

MR. DAWES built the caravan himself for the express purpose of journeying from Adelaide to Brisbane. It took four months to complete.

It is fitted with two bunks, and contains a wonderful lot of cupboard space and many modern conveniences.

While Mr. Dawes concentrates on his job at the wheel, Mrs. Dawes busies herself on preparing attractive meals. She cooks on two primus stoves.

"The meals are equal to anything it is possible to cook in your own home with an electric stove," she says.

Taking it on the whole, these travellers, who have covered 2000 miles, say that there was not more than fifty miles of bad roads, and those roads were under construction.

One thing that stands out in Mrs. Dawes' mind is the night they arrived at Pinnaroo, in South Australia. What appeared to be a beautiful statue of a lady in a leaning position was, on close inspection, a huge piece of limestone round which some humorist had tied a scarf. It was most amusing.

Another outstanding point of the trip were the very excellent bridges between Victoria and Brisbane. They impressed Mr. and Mrs. Dawes very much.

MRS. F. DAWES standing by her caravan.

"The straightness of the trees, too," said Mrs. Dawes, "was an unusual sight for someone coming from Adelaide. In South Australia they all seem to bend so much more than the lovely tall, stately trees in Queensland."

Mr. and Mrs. Dawes will make the return journey in very leisurely stages, and do not mind if they are not home till Christmas.

V-8 Economy is Complete Economy

The recent nation-wide economy test* of privately-owned V-8's confirmed what thousands of owners have already proved in millions of miles of running—that V-8 performance costs less than ever before! This handsome Ford V-8 sets a completely new standard in economical operation of the advanced V-type engine — owners know too, that V-8 economy extends to every feature of this magnificent car. The use of only highest quality materials plus Ford precision workmanship and modern engineering design give Ford V-8 longer life and highest operating efficiency. V-8 economy is *complete* economy! And to economy Ford adds the *Safety* of an all-steel body, safety glass all round, easy-action mechanical brakes ... the *comfort* of Centre-Poise riding with new design springs, 4 adjustable double-acting shock absorbers and wide, deep cushioned seats ... Ford gives you every fine-car feature with complete economy! Your local Ford Dealer will gladly arrange for you to drive this great new V-8. Easy and convenient purchase terms may be arranged.

*23.02 miles per gallon was averaged by 114 V-8's in the recent economy test held simultaneously in all parts of Australia. These privately owned cars travelled a total of 12,853 miles at an average speed of 39.18 m.p.h. (despite very adverse weather conditions). All the runs were checked by independent observers. Write or ask your local Ford Dealer for the leaflet giving full details of every car's performance in this unique test.

FORD V-8 The Proved Economy Car

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA). FIB.27

Stops your SKIN 'Ageing'

Famous FACE POWDER offers Amazing NEW Features

★ ☆ ★

Elizabeth Allan, lovely R.K.O. Radio Picture star.

The combined effects of climate and diet bring a sudden change in the tone and texture of the skin. Many face powders give a distinct "coat" to the skin, producing a dull, flat, aged effect. Kathleen Court's 'Velvet Skin' Face Powder gives to the no-longer-very-girlish skin a marvellous living radiance — a transparently-smooth freshness that has no hint of artificiality. 'Velvet Skin' is VITALLY DIFFERENT in the results it gives to the skin of women in the twenties, thirties and forties. It positively ensures the velvet skin of YOUTH! 'Velvet Skin' Powder effectively protects the skin against the harsh effect of country sun and wind—and city dust and grime. Compare this powder with the old-fashioned chalky productions. See how perfectly 'Velvet Skin' Powder spreads—old-time powders will not "cover" half as far — or as evenly! Compare 'Velvet Skin' Powder for its shades and perfume, too. On all points this is a thrilling creation but, for its age-subtracting results it is amazing! 'Velvet Skin' is subtly, gloriously attuned to Youth's own complexion-tones, and it emphatically overcomes the effect of mature dullness imparted by face powders made in the orthodox old ways. Keep young and Beautiful, use

kathleen court's 'VELVET SKIN' FACE POWDER — Everywhere 1/- and 2/3.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

EXQUISITE *Hibiscus* SUPPER SET

Exotic Beauty of Lovely Blossoms Captured in Table-Linen Design

THIS entrancing set for supper or afternoon tea, consisting of cloth, tea-cosy, serviettes, sandwich d'oyley, and d'oyley, can be obtained from our Needlework Department stamped with the exotic hibiscus design ready for working.

ABOVE: Lovely table linens adorned with exotic hibiscus blossoms in a new cut-work design. RIGHT: Portion of the hibiscus afternoon tea or supper set which you can obtain stamped with design ready for working from our Needlework Department.

ONE of the loveliest of our tropical flowers, the hibiscus in its amazing range of colorings lends itself to the most exquisite designs in cut-work for table linens.

The hibiscus supper-set illustrated here is obtainable stamped on best-quality linen in cream, white, yellow, blue, or green.

The prices are:—

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 9/6.
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
Serviette, 12 by 12 inches, 1/-.
Sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.
D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.

Order now from our Needlework Department.

To work the hibiscus design, pad the edges of the design, flowers, and stems with lines of running-stitches. Then buttonhole over the padding. Buttonhole around the hibiscus flowers, afterwards cutting the linen away. Work the veins of the leaves in satin-stitch, and the stems in a row of double buttonholing.

The bars are buttonholed over two or three strands. The spots may be satin-stitched or worked as eyelets. Work the scallops in buttonholing.

When the stitchery is completed, iron well on the wrong side with damp cloth and hot iron. Then cut away linen with sharp scissors. Push the stiletto through the eyelets from the wrong side.

Australian Bush Motifs

Cushion-cover, chair-back and table-runner embroidered with lyrebird, wattle blossom, flannel flowers and Christmas bells.

WHY not work these delightful articles now as Christmas gifts for friends and relatives overseas?

Just imagine how delighted they would be to receive either the cushion-cover, the table-runner, the chair-back, or all three, depicting Australia's fascinating lyrebird and some of its lovely wildflowers!

You can obtain the articles stamped on best-quality deep cream linen, or in shades of fawn poplin or crash, from our Needlework Department.

The prices are:—

Cushion-cover, 18 by 21 inches, 3/6.
Chair-back, 15 by 33 inches, 3/9.
Table-runner, 12 by 45 inches, 3/9.

TO EMBROIDER THE DESIGN.—Work the lyrebird in dark brown and cream, the wattle-blossom in satin-stitch in shades of yellow, and the flannel-flowers in satin-stitch in deep cream. Do the leaves grey-green. The Christmas-bells should be worked in red in long and short satin-stitch with bands of yellow at the tips of the petals. Finish the edges with crochet.

Order now from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

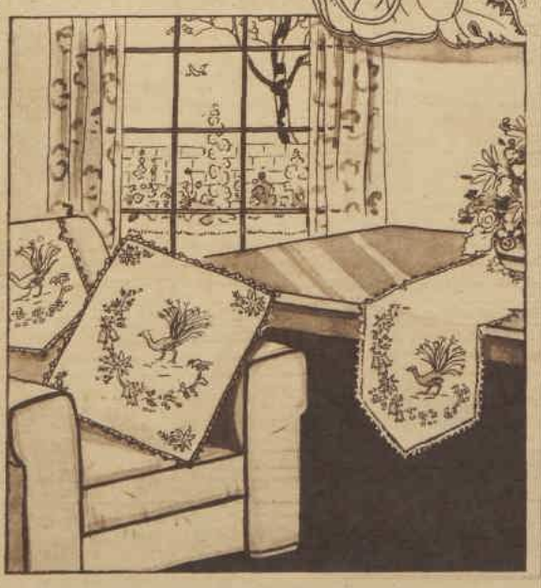

TABLE-RUNNER, cushion-cover and chair-back, which you can obtain stamped with lyrebird and native flower design on linen, poplin or crash from our Needlework Department.

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SUMMER-TIME BLOUSES

Fascinating designs, showing chic touches of gay embroidery, sketched by our artist Petrov

SMART people this summer will add charming distinction to their clothes with exciting little bits of embroidery—original decorations and finishes that will transform the ordinary garment into something quite fascinating.

THE designs for summer blouses shown here, each distinguished with a touch of embroidery, are sweetly flattering to the wearer. Smart enough in themselves, the unusual motifs in gay stitchery add a delightful feminine piquancy.

Paper patterns for making the blouses, together with transfers for the embroidery, can be obtained from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on Pattern Page.

The designs are all simple to make, and the patterns are cut in sizes of 32 to 38 inch bust. Each blouse requires only 1¼ to 1¾ yards 36-inch material, so with the many attractive fabrics selling so inexpensively just now you can have a charming little blouse for an outlay of only a few shillings.

Make yourself two or three—some could be in sheer materials for very hot days, others could be in more utilitarian fabrics. In any case, if you have one well-cut skirt, you can have a number of changes by having different kinds of blouses.

You will notice that each blouse is designed to fit over the skirt. This gives a much neater finish than blouses which are supposed to tuck inside the skirt but invariably work loose and look untidy.

The embroidery in each case is simple to work, the design featuring a Christian name placed vertically down the front being particularly easy yet most effective.

CLOSE-UP of transfer designs for finishing the blouses. The transfers can be obtained together with paper patterns for making the blouses from our Needlework Department.

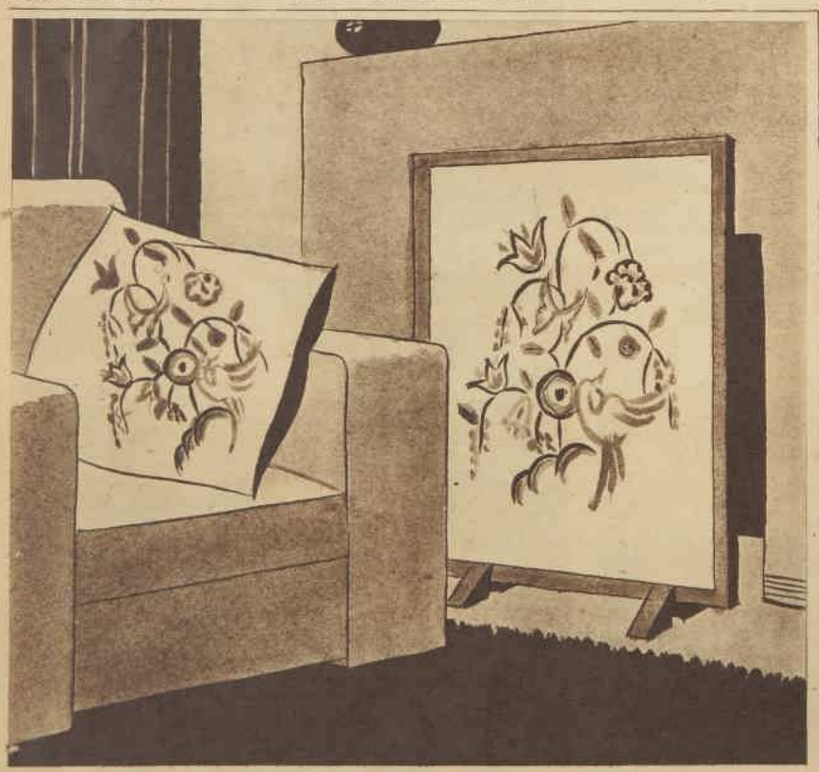
W W 1848.—Pleated blouse. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required, 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 10d. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1849.—Blouse. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required, 1 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 10d. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1850.—V-neck blouse. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required, 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 10d. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1851.—Name blouse. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required, 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 10d. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1852.—Blouse. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required, 1 5-8th yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 10d. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.



CUSHION-COVER AND FIRE-SCREEN stamped for working in bird and flower design.

Fascinating Fire-Screen and Cushion-Cover

Embroidered in gay wools in a new flower, butterfly and bird design that is quick and simple to do.

YOU can obtain the fire-screen and cushion cover, stamped ready for working this intriguing design on ecru linen or crash, or on fawn or black poplin, from our Needlework Department.

Very soon you will be using the fireplace for the last time this year. Or possibly you have already ceased to use it. That being so, what could be more attractive than this fascinating fire-screen to hide the grate during the summer months? And if you match it with a cushion or two, the effect would be even more charming.

The prices of the cushion-cover and fire-screen are:—

Cushion-cover, size 18 by 18 inches, stamped with design on ecru linen or crash, or on fawn or black poplin, 3/6.

Fire-screen, size 24 by 28 inches, stamped with design on ecru linen or crash, or on fawn or black poplin, 4/9.

Although the design lends itself to different color schemes—one to suit your room would be nice—the original was worked in embroidery wools in jade-green, red, maize-yellow, royal-blue, azure, peach, and magenta, with browns for the branches of the tree.

To obtain the best results, work the design in an embroidery frame. The stitches used are quite simple, being stem-stitch, blanket-stitch, buttonholing, and satin-stitch for the main parts, with fly-stitches for the bird markings.

When completed, the fire-screen should be cut to size required and fitted into a suitable frame.

The Various Stitches.—Buttonhole and blanket-stitch are the same, but for working the fire-screen, blanket-stitch specifies a long stitch and buttonhole a short one.

Fly-stitch is a single chain that is opened out and the stalk slightly lengthened.

Single chain is sometimes called lazy daisy. You work a chain-stitch in the usual way with the thread coming out at the bottom of the tiny loop, as usual; then put the needle through the material outside the loop to make a tiny stalk.

Thus for the fly-stitch you open out the stitch at the top to leave a space and make a stalk longer to represent the fly's body.

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FROCKS *with that* PARIS AIR!

Rene, our fashion artist, adds fascinating touches of embroidery to simple dresses and lifts them into the realms of the ultra-smart.

WHEN you want a frock to have that "good" look—that air of distinction that lifts it out of the ordinary and makes it appear expensive and sophisticated—there's nothing like an unusual touch of needlework.

The fascinating garments on this page would be quite ordinary if it were not for the delightful embroidery finishes on each.

The two charming frocks and the neat suit sketched at the right gain amazing distinction, while the exquisite black evening gown relies for its unusual beauty on the big splashes of vivid embroidery on the skirt and cape.

The dressing-gown achieves smartness, while the cute little jacket and belt and scarf set are quite fascinating with their embroideries of numbers and alphabetical letters.

You can obtain the paper patterns for making the garments featured on this page, and also the transfers for the embroidery, from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Postal addresses on Pattern Page.

WW1841. — Charming spectator sports frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required: 3 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 1/1. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1842.—Smart spring suit. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required: 2 3-8 yards for jacket, and 2 yards for skirt, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 1/1. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1843.—Attractive embroidered frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern 1/1. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1844.—Fascinating jacket embroidered with numbers. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required: 1 5-8 yards 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 10d. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1845.—Smart dressing-gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 1/1. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1846. — Embroidered evening gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required, 8½ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 1/1. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

WW1847.—Smart scarf and belt set. Material required: 3-8 yard for belt, and 1 yard for scarf, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 10d. Transfer for embroidery, 1/-.

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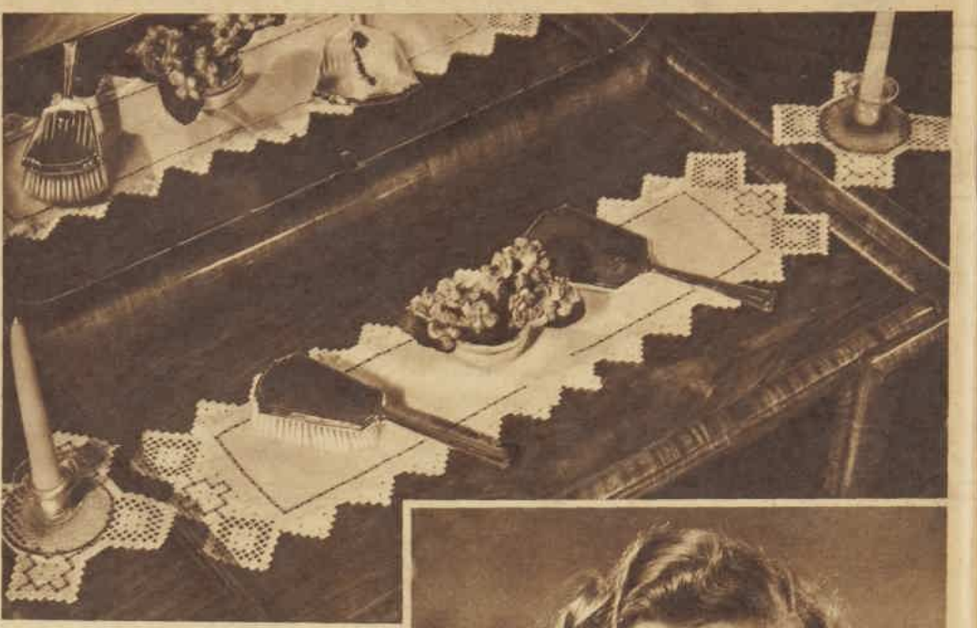
TO BEAUTIFY *Your* BEDROOM...

An Exquisite Dressing-Table Set... Long Runner and Two Mats in Fascinating Venetian Work

THE original was worked entirely in pale cream threads on cream linen, which looks particularly lovely against the polished wood of a dressing-table.



RIGHT: Exquisite dressing-table set in Venetian work. The complete set comprising long runner and two small mats, in white or colored linen, can be obtained stamped for working from our Needlework Department.

YOU can obtain the complete set—the long runner measures 12 by 30 inches and the two small mats 9 by 9 inches—stamped with this charming Venetian design ready for working, from our Needlework Department.

Here is a dressing-table set which is lovely enough for any glory-box. If you are a bride-to-be why not work one for your best bedroom, for the design is the happy sort that harmonises with practically any furnishing scheme and is always in good taste?

The price of the set in best quality linen in white, cream, yellow, green, blue, or pink, comprising runner 12 by 30 inches, and two small mats, 9 by 9 inches, is 4/6 the set, postage free.

To work the design you will require 17 skeins of Anchor stranded cotton in shade P601 (cream), or any other color you desire. This is also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2/6, including postage.

Working Instructions: The whole outline of the design is buttonholed. The small design inside is done in satin-stitch, with eyelet holes. The ends are also buttonholed.

Do not attempt to cut away the material before the work is completed. When finished, press with a hot iron and then cut away material.

This Venetian work would look most attractive done in all-yellow, all-green, or all-white. Attractive color contrasts would be yellow threads on green linen, blue cotton on yellow linen, green on cream, and so on.

You call her FINICKY but the Doctor says FAULTY ELIMINATION

Mere constipation, which is easy to detect, is bad enough, but faulty elimination is much more insidious and far more serious. When those vital cleansing organs—the kidneys and liver, as well as the bowels—are failing in their work of elimination, unsuspected poisons are absorbed, and are left circulating in the blood stream. Loss of appetite is one of the first warnings that your child is partly poisoned. The impurities not removed from the blood stream cause sluggishness, naughtiness, crankiness, and so on. At the first signs of danger give genuine Laxettes—the cleansers which promote complete bowel action and relieve over-worked kidneys and liver. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only safe, thorough treatment. They are excellent for adults. And kiddies are eager to take delicious Laxettes. All chemists and storekeepers stock genuine Laxettes—1/6 the large tin and 6d. the sample tin. Warning: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty Elimination

TO ADD A TOUCH OF CHARM to a dark frock, a dainty collar in white organdie embroidered in a coral-pink flower design. The collar stamped for working can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

DAINTY *Organdie* COLLAR

Embroidered in coral-pink in a new sunflower and border design in a simple, buttonhole stitch.

YOU can obtain this dainty collar in the attractive sunflower design from our Needlework Department traced ready for working.

Colors available in organdie are white, yellow, and green, and in linen, white, blue, pink, yellow or green.

The original was worked in light coral-pink on white organdie and took two skeins Anchor stranded cotton P502. Crewel needle No. 7 was used.

The price of this collar stamped ready for working is 2/3, postage free. Cottons and needle for embroidery are 6d. extra.

Working Instructions: Work a row of running stitches between all double lines, and afterwards complete the outlining by working button-stitch over the running-stitch.

Make a large eyelet hole in the centre of flower head by running around the circle first, and then overcasting over the raw edge, after the centre is cut away.

Now fill in the hole with spider web. When the embroidery is complete, cut away the back layer of material, leaving the double layer for flower head and edging.

These little collars are ideal for adding a fresh touch to silk frocks either in a dark tone or a neutral shading.

Although the original was worked in coral-pink on white organdie, other colors would be equally effective. All-white would be delightful for a black silk frock, while pale pink would be sweet on a navy frock.

For cotton frocks or dark frocks of heavier materials, the collar would be charming in white or colored linen. Both fabrics, organdie and linen, will launder well.

Order now from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

SMART *Summer* WEAR IN SIMPLE *But* RELIABLE *Paper* PATTERNS

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

Send in Your Orders Now

WW1860. — Smart Shirtmaker Frock for spectator sports wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 1-8 yards, 36in. wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1861.—Afternoon Frock with contrasting scarf, belt, and square yoke. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 1-8 yards, 36in. wide, and 1¼ yards 36in. contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1862. — Little Tot's Frock. A dainty little design for dimity or cotton fabric. Charming style for 2-8 years. Material required: 1 5-8 yards, 36in. wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WW1863. — Tennis Frock with zipper front and Peter Pan collar. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36in. wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1864.—Charming Evening Gown. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 5¼ yards, 36in. wide, and 3¼ yards 36in. lace. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1865.—Smart Afternoon Frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3¼ yards, 36in. wide, and 1-8 yard 36in. contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WW1866.—Chiffon or satin Blouse Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 5-8 yards, 36in. wide **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Three Play Suits for Beach or Tennis Wear

Patterns for All Cost 3d.

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three play suits for beach or tennis wear, and the price is 3d. Pattern is obtainable in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required (36 inches wide).—For No. 1: 2 5-8 yards for shorts and coatee, and 1 1-8 yards for suntop. No. 2: 1 2-8 yards for shorts, and 1 1-8 yards for suntop. No. 3: 1 3-8 yards for shorts, an 1 5-8 yards for blouse.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 588A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 183, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4290YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

Please Print Name and Address in Block Letters.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Size .....

Pattern Coupon, 25/9/37.

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FOOT TROUBLES

If you have tired and aching feet, painful ankles or callous on the ball of feet; then your arches are failing. STOP all foot strain by having a pair of "CORRECTA" ARCH SUPPORTS designed and made to your own PLASTER CAST, which give immediate comfort and relief.

CHIROPODY BY QUALIFIED CHIROPODISTS

Corns, Callouses, Ingrowing Nails, etc., painlessly eliminated for only 2/6 a foot, or 4/6 both feet. (including Massage)

STREAT & CO., Foot Specialists
175 PITT ST., SYDNEY.
(3 Doors from Prouds.)
Phone B2865 for Your Appointment.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from blood troubles, such as Boils, Pimples, Skin Blotches, Prickly Heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, buy a 1/6 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is so simple and economical.*

FULL FACTS *About* CANCER

ONE further puzzling issue may be touched on—that of heredity. Careful statistical study shows that human cancer tends to run in families. Research workers have studied the heredity problem by means of experiments with mice.

The average life of a mouse is 36 months, and as this span includes several generations, mass heredity experiments can be made. The pioneer in this study was Dr. Maude Slye, of Chicago, using 12,000 mice, whose "cancer - pedigrees" were traced through many generations.

Dr. Slye found that cancer ran in certain mouse-families, and that if these families were inter-bred, stocks of mice were produced which showed 70 per cent. of cancer. Similarly by inter-breeding cancer-free families, stocks could be produced in which cancer rarely occurred.

Chemists Help

SINCE then others have topped even these figures. Little produced (by breeding selected types), a stock of brown mice 100 per cent. cancerous; L. C. Strong bred 19 following generations, every female of which developed cancer of the breast.

These experiments would seem to put further research on a pretty hopeless plane if (as one school of scientists still argues) cancer is simply a developmental cell-fault or tendency transmitted from generation to generation.

It should be remembered, however, that mice are not men. Parallel with this research another one had begun—that into the part played by prolonged irritation in producing cancer.

As far back as 160 years ago a famous old London surgeon had drawn attention to "chimney-sweeps' cancer"—cancer that developed in certain parts of the body due to prolonged irritation by oily soot.

When cancer research started in earnest in the twentieth century many other such types were discovered—cotton-spinners' cancer (due to lubricating oil), cancer in tar, pitch and briquette workers, in oil and shale workers, and many others.

Cancer was also found to develop in body-areas irritated by other agents—in the skin from over-exposure to the ultra-violet rays of sunlight, for instance.

At first any prolonged irritation was looked on as a cancer cause. But this was soon negatived, as lifelong irritation of certain spots (for instance, corns on the toes) was shown never to produce cancer.

Then chemists took a hand, and by analysis of cancer-producing substances found that they all possessed one chemical structure in common, the "phenanthrene nucleus."

This "phenanthrene nucleus" is built by joining three hexagonal arrangements of carbon and hydrogen atoms together.

To certain angles of these hexagons are attached groups of atoms, and the particular angle to which these groups are attached influences the potency of the substance for good or evil.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY MEDICAL SERVICE
Continued from Page 41

The whole structure may be described as a "phenanthrene system" and is one of Nature's wonderful pieces of architecture.

So potent in producing cancer are substances containing this chemical structure that artificial substances of this nature have been produced in the laboratory, which will cause cancer in 100 per cent. of cases if simply rubbed into the skin of mice or injected into their bodies over a certain period.

If that were all, one could object that the great mass of cancer sufferers never come in prolonged contact with such substances, and that the worst cancers are chiefly internal, not external, anyway.

But now comes the startling discovery—many essential internal body-fluids normally contain substances closely related to the phenanthrene nucleus. Among these are the sex-hormones (the gland secretions which cause and control body differences and behaviour in the male and female sexes); another is cholesterol, found in the skin, and many organs; still others, the bile acids.

From every one of these, chemists have prepared substances which are virulent cancer-formers. But the matter does not end there. Cancers have been experimentally produced in animals by injecting large doses of sex-hormone into one spot. Conversely, analysis of certain cancers reveals the presence of sex-hormones in the tumor—for instance, large quantities of female sex-hormone are found dammed up in cancers of the female breast.

Recent Discoveries

SO far the research is astounding enough; but it goes further. One of the food vitamins essential to life, vitamin D, also belongs to this chemical group; by a slight transformation very virulent cancer-causing substances have been formed from it in the laboratory.

These discoveries only date from the last three years. They have been described as a window suddenly opened, throwing a brilliant ray of light upon the darkness in which research-workers have been groping for the last half-century.

It is too early yet to draw any definite conclusion, though a possible one is that internal cancer may be a constitutional disease attending the climacteric, or "change of life," in both sexes.

It is well known that cancer usually appears at ages when gland activity begins to wane, and when "gland balance" (the interaction of all the glands of the body) is consequently upset.

It is argued that at this period normal gland-fluids may decompose into the virulent cancer-formers closely related to them chemically, and that such cancer-producers may accumulate, owing to faulty circulation, at certain spots.

To recapitulate: Cancer is now looked upon as an anarchy of cell-growth, due to undue irritation or stimulation of the cells in the spot concerned, possibly by a chemical substance containing the "phenanthrene nucleus."

But is a tendency to these chemical changes inherited, or is their occurrence a liability which every human being must share?

Woman's Theory

DR. MAUDE SLYE, whose thirty years' research upon cancer-inheritance in mice has already been mentioned, believes inheritance to be the ruling factor. She believes that by judicious mating cancer could be "bred out" of the human race.

Recently she stated that if persons with histories of cancer in their families marry, they should select partners either with cancer-free parents, or with family histories of cancer of differing types. The latter mating (at least, in mice) greatly diminishes liability to cancer in the offspring.

On the other hand we have the scientists who insist that the chemical factor is paramount. They instance the experimental fact that (in animals) breast cancer can be prevented, even in individuals hereditarily susceptible, by early removal of certain glands.

Some have even envisaged the day when human beings will be tided over the danger period of life by surgical removal or treatment of the glands by lethal doses of X-rays!

So far, cancer research may be said to stand at present on the brink of momentous discoveries.

The Time Factor

AND what of treatment? We hear a lot about the people who die of cancer, but little of those who are cured.

The profession of medicine does not vaunt its successes, but examines very critically its failures.

As explained above, malignant growths are of many varieties, and of different grades of malignancy. Low grade malignant growths, if situated on the surface of the body, can be treated very successfully if taken in time.

Others, however, even if superficial, may be highly destructive in spite of our best efforts.

Certain types of internal or deep cancers can also be treated successfully if the diagnosis is made in time; while others, from their nature and position, are practically hopeless from the onset.

In treatment it must not be forgotten that "time is the essence of the contract," for in practically all cases cancer is at first a local disease, and should be attacked before it has spread to adjacent or distant parts.

The removal of growths from the brain, the lung, the stomach, and the bowel are commonplace events in the larger and well-equipped hospitals, and Australian surgeons are no less enterprising or skilled than their brothers in other parts of the world.

Though individuals may paint a gloomy picture, the slogan of the American College of Surgeons is that "Cancer is Curable." The American Society for the Control of Cancer has a veritable army of publicists, both paid and voluntary, whose business it is to "Fight Cancer With Knowledge" and to persuade people to use their common sense and consult their doctors in time if they suspect cancer.

Continued on Page 59

Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles Defeated

"My Skin Nearly Drove Me Mad"

● A genius in the cosmetic world has come to the rescue of women who suffer from blackheads, pimples, or freckles.

● By means of "LE CHARME" special purpose creams these unsightly disfigurements can be banished, and coarse unlovely skin transformed into radiant, healthy loveliness.

● "LE CHARME" creams work gently, but surely, delving deep into the pores of the skin, cleansing it of impurities. Begin a "LE CHARME" course to-night, and see how quickly it restores your skin to clear, smooth beauty. The first application proves its worth.

● Blackhead Cream, Pimple Cream, and Freckle Cream, each costing 2/6, are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and Beauty Salons. If you reside in the country, send 2/6 for preparations, and add 6d. for postage to

LE CHARME,
Box No. 2236LL, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme

Excellence of fabric and design . . . Simple, classic lines . . . that's what makes a fashion a fine success . . . Spinner Patterns are of excellent cut and so easy to make.

SPINNER PATTERNS

Obtainable at leading Stores or
Fashion Patterns Ltd., 81 William Street, Sydney

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MEDICAL SERVICE

FULL *Facts About* CANCER

Continued from Page 58

IN describing the surgical treatment of cancer much play is made of the dramatic expression "the knife," suggesting undreamt of horrors.

But in competent hands a surgical operation is an artistic performance, carried out by a team of skilled artisans and based on accurate scientific knowledge.

The lady who has had her gall bladder or appendix removed entertains her friends at afternoon tea with her experiences, and glories in her "organ recital."

But if there is a suggestion of cancer the voices are hushed as if the misfortune connoted also disrepute.

Brave as she has been, she hides her head in shame. This "hush hush" psychology engenders delay. Better the kindly scalpel of the skilled surgeon than the brutal scythe of the Grim Reaper.

THE application of X-rays and radium to the treatment of cancer has been pioneered by specialists in radiation treatment during this century, and Australia now has adequate resources in this respect in her capital cities.

The radiotherapist aims at abolishing surgery in the treatment of cancer, and assisting the surgeon until that day arrives.

He finds, however, that whilst some varieties of malignant growth are susceptible to radiation, others are not. He can dissolve certain growths that are unsuitable for operative treatment, if such growths are radio-sensitive. And in some cases it is merely a matter of convenience to the patient whether surgery or radiation treatment is selected. Of course, the radiotherapist, too, must see the patient in time.

Active research is being carried on in many places (including Australia) with the object of ascertaining how to sensitise resistant growths so that they may be removed by X-rays or radium.

The problem is very intricate, but some progress has been made, and in the meantime many lives are being saved and much suffering relieved even with the knowledge that we have.

"Quack Cures"

BESIDES these operative and radiation methods of treatment, other possible methods are being investigated, such as the injection of biological products.

The discovery of cancer-producing substances has inspired the hope that anti-cancer serums may be a thing of the near future.

By others, it has been argued that certain glands of the body control growth, cancer may be due to a gland deficiency, and experimental therapy in these lines is being given a trial.

Tradition hath it that Hercules, the man of brawn, in a council of the Pagan gods, referred to Aesculaplus, the tutelary deity of the healing art, as a "digger of roots and a wandering quack." Many mineral and vegetable substances have had an ephemeral reputation in the treatment of malignant growths in days gone by, and the "wandering quack" who uses them to-day grows rich in our midst as a testimony to one of humanity's many follies.

If he be Indian, or Mongolian, so much the better, though even the Caucasian cancer quack professes to know more about cancer than those who have devoted a lifetime to its study.

Cancer mortality rises relatively because a greater proportion of our population now reaches the cancer age, and babies are out of fashion.

Nevertheless, there still remain to the sufferer the sheet anchors of surgery and radiation, whose increasing grip may yet hold the ship from disaster until better methods are devised by the ingenuity of man, as the faces a not insoluble problem.

Watch out for further articles, including nerve troubles, arthritis, skin diseases, ear, nose and throat complaints and other illnesses common to modern society.

Extra Economy Specials!

For Readers of "WOMEN'S WEEKLY"

from **GRACE BROS.**

3/11

MD242 — **SUMMER-WEIGHT WOOL BASQUE CARDIGAN** in rib knit. Ideal for tennis and all sports wear. **Sizes SW and W** in Red, Green, Saxe, Cream and Brown. **Sizes OS** in Red, Cream and Brown only.
SPECIAL VALUE 3/11
(Mail Orders Supplied)

3/11

MC243—**TAILORED BLOUSE OF WASHING CREPE.** front neatly tucked and finished with pearl buttons. In Pink, Light Green, White, Biege, and also the new let shades of Brown, Dark Green, Rust. Sizes SW, W, OS.
SPECIAL VALUE . . 3/11
(Mail Orders Supplied)

4/-

MC244—**Another Release! CHECK SILK SHIRT BLOUSES** — the newest craze abroad. Cut on tailored lines. Checks giving three-tone effects of Red/Black/White, Navy/White/Red, Saxe/Navy/White, Lemon/Brown/Fawn, Green/Fawn/Brown. Sizes SSW, SW, W, OS.
SPECIAL VALUE 4/-
(Mail Orders Supplied)

For Little Women

30/-

ML81—**"TOOTALS" LYTAV CREASE-RESISTING LINEN SUIT.** Scolloped lapels and pockets are stitched. Fitted basque is joined at waist with black patent leather belt. Full sleeves tucked in to fit the arm. Skirt has box pleat centre front and back. Shades: White, Blue, Pink, Green, Gold, String.

Sizes.	XSSW	SSW	SW
Bust —	32"	34"	36"
Hips —	36"	38"	39"

SPECIAL VALUE . . . 30/-

10/-

For Smaller Figures

ME12—**GENUINE FLAT CREPE** fashions this garment for the smaller figure. Short puff sleeves, shoulder yoke, neat shaped collar. Panel pleat in skirt, finished with two patch pockets. Ideal for the season, and in all wanted florals, including Wine, Green, Blue, Brown, Black, and Navy grounds. Sizes SSW, SW, W.
SPECIAL VALUE . . 10/-

40/-

For Larger Figures

MT77 — Attractive Ensemble in **BRITISH FLAT CREPE.** Frock features elbow-length flared sleeves, V-Neck finished with rouleaux trim and tie in two-tone. Gored skirt finished with belt at waist. Coat is finger-tip length, with long sleeves. In Black, Navy, Lido Blue, Nugget Brown. Sizes SOS, OS, EOS, EEOS.
SPECIAL VALUE 40/-

~~25~~

15/-

MR79—Turn last year's floral frock into a new season's **Redingote Ensemble** by adding this smart full-length, edge-to-edge **SILK MAROCAIN COAT.** The rever and sleeve being trimmed with the ever-popular pin tucking. Sizes SSW, SW, W, OS, EOS, EEOS. Colours: Black and Navy.
Usual Price. 25/-
SPECIAL VALUE . . . 15/-

A Thrift Idea!

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.
Broadway, Sydney. Tel. M6506

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When nerves get the upper hand

YOU NEED SCHUMANN'S...PERHAPS THE CHILD NEEDS SCHUMANN'S, TOO!

Irritability, whether in juvenile or "grown up", is a positive sign that all is not as it should be with bodily health. The nervous system reacts immediately if there is even the slightest slowing up of physical functions. Before you punish your youngsters for "naughtiness", make sure that the child is not affected by constipation or some other slight internal trouble. Make sure, too, that YOU are not merely giving way to "nerves". Constipation, excess uric acid, the presence of impurities in the system . . . any of these make children "difficult" and their parents "nervy" and out-of-sorts.

REMOVE THE CAUSE

To enjoy good health and calm nerves you must have internal cleanliness. The morning drink of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts is the natural, proven method of cleansing the system of impurities and stimulating the organs to full exercise of their proper functions. Take Schumann's every morning and you will enjoy the thrill of perfect health . . . of renewed contentment with life. Schumann's contain the same curative minerals as the famous health-restoring Spas of Europe. They are the health secret of thousands upon thousands of people. There is one important point to remember — lay stress on the name SCHUMANN'S when you go to your chemist or store. Schumann's — and *only* Schumann's — will help you in a prompt, sure, natural and *non-habit-forming* way.

Do you suffer from . . .

RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO NEURITIS
ARTHRITIS PIMPLES
BACKACHE BAD SKIN
CONSTIPATION
FLATULENCE
HEADACHES
SLUGGISH LIVER

If you suffer from any of the ailments listed above and wish to obtain prompt relief, put half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Salts in a long glass of warm water and drink first thing every morning.

1/6 and 2/9

at all chemists and stores.

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

To Tour for Broadcasting Commission

WITH THE CLOSING of the Celebrity Concert Season, the Australian Broadcasting Commission has taken the opportunity of arranging a series of interstate broadcasts featuring the Australian artists shown above during the summer months.

TOP: Miss Constance Burt, Sydney lyric soprjano (who will open her tour in Hobart on October 14), and Mr. Charles Benson, a young Tasmanian singer.

LOWER: Mr. John Hannell, pianist, and Miss Jessie King, a Queensland mezzo-contralto, who has returned from London to pay a brief visit to her parents.

SAVE MONEY *and* *Have a* BETTER TIME

How to Plan Your Holidays

When our long-wished-for annual holidays come round at last, how many of us are prepared for the expenses of a vacation away from the humdrum cares of daily routine?

The problem of taking oneself—let alone an entire family—for several weeks' holiday seems impossible when no provision has been made in the weekly budget.

BUT this is usually due to "travel fright," a state of mind which assumes that holidays must cost a lot of money—more money possibly than may be afforded. This comes from lack of knowledge of fares, tariffs and other charges.

How many of us have haphazardly taken holidays, arrived at the rail terminal and found that transport connections fail to meet the train on which one travelled?

Or reached a guest house after many hours of weary travel, and found that it fails to reach the standard of the romantic visions one had in mind?

Or found that meals are poor, the fishing has been overrated and the nearest recreational facilities are miles away?

These irritations turn a happy holidaymaker into a morose grumbler, one who returns from his trip determined to impress upon all his friends that the district he visited was unsuitable for any holiday.

And yet the fault is not with the guest house or with the railway organisation, but rests on the shoulders of the person who failed to make proper provision for the type of holiday required.

To help plan your holiday and to give you accurate knowledge of holiday districts—what you may expect to find there—how much it will cost—and even to arrange accommodation—the Daily Telegraph Holiday Booking Bureau has been established.

This bureau is situated at 99 Pitt St. (3 doors from Hunter St.), Sydney.

Full details of a long list of holiday resorts are available there, together with particulars of the various holiday houses.

This information covers a wide selection of guest houses, farms, week-end cottages and hotels, their tariffs, appointments, and pleasure facilities.

Personal service with helpful advice is readily given covering full information concerning the various resorts, such as shopping, motor trips, riding schools, theatres, cabarets and other entertainments.

Therefore, in the planning of annual holidays, or a sudden decision to make a change for only one week-end, a visit to the Daily Telegraph Holiday Booking Bureau will save you time and money. Your budget will go further if your holiday is well planned.

SOFTER SAFER PROTECTION COSTS LESS

MODESS SANITARY NAPKINS alone have a special moisture proof backing, assuring perfect protection.

1/- Price throughout West Australia 1/3 BOX OF 12

MODESS

MATRON HAS SOMETHING TO SAY

Even tiny blemishes spoil skin beauty. What is your skin like, under the powder and cream? If it isn't perfectly clear, smooth and fine, start using Rexona Soap this very day. The specially medicated Rexona lather is a whole beauty treatment in itself. It cleanses *below the surface*, sweeps dust and germs from *deep* down in the pores where skin faults start. Use Rexona twice daily to clear your skin and keep it radiant.

FOR STUBBORN SKIN TROUBLES

Rexona Ointment, The Rapid Healer, used in conjunction with Rexona Soap, brings relief almost at once.

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin
8.181.22 (City and Suburbs)

Hard, burning, achy

CORNS

Lift right out

one drop does it

Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of Frozol-ice, and its special anaesthetic action will stop pain in 3 seconds. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger tips. FROZOL-ICE is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists sell it on guarantee.

Pile Sufferers

Can You Answer These Questions?

Do you know why ointments do not give you quick and lasting relief?

Why cutting does not remove the cause?

Do you know the cause of piles is internal?

That there is a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel?

Do you know that there is a harmless internal remedy discovered by Dr. Leonhardt and known as Vaculoid, now sold by chemists everywhere, that is guaranteed?

Vaculoid banishes piles by removing the cause, by freeing blood circulation in the lower bowel. This simple home treatment has an almost unbelievable record for sure, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sick sufferers, and saves the needless pain and expense of an operation. Don't delay. Try Vaculoid to-day.

In Seven Days Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Sure Relief

Guaranteed to Completely Satisfy or Cost is Nothing.

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more toward helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin diseases than anything you've ever used.

Not only is this great oil antiseptic, but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczema spots and sores. The itching of Eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other skin eruptions and inflammation.

You can obtain Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle at any modern chemist. It is safe to use, and failure in any of the ailments noted above is rare indeed.

HUNGRY, YET CAN'T EAT

Afraid to eat good food, the sufferer from Dyspepsia and Chronic Acid Indigestion makes life a burden to himself and his near companions. The remedy is simple. A small dose of TWIN SODA gives almost instant relief. Buy a 1/3 packet from your local chemist to-day, and look forward to eating what you like."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4615554

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 6

"WHAT about to-morrow?" I said. "I mean, if we can, we'd better keep out of the wet. Not that I care. If the police knew I'd bumped him off they'd put their arms round my neck. But I can't bear anyone knowing that you were involved. And yet——"

"My darling, what are you saying?"

I turned to meet Caroline's startled eyes.

Then she laid down her brush and came and put her hands on my shoulders.

"Can you get what I'm saying, Richard, or are you all in?"

"I'm all right, my beauty, but I'm too tired to make plans."

"I'll make them for you," she said; "and now listen to me. When you leave this room you must go by the way that you came. That is, by the picture-gallery. There you must pick up the harp—I'll help you do that. And then you must pick up Winter and enter the tower. And so to bed. At seven Winter cancels the horses—you gave him that order last night, by my request. He calls you again at nine, but, because there is no one to call me, I sleep till ten. Then I find that Elsa has gone, and after a little I find that she's taken some of my things. But you don't even know that—because neither you nor your servant was out of the tower all night."

"Yes, I've got that," I said.

"It's vital, Richard—vital. If we say anything, we've got to say everything. And, except for Old Harry and Herrick, no one must ever know what happened to-night." She raised her eyebrows there and gave a little shake of her head. "I don't know the stuff I'm made of, but it hasn't upset me at all. Neither was it to live—quite apart from the fact that you did it in self-defence. But the fact remains that you've been the death of two men—and one of these men was the cousin with whom I have been brought up. My darling, listen to me. It simply must not be known that the man whom I am to marry put Percy Virgil to death."

"Yes, I see that," I said somehow. "All right. I'll keep my counsel, and Winter will hold his tongue." I put my arms about her and held her close. "Kiss me good-night. The dawn will be coming up and I want you to get to bed."

As I kissed her mouth, she took my head in her hands.

"OH, Richard," she breathed. "I can't bear letting you go. I've got to, of course—the conventions must be observed. You're here by accident, and so you must go away. But it seems so natural and right for you to be here. After all, how many brides have known their bridegrooms so well? To-night we stood together beyond the world, breast-high in the river that runs between life and death. And that has bound us together more tightly than any service or any plighting of troth. Supposing I was engaged to be married to somebody else. I might have meant to go through with it, although I loved you. I mean, such things have been done. But I couldn't go through with it now—not after to-night. I should have to tell him straight out that we had been joined together by God Himself, and that I had become your woman and you had become my man."

I dared not trust my voice, so I kissed her lips again; then I drew her head on my shoulder, because I did not want her to see the look in my eyes.

What she had said was most true. We had been joined together as lovers are seldom joined. And yet we should never be married, because Old Harry would never give her consent. And I—not she—must have Old Harry's consent.

I had passed my word to the Duchess of Whelp. Unless I had passed my word, the Duchess of Whelp would not have lifted a finger to help Caroline's cause. But, once I had passed my word—well, no one could have done more than the Duchess of Whelp. I had received full value against my bond. And so my bond must be honored—at any cost.

I threw a glance round the bedroom through which I might pass again, but to which I should never belong. I saw the flash of the bathroom which I had used that night for the first and last time; the eider-down on which I had sat, but never should sit on again; the pier-glass which never again would show me Caroline brushing her sweet-smelling hair.

UNA MERKEL looks particularly charming in this chic afternoon frock. The electric-blue and maroon-coloured blossoms on a black background strike an unusual note.

I dropped my lips to that hair.

"Good-night," I whispered. "Good-night, my beautiful girl."

I let her go, slipped into my sodden coat and laid my shirt over my arm. Two minutes later we stood in the picture-gallery.

By the light of the staircase-turret, I set up the eloquent harp. Then I turned to her standing beside me, picked up her little hand and put its palm to my lips.

"Sleep well, sweetheart," I whispered.

"And you, my dear. Look! I'll keep my door open until you get to the hall."

So she lighted me on my way.

When I came to the head of the staircase, I purposely bore to the left, and an instant later a torch was flashed into my eyes.

"Well done, Winter," said I. "And now we'll go back to the tower. That's enough for to-night."

In my room I gave him his orders. One of these concerned the suit which I was so glad to take off.

"Let no one see you do it, but, when you can, to-morrow, conceal this suit in the Rolls. And the next time I send you for petrol, stop in some lonely place, cut my name out of the jacket, and burn the lot."

"Very good, sir," said Winter, blinking. "And—and what about this?"

"My shirt? Oh, that doesn't matter. Hang it out on——"

And there I stopped dead.

He was not holding my shirt.

What he was holding was one of the dainty chemises with which I had rubbed myself down.

I had told Winter to call me at nine o'clock; but, tired as I was, I awoke at a quarter to eight, and after trying in vain to go back to sleep, I presently threw in my hand and began to get up.

My state of mind was uneasy.

I could not reach my lady, because I had given her back the key of her suite. Yet, since I had her chemise, my shirt must be in her bedroom. If she found it, well and good. But if some servant found it——

In fact, I need not have worried, for about ten minutes to nine a man-servant came to my room, bearing a note and a parcel addressed to me.

"From his lordship, sir," he said, and bowed himself out.

With starting eyes I read the following:

Mr. Exon,—I have the honor to return you the shirt which you dropped this morning on leaving my daughter's suite.

Perhaps you will make it convenient to leave the castle at once.

Brief.

I remember that I stared at the paper as though it belonged to some dream. Then I sat down and put my head in my hands. And then I stood up again because something had to be done.

AS I made for the door, this was opened and Winter came into the room.

"Find Mr. Parish," I said, "and ask him to come here at once."

As it was, I was more than half dressed, and as I got into my jacket, the Englishman entered the room.

"Parish," I said, "how soon can I see her Grace?"

"Perhaps at ten, sir; but certainly not before that."

I glanced at my watch. The time was five minutes past nine.

"Very well; I must see the Count. I don't think he'll want to receive me, but if you can hold of Bertram, perhaps you can bring it off."

"I'll manage it, sir," said Parish. "Do you wish to see him at once?"

"Immediately."

"Then come with me, sir," said Parish. "I think I know where he is."

I thrust the note into my pocket and left the room.

The respect with which Parish was treated by the servants of Brief was very nearly as deep as that they were pleased to accord to the Duchess herself, and before two minutes had passed I was ushered unannounced into an elegant library.

As the door closed behind me:

"What the dickens does this mean?" said the Count, getting up to his feet.

I answered him slowly enough.

"It means," I said, "that we are to clear the air."

"I'll see about that," said the man, and made straight for the bell.

"I strongly advise you," I said, "not to try to have me removed. If you do, you will force my hand; and so, Lord Ferdinand Virgil, cut your throat."

I saw the shaft go home. My use of his proper title hit him beneath the heart. If more revelations were coming, better that they should come while we were alone. For all that, his eyes were burning—I was Richard Exon, and not the Duchess of Whelp.

As a servant answered his summons, he turned on his heel.

I watched him curiously.

There was a moment's silence.

Then—

"Your lordship rang?" said the servant.

The other spoke over his shoulder.

"Yes," he said thickly. "Has—has Mr. Percy returned?"

Please turn to Page 62

A Broken Romance

Bad breath has ended many a romance. Even a pretty face or a perfect figure cannot offset bad breath—a sure indication of uncleanliness inside.

Bad breath means indigestion, indigestion means constipation and maybe serious liver disorders.

You should always take Chamberlain's Tablets—they cleanse and strengthen the stomach and liver, produce a thorough natural bowel action and restore sweet breath.

Take a Chamberlain's Tablet to-night.

3 delicate situations saved!

The life of the modern girl is now carefree and successful—*always*. How Wondersoft Kotex has changed women's lives!

She wins at tennis!

Wondersoft never pulls or twists. It conforms to the body, readjusting itself to fit, no matter how active and vigorous you are.

Business hours aren't hard...

Wondersoft ends rubbing and chafing. The edges are covered with downy cotton, and remain dry, soft and wonderfully comfortable for hours.

A stunning, close-fitting silhouette

A clinging frock—but no tell-tale lines showing. That's because of the flat, specially shaped ends on the Wondersoft pad. Wondersoft Kotex gives positive protection. It is the only sanitary pad made with Cellucotton, which absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

In America, 8 out of 10 women choose Wondersoft . . . the same improved Kotex that is now available in Australia. Buy Wondersoft from chemists and stores—at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex.

Wondersoft Kotex is completely disposable.

1/6 BOX OF 12 PADS

Box of 4 pads - 6d.
West Australian prices 1/9 and 7d.

WONDERFORM

KOTEX BELT 2/-

"INEXCUSABLE!" they declared

If dandruff is robbing your hair of life and lustre, start using Barry's Tricopherous today. It pours vigorous new life into languishing roots, stops falling hair, prevents greyness and promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy, youthful, glossy hair. Of all chemists and stores 3/- a bottle.

Make your hair beautifully clean, thick and lustrous with BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous For Luxuriant Hair Growth

75,000 SUFFER

It has been estimated that in the Sydney Metropolitan area alone a total of over 75,000 persons suffer from complaints such as Indigestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Wind, etc. This is needless when the remedy is so simple and economical. Should you suffer likewise buy from your local chemist for 1/6 a packet of pure TWIN SODIA. The speedy relief it brings is surprising."

"TOO much dancing is thought to affect the heart."

"And so is too much sitting out."

HE: I'd love to own a mammoth store.

Mrs. Newrich: My dear, where would you buy the mammoths?

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MAKE BLOND HAIR —even in DARK or BROWN shades—

GLEAM with GOLD in one shampoo

WITHOUT BLEACHING

Girls, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating glints that are hidden in your hair, and that give you personality, radiance—beauty. Sta-blond makes the permanent wave last longer. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. If you are dissatisfied just ask for your money back. Sta-blond (known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex) is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Sta-blond today of all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Made in England. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, S.S. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 61

"NOT yet, my lord."

"Desire him to come here the moment he enters the house."

"Very good, my lord," said the man, and made himself scarce.

As the door closed behind him:

"I do not think," I said, "that your son is going to come back."

Lord Ferdinand started about.

"My son? Is this blackmail?"

"It's not even bluff," said I. "But listen to me. I say I have reason to think that your son is not coming back. In view of what I told him last night, I think he will find it convenient to disappear."

The man was staring as though I were not of his world.

"Of what you told him? Who are you?"

The question flamed.

"I'm a plainclothes man," said I, "and I'm working for Scotland Yard." I watched the blood flow out of the fellow's face.

At length he moistened his lips.

"Does the Duchess know this?" he said.

"No," said I. "Nobody knows—except the Austrian police."

I saw his mouth twitch at the word.

"Why—why the Austrian police?"

"Because I could not arrest you without their leave. It's a question of extradition. You broke your bail in England twenty-two years ago."

"So you say. But——"

"You arranged your flight with your brother. He booked your passage for you and went alone to the station, taking your tickets and money to see you off. And, when he was gone, you went—to Paris, instead. And the police mistook him for you and sent him down. That's twenty-two years ago, and he's done his time; but the charge against you remains, Lord Ferdinand Virgil, and I have been sent from England to clear things up."

His fingers were plucking at his trousers, as those of a dying man will pluck at his sheets.

"What d'you mean—clear things up?"

"I'll tell you plainly," said I. "Because of the mistake that was made, another warrant must issue—as a matter of form. Before that warrant can issue, a further information has to be sworn. I am here to complete that information. Thanks to what happened last night, it is very nearly complete."

"And then?"

"Then I shall return to London. And when the warrant is issued, I—shall—come—back."

There was a deathly silence.

Then the follow turned round and made his way to a chair. I saw that he went heavily, as a man that is tired.

After a little he spoke.

"Why do you tell me these things?"

I took out the note he had written, and held it up.

"Because of this letter. It seems that one of your people saw me leaving the Lady Caroline's suite. I had to convince you, therefore, that I was there on duty—and nothing else."

He let out a laugh at that, and the blood came into my face.

"If you doubt me," I said, "I can prove it. I'd a man outside her door the whole of the time."

"A man?" he cried, starting up.

"A man," said I. "Don't think I'm working alone. The man in question is playing the part of my servant; he's really a sergeant of the C.I.D."

He quailed at the words, as a beast will quail at the whip. And then, as a beast will turn, he was showing fight.

"So you say," he snarled. "So you say. You prate of warrants and duty and—where's your badge?" His voice rose into a scream. "Show me your badge, you——"

"It's in my despatch-case," I said—"with other things. Would you like to know the duty which took me into her suite?"

"What then?"

I raised my eyebrows.

"I WANTED a word with her maid—a girl of the name of Elsa. She's wanted by the police in England. Perhaps you didn't know that."

And there, when I stood to lose it, I won my game—with a shaft that Percy Virgil had set in my hand. For I saw in his father's eyes that he knew the truth about Elsa—and how could I have known it, unless I belonged to the police? "The evil that men do lives after them." The son had delivered the father into my hand.

Lord Ferdinand's head was shaking.

As he felt for his chair:

"I swear that I didn't. I swear—"

"You needn't worry. You won't be accused of that. But that isn't nearly all. I didn't go just to see Elsa; I wanted to see your niece. For one thing, I wanted to speak of her mother's jewels."

The fellow's head stopped shaking and a hand went up to his mouth.

"What—of—her—mother's jewels?"

"This," said I. "Your son, Percy Virgil, stole them six weeks ago."

Lord Fegdinand sat very still, with his mouth a little open and his eyes staring over my shoulder at something which was not there. That he had not known of the theft was perfectly plain, and I shall always believe that his son had "double-crossed" him in that disgraceful affair.

I went on steadily:

"The jewels were in London, in Bauble and Levity's hands. Your son produced to that firm his cousin's 'authority' to hand them over to him. Then he sold them to a broker named Inskip. The deal was put through in Surrey—at dinner, in a country hotel. I saw it done. I was sitting two tables away."

The fellow sat back in his chair, with a hand to his throat.

"You say that he's gone?' he said.

"Both he and Elsa have gone. You see, I had instructions to give them their choice. That is sometimes done—if the injured party consents. It—it tends to avoid a scandal. I gave them both until dawn to be clear of Brief. And both have availed themselves of the chance which they had. Personally, I think they were wise; and I must confess that Elsa got back on me, for she packed a suitcase while I was engaged with your niece, and when she went, it went after her. But that's by the way. In fact, this is all by the way, for I have so far said nothing of the most significant duty I did last night. I proved your brother's statement that he is the Count of Brief."

My words brought him up to his feet.

"I DEFY you!" he mouthed. "It's a lie!" He clawed at the air. "There is no proof! Because some old, doddering servant imagines vain things—"

"I am not a doddering servant and I have no memories. Yet I can prove the statement your brother makes. I was sent to see if I could prove it. I told you just now. I was sent to complete the information—upon which the warrant will issue the day after I get back."

"Then prove it—prove it to me!"

"With pleasure," said I. "The Lady Caroline Virgil is twenty-four. She is also the next in line. If you are the Count indeed, why have you never shown her the secret of Brief?"

Beside this, my other blows were so many flicks on the face. Before my eyes, Lord Ferdinand seemed to shrink; and he took a step back and then sideways, and put out a hand to find something on which he could lean.

His fingers encountered a table, to which they clung.

"The secret, the—the secret?" he breathed.

"Yes," said I, "the secret. The secret of Brief. Only the firstborn is shown it—or ever has been shown it, for more than five hundred years. If you are the Count indeed, then tell me the tale of the secret and what exists in that chamber which no one would ever find. Tell me the names there written and show me the secret steps. But, first of all, tell me this—how is your brother aware of these mysteries unless he is, as he says, the Count of Brief?"

To my surprise he made answer.

"I—I cannot tell."

Please turn to Page 63

she used a

Persil-washed serviette

The *brilliant* whiteness of Persil-washed things shows other whites quite dull by comparison. And here's the simple reason why—Persil's oxygen bubbles push the suds through and through the fabric, make them wash out all the tiny particles of grime that ordinary washing leaves behind. Things are bound to come out whiter when you wash them this way. Try Persil yourself and see!

Beware of Imitations

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 31.302.29

NOSE THROAT AND CHEST AILMENTS

quickest remedied with

HEENZO

at amazing low cost!

BEST NASAL HYGIENE FOR CATARRH

Exhaustive tests have proved the best and most economical way of treating catarrh and colds in the head is by either swabbing or putting a few drops of HEENZO into each nostril night and morning. HEENZO is a unique antiseptic, because it does NOT contain any poisons or harsh drugs, therefore will not damage the most delicate membranes.

BEST GARGLE FOR SORE THROATS

The quickest relief possible from sore and irritating throats can be obtained by gargling with HEENZO. Again, the fact that HEENZO does not contain any poisons, is an advantage, allowing the sufferer to gargle as often as desired when relief is needed.

BEST INTERNAL REMEDY FOR COUGHS COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS AND 'FLU

You save lots of money by simply adding a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO to sweetened water, thus making a large family supply equal in quantity to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the best nose, throat, and chest remedies that would cost up to £1. When you make your large bottle of HEENZO it is ready for the instant use of adults and children as a nasal antiseptic, throat gargle, or internal remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and whooping cough.

Once again the fact that HEENZO does not contain any poisons or dangerous drugs is an extra advantage, because its purity is such that it will not upset the digestion of even the youngest baby, and is equally good for adults and infants. HEENZO is wonderfully simple to make, and simply wonderful to take.

HEENZO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY HOME

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LUNG TROUBLE

has now been permanently relieved

FOUR ASTOUNDING LETTERS

LETTER No. 1. "I am suffering from Lung trouble, and the throat is also infected, and I want to get well to rear my children. Doctors give me no hope."

LETTER No. 2. "I feel ever so improved. My voice is returning. I am eating and sleeping better. It all seems so wonderful to me."

LETTER No. 3. "I am pleased to say my cough has eased. I have got a dreadful lot of mucus up. Since inhaling Membrosus I am feeling ever so much better."

LETTER No. 4. "I am so thankful to feel so well from the results of your wonderful tablets. My throat was so very raw at times if I ate anything it used to bleed, and now it has nearly healed. It gives me NO TROUBLE AT ALL."

Almost every day I receive letters from sufferers similar in terms to the above, reporting the wonderful work MEMBROSUS, A DRY INHALATION treatment, has done, and is doing in their cases.

So many hopeless cases have found new hope and new joy in life. "Complete restoration of health without any recurrence of the trouble is the happy experience of many one time sufferers who bless the day they commenced using Membrosus.

The results from Membrosus Dry Inhalation are equally wonderful in cases of

CATARRH
HAY FEVER
ANTRUM Trouble
WITHOUT OPERATION.
ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS

If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself to learn more about Membrosus this wonderful Dry Inhalation that has done so much for thousands.

CAN and yet we personally or send 2d. stamped addressed envelope to Membrosus, C/o. Irvine Pty. Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

MEMBROSUS
Dry Inhalation

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'BAYER' A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 62

BUT he spoke as a man in a trance, with a dull, emotionless voice, and I knew that his spirit was broken, because I had shown him something against which he could not stand.

"Listen to me," said I. He lifted his head. "Following your brother's careful directions, I found the way to the chamber and I took his daughter with me—and now she knows for herself the secret of Brief. Both of us, therefore, can swear that we have seen with our eyes what your brother said we should see—which means that, as I warned you, the information is very nearly complete."

Though I heard no sound, I saw his lips frame the words.

"Very nearly."

"Very nearly, my lord. I have proved all your brother said, except once thing. He declared that if I were to ask you to tell me the secret of Brief I should ask you in vain. And so I ask you to give me one single detail of what your father revealed to his firstborn son."

The man was trembling and the sweat was out on his face.

"My b-brother!" he quavered. "I think, if I could see him—I mean, without his statement the—the warrant could not issue—and could not be——"

"He has made his statement," I said. "I have a copy upstairs."

"But my son is free. Statements were made in his case, but he has gone free. You said that you had instructions——"

"If the injured party consents."

"That's what I say," cried the man. "My brother would never subscribe to my—to proceedings against his father's son. I—I know he wouldn't, Exon. He wouldn't bear malice like that. And then the scandal. You said yourself that, rather than have a scandal——"

"Your son has gone," said I. "There can be no scandal there. Percy Elbert Virgil has disappeared."

"I—can—disappear."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Your case is far more serious than that of your son. You've forged, lied, and stolen for twenty-two years. And an innocent man has served the heavy sentence which should have been served by you for your first offence. I was able to tell your son that, if he made himself scarce, the case against him would be dropped. Without authority, I cannot say that to you. For your brother, I can answer. If he is allowed to do so, I know that he will withdraw. But the Crown may not allow him to take that course."

"But you can advise them, Exon." The man was cringing—at last. "You can say you've spoken with me and you think it's best. I'm not as strong as I was and I shan't live long, and—and it's no good im-imprisoning someone in failing health."

HE was panting now and his eyes were half out of his head, yet he did what he could to wreathe his face into a smile, as though to do me pleasure and make me his friend.

"I can make no promise," I said, "until I have reported to those who sent me here. The case is too grave. But I'll tell you what I will do. If you endorse the statement your brother has made, I'll take it to London to-night and recommend my people to let you go. To be honest, I don't think they'll do it, but——"

"How soon will you know?"

"On Friday. And on Sunday I shall be back—with or without the warrant for your arrest. This is upon condition that you endorse the statement to which I refer. Otherwise——"

"Yes?"

"In view of what you have admitted, I shall lay an information at Gabble without delay. That will ensure your detention until the demand for your extradition is made."

"But if I sign——"

"I can make no promise," I said. "I'll take the statement to London, and do what I can. You can take it or leave it, my lord. Sign, and I leave for London. Don't sign, and I leave for Gabble—within the hour."

The fellow was biting his fingers, with his eyes on my face. The signing stuck in his gullet, as well it might. And then he threw in his hand.

"All right," he said. "Give me the statement. And you'll do your best for me, Exon. I'm—I'm not as young as I was."

I stepped to the bell and rang it.

"I want my . . . servant," I said.

With a shaking hand, Lord Ferdinand wiped his face; and then, still holding the table, he made his way round the oak and took his seat in a chair. When my summons was answered, one hand was shading his eyes and the other was toying with a paper that lay on a blotting-pad.

"I want my dispatch-case, Winter."

As the door closed Lord Ferdinand spoke again.

"Will—will he go to London with you?"

I shook my head.

"He'll take me to Innsbruck this evening, spend the night there and be back to-morrow at noon."

"I see."

He said no more, but I saw him pick up a pencil, as though to write. Then he seemed to remember my presence and laid the pencil down.

Winter re-entered the room.

As he gave the case into my hand—

"I shall want you again," I said; "so wait within call."

"Very good, sir."

As he left the chamber, I held a paper up.

The Australian Women's Weekly

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

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"The statement," I said. "A copy of the first of the statements your brother made. The second does not concern you, because it only deals with the secret of Brief."

The man half-rose from his chair, but I bade him sit still. Then I stepped to his side and laid the paper before him, for him to read.

I am glad to record that in the next three minutes that black-hearted patricide paid a part of his debt.

As he read, I saw him writhing, and the sweat fell down from his forehead to blur the ink.

It was a frightful indictment.

"My twin brother was under arrest on a charge of forgery. . . .

"It was perfectly clear that, if Ferdinand stood his trial, he would be sent to prison for several years.

"My brother fell on his knees. . .

"He had put this into my pocket—to gain his terrible ends. . . .

"So he and I changed places. . .

"He took my father's title and all that was mine, and I was sent to prison for seven years . . .

"My daughter became his daughter, my life became his life. . .

"And Ferdinand was careful. He even denied my cheque for five hundred pounds. He said that I had forged it. . . ."

Twice, while he read, he dropped his head to the table and cried aloud, and when he had done, he fairly burst into tears and laid his head down on his arm and sobbed like a child.

"So I changed my name and sought work—I had to have bread."

Gering was earning his bread in Red Lead Lane, while his brother was paying his chief five hundred a year.

I drew the statement from under his sprawling arm. Then I picked up a pen and wrote.

When I had done, I called Winter.

"Fetch Mr. Parish," I said.

Lord Ferdinand started up, lifting a visage that made even Winter blench.

"Parish? Her Grace's page? What has he——"

"To witness your signature. I shall witness it, and so will my man. But Parish is independent, and——"

"No, no. I never consented to any such thing."

To Be Continued

You'll find the Kookaburra adds a happy touch to the home wherever you decide to perch him. He'll look just as novel on a tea-cosy, table-runner or centre as he does on the auto tray cover.

Ask at your needlework shop for the "Kookaburra" instruction leaflet, complete with transfer, price 3d. or, if you prefer, post the coupon below.

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"I know, Mrs. Wills. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later.

I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs'—*'Califig.'* There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit.

So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Wills.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say *'California'* and look for *'Califig'* on the package.

'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

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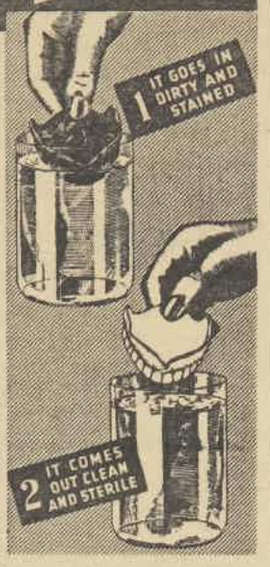
New Discovery! CLEANS FALSE TEETH BETTER



If your dental plate is as flesh-pink and the teeth as clean and natural-looking as when your dentist first fitted them — then you DON'T need 'Steradent.' If they are discoloured, stained and unnatural-looking, you *DO*. For the sake of health, dentures should be free from germ-breeding stains. For the sake of your appearance they should be clean and natural-looking.

10,000 Dentists Recommend 'Steradent'

The sole purpose of 'Steradent' is to clean and purify dentures — *and it does the job as nothing else has ever done before.* Over 10,000 dentists recommend it as the finest preparation of its kind ever produced.

Simply put your plates in a glass of warm water with a little 'Steradent' powder. *You don't need to brush them.* Stains vanish. Even the blackest tobacco stains disappear after a few treatments — *never to return.* Every trace of film is gone. Your dentures are once more flesh-pink with clean, natural-looking teeth. They are sweet-smelling and pleasant-tasting; they feel silky-smooth, cool and comfortable. *"Steradent will do all and more than you promise"* writes a grateful user. And a leading Dentist in his report on 'Steradent' says, *"'Steradent' is the best denture cleaner and stain remover I have ever tried."*

Every one with artificial teeth should use 'Steradent.' Satisfaction is guaranteed or money is refunded. Ask your Dentist about it. Remember—it is absolutely harmless to every kind of denture material.

Steradent

REGD. TRADE MARK

WANDERLUST *That* LED TO *the* MICROPHONE

Announcers' Travel Tales

Radio folk seem to be born under the traveller's star.

From the Antarctic circle, where Harold Meade spent many months as official photographer with an exploration party, to the far north of the equator there are few lands that one or other of the 2GB personalities has not visited.

The urge behind their travels seems to have been threefold—soldiering, acting, and sheer love of adventure.

ERIC COLMAN, announcer-in-chief at 2GB, who heard the call of adventure before settling down at the microphone.

"IT'S a strange thing," says Eric Colman, 2GB's popular chief announcer, "that wherever you go you seem to meet people you know."

"In 1916 I was sent to Ireland and assigned the task of issuing permits to those who wished to enter Dublin. Nearly 20 years later in Sydney a man stopped me in the street and asked me if I was Eric Colman, and thereupon showed me his permit, signed by myself, which he had kept as a souvenir of those days."

A similar coincidence encountered in his travels is related by Frank Bradley. Eighteen months ago, while in London, he met a man whom he had not seen for 18 years. "By jove," said the man, "it's strange meeting you. Look at this"—and he took from his pocket a photograph of himself and Frank Bradley, which had been taken 25 years before.

"Wandering down the Unter den Linden," says Albert Russell, "I was amazed to hear that sound familiar to all New Zealanders, 'Tenakoe-Ehoa,' and looking around I discovered a friend I had last seen in New Zealand months previously."

Stranded in France

ANOTHER strange meeting is told by E. Mason Wood, announcer and B.S.A. dramatist. In Mentone, France, Mason Wood came across a party of British actors, some of whom he knew. They had had bad luck, and were stranded.

Mason Wood and the party pooled all their personal property, pawned it, and with the money three of them slipped across the border to Monte Carlo.

There they played at the Casino, and won sufficient to redeem their property and set the theatrical party on the way to prosperity again.

"Out on the north-west frontier of India," says Charles Cousens, who spent part of his youth soldiering, "birthdays aren't very important, for the simple reason that there is rarely the wherewithal to celebrate them, and presents never arrive till months later.

"But on one occasion I received a very welcome present on my birthday, in spite of the fact that I was 450 miles from the nearest post office, and after leaving the railroad the parcel had to travel 250 miles by car, then by mule, and finally up the hills by yak. The present was the result of a chance meeting at Gibraltar with a person I had never seen before or since."

All of which goes to prove that after all the world is a very small place, and, by means of radio, getting smaller every day.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, September 22, 11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, September 23, 11.45 a.m.: Beauty Notes From Overseas. 2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

FRIDAY, September 24, 11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, September 25, 6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Feature Musical Programme.

SUNDAY, September 26, 4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital. 6.10 p.m.: Music.

MONDAY, September 27, 11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, September 28, 11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Things That Happen.

Be Glorified by GOSSARD

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for a Supple Waist

FOR the new clothes that accentuate the bust and outline the ribs, Gossard's MisSimplicity is the ideal foundation. Waistline straps pull diagonally to flatten "centre muscles", and the upper part is cleverly contrived to give an exquisite bust line. MisSimplicity is available with or without the "built-up" shoulder—so comfortable and flattering for the fuller figure—illustrated.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

September 25, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers Page One

ARM YOURSELF *with* BEAUTY

Lovely shoulders, smooth, dimpled elbows, and attractive, well cared-for hands can be yours.

By EVELYN

FOR SUNTAN OR FRECKLES apply a good bleaching lotion to the arms with a pad of cotton wool. Rub in skin food or olive oil after as bleaches are usually drying.

IN a few months you will be donning your swimming suit and spending heavenly hours on the beach, or you will be off for your summer holidays, when you will be wearing play suits during the day and evening dress at night.

BUT what of your arms? How are they going to face the world after being hidden away most of the time during the winter?

ABOVE: Olive oil rubbed into the elbows, or, better still, applied by soaking the elbows in warm olive oil, will remove roughness.

LEFT: June Lang, 20th Century-Fox, wears an attractive play suit that reveals the beauty of her lovely arms.

Perhaps they are still showing unattractive traces of last year's tan; elbows from too much leaning on them are rough and red; shoulders have acquired a little too much flesh; or the skin of the arms is rough and coarse as the result of careless bathing and drying.

But don't worry. If you get busy now, you can so improve the appearance of your arms that they will prove one of your greatest assets from a beauty point of view next time you are in swimming garb or evening dress.

Don't dismiss the matter of arm beauty by thinking that people never notice arms anyway. It's one thing they do notice, because they can see your arms so much better than you can yourself.

Take a glance now at your elbows. Not as soft and dimpled as they might be, is your probable discovery. Well, that can soon be remedied.

First apply cold cream or skin food all over the arms and hands and massage thoroughly into the skin for several minutes. Then wipe off the surplus with tissues or a clean cloth (barber's towels, which can be laundered easily, are excellent for this). You will probably be surprised to find that although you thought your arms clean the cloth looks quite soiled.

Olive Oil Soap

NOW make a lather with warm water and pure olive oil soap and soak the elbows in it. Bathe the arms and shoulders at the same time. Rub the soap into your elbows with your hands, then with a soft brush, a rubber one for preference, brush the elbows for a few moments.

Now take some olive oil, sufficient to cover each elbow, in two cups, and warm the oil by standing the cups in hot water for several minutes.

Next dip your elbows into the oil, or if the cups are not wide enough pour the oil into two small soup coupes, and allow the elbows to soak for about ten minutes. After this soaking, wipe off the surplus oil and finish by applying a little skin food.

This treatment once a week will soon make a marvellous improvement in your elbows.

If the elbows need bleaching, rub half a cut lemon on to them daily after you wash them.

If the other portions of your arms also need treatment, follow the cold cream massage and bathing with soap and water with the brush friction. Dry the arms and with a mixture of olive oil and skin food in proportions of one spoon of food to two of oil, apply all over the arms and massage in thoroughly. Start at the finger-tips and work right up to the shoulders.

It is a good idea to give your arms this treatment at night and then, if you cover your arms, say, with old stockings with the feet cut out, you can allow the cream to remain on all night. You can make the stockings quite comfortable by cutting holes for the fingers and thumbs at one end and making a hem with elastic through it at the other.

If you are going to suntan this summer, remember to protect the arms before you go on the beach or the tennis court with a coating of suntan cream or oil and take your sun-bathing gradually at first.

At night, when you are in evening dress, you will improve the appearance of your arms if you apply a liquid powder or make-up blender in a color to suit your skin. Blend smoothly and finish off with ordinary face powder. If the skin on your arms is red, finish off with green powder.

PROTEX *prevents!*

THE consequences of neglect are serious and unnecessary.

Never risk infection—use PROTEX and be safe!

The medical profession recommends Protex, containing antiseptic Ti-Tree oil.

Being completely non-irritant, Protex is safe for the tenderest skin.

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Use Protex as every-day soap for household, as complete health protection.

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11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC, YET NON-IRRITANT

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PRESSURE TREATMENT *for* WRINKLES

It Helps to obliterate those annoying fine Lines that fatigue and worry Etch on the Face

DO take the sudden appearance of a wrinkle or even the finest line seriously! Scurry to your dressing-table and begin at once the "pressure" treatment described in this article. That wrinkle will slink away so fast you will never be quite sure it ever existed.

LOOK SEARCHINGLY for fine lines in a magnifying mirror. Prompt treatment will prevent them from becoming deep-seated.

PERHAPS you are thrilled about a quite absurd but perfectly delightful hat you have bought to go with your new season's ensemble. It's an asset, that hat—it does something for you!

But, feeling a bit below par after a winter of colds and flu, the very gaiety of that hat also proves ruthless in showing up every line on your face, around eyes, nose, and mouth, that fatigue leaves on the surface of your skin.

Be that as it may, the dictates of fashion are followed by one and all; so we pose our new hat at the right angle and start forth well pleased with ourselves and the world at large. All goes well with the day's activities. We pause for a rest and a spot of tea. Out comes the trusty vanity for a bit of repair work on our complexion.

Its tiny mirror reflects quite a different portrait than the morning one that we carried in our minds throughout the day. The tricky hat is not so becoming as we thought it was when we barged forth in the morning.

We console ourselves that the light is poor at the tea-table. We will have a good look-see when we reach home.

Unfortunately, the tiny mirror was right. The truthful glass tells the worst. Lines appear where lines did not exist in the morning.

Fatigue will do just that, especially to those past their early twenties. Even the twenties may find all is not well with their usual dewy, fresh complexions when the candle is burnt at both ends.

But start to worry about these troublesome lines and they will deepen, sure as age follows youth. It's a "squirrel in the cage" affair; just another case of the old vicious circle.

Worry and lack of sufficient rest cause more wrinkles than age.

So think a moment! Weigh the difference—eight hours of sleep or tiny fine lines on your dewy, fresh complexion. Your choice!

Worried about something? Worry, you will soon find, etches deeply. Face your problem — solve it with your best intelligence, but convince yourself that worry gets you nowhere. Rapidly it will only prove to be a handicap in solving the troublesome problem, and will be sure to leave tell-tale marks on your precious complexion and dark circles under your eyes.

Rapid Reducing

ARE you pleased about having reduced in a remarkably short time? It may be wise to reduce, but do you realise—you probably do!—that too rapid reducing will cause you to look lined and haggard?

Exercise while dieting will stimulate the circulation and prevent that haggard appearance. It will keep the skin clear and fresh and brighten your eyes. Try it, and be convinced.

Thin, dry skin naturally will produce lines more readily than that which has a layer of fat beneath the surface. As we grow older that layer of fat gradually disappears, and on those who are thin lines soon become wrinkles and the early wrinkles deep furrows.

However discouraging that may sound, it is cheering to know that much can be done to discourage even the first fine lines. Start now an anti-fine line campaign—or an anti-wrinkle campaign, according to your needs.

Youthful Complexion

IS there not some woman of your acquaintance whom you envy for her smooth, youthful complexion? You are not really catty when you say you know that she is years older than you are. She is probably the type who will never be associated with age.

She is keenly interested in practically everything and everybody. She is active mentally and physically. This is most important, for stimulation keeps one from the sluggishness which is a curse to beauty.

Exercise keeps the body supple and the mind active.

No worry-producing wrinkles for the alert person! She cares for her complexion with the same active intelligence. She never fails to cleanse her skin twice daily. It probably has taken trouble to find the proper method for her individual skin.

Some find soap and water cleansing should be followed by an application of cleansing cream. Soap and water cleansing is most important, and never a day should pass without a thorough "shampoo" of face and throat with a thick rich lather of a favorite soap. This is always followed by a liberal application of a rich lubricant to soften the texture of the skin.

Once a week at least the use of a stimulating cream, ointment or lotion is recommended to stimulate the function of the skin. It does wonders in clarifying its tone.

BEFORE BEGINNING the pressure treatment for lines, cleanse the face thoroughly with cleansing cream as shown here by Madge Evans, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

IF YOU would look as devastating as Rochelle Hudson, 20th Century-Fox star, in this summer-time hat, your face must be free of lines.

A milder stimulating mask should always be at hand to use when you must appear at your best at short notice. It takes but a few minutes, and is well worth the time. There are a number of mask preparations on the market, and, if directions accompanying them are followed, they produce pleasing results.

To obliterate those tiny fine lines we beg you to try the pressure treatment outlined here. Do you ever come in from shopping, a matinee, or a game of bridge utterly done in and ready to cry from fatigue, and especially discouraged because your complexion shows the effects of a tiresome afternoon?

Don't be too discouraged. Get out of your clothes, and, while warm water is running in the tub, cleanse your face and throat with cleansing cream and soap and water, or a liquid cleanser if you prefer.

When you are convinced that your skin is really clean, apply liberally your pet lubricating cream. Cup your face in your hands. Press your face firmly, and then raise your hands. Continue to do this until the face feels warm.

Use the heels of your hands to press upward against the jaw bone. Press and raise them ten or twenty times.

Now the whole face is quite rosy, and, if the tiny fine lines that annoyed you have not entirely disappeared, press and raise your finger tips over them and watch them disappear.

This, of course, takes more time than a mask treatment, but a mask treatment should be used not more than twice a week, while the pressure treatment may be—and, in all justice to your beauty, should be—a regular end-of-the-day treatment, especially for those past their twenties.

It is not as though you are likely to call it a massage, for it will never break down tissue nor will it stretch the skin. Now, leaving the remaining cream on your skin, you are ready for your bath.

Use plenty of your bath fragrance. Lie in the warm water after you have lathered the body well with your chosen soap until you are utterly relaxed. . . . Dry your body with a soft, absorbent, warmed Turkish towel.

Try This

SLIP on a warm robe and lie down for a few minutes. If you have time for a cat nap, so much the better. You will find most of the lubricant will have been absorbed by the skin. Use absorbent cotton and skin tonic to refresh your face and neck.

Use an after-the-bath lotion on your whole body. You will feel thoroughly rejuvenated. Now examine your complexion in your candid mirror, which we trust is magnifying.

We promise you will be so pleased that you will then and there vow to use this treatment—if not daily, at least whenever you must look your best at short notice. We hope, however, that the pressure treatment will become a daily habit.

This same treatment will cause wrinkles to lighten and become less conspicuous, and, in many cases, to fade away unless they have been neglected too long. No skin can possibly be grey and sluggish after such a stimulating treatment!

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How to REJUVENATE *Drab* ROOMS

Color and Space Help to Modernise Old-Fashioned Decorations

IN this article an interior decoration expert explains how color may be combined with space to modernise old-fashioned rooms, and how attractive interior decoration and the creating of a friendly, intimate atmosphere depend largely on the clever use of color.

By ANNE STEWART

MODERNITY in home decoration is not necessarily a matter of stark steel furniture and total absence of adornment.

Actually, a home may retain frankly old-fashioned ingredients, and yet still be thoroughly modern in spirit and arrangement. It is far more important that a home expresses the personality of the people who live in it than it should conform strictly to some abstract scheme of decoration.

The really modern home is distinguished by a joyous use of color, a refreshing simplicity of design, and by just as decided an emphasis on utility and comfort.

Color is one of the vital points of difference between the modern and the out-of-date home. Human beings react instinctively to color; different colors evoke distinct, emotional states. Yellow is cheerful, green cool, red dramatic, and, naturally, there is a definite stimulus to happiness in gay, bright, colorful surroundings, that is lacking in the dull and monotonous settings of many homes.

Yet oddly enough it is only in recent years that interior decorators have made proper use of this fundamental principle in respect to home-planning.

With color, it is possible to introduce the cheery golden loveliness of out-of-doors into the heart of our dwellings, into every room; instead of locking out and chasing away rich refreshing loveliness with drab walls, sombre furnishings, and heavy hangings.

Look at all the color schemes in nature! The gold of the sunshine, the blue sparkle of the sea, the brown and green of trees, the vivacious gaiety of the flowers offer a delightful basis for planning a room.

Practical Value

INTERPRETED in terms of home decoration, imagine creamy-yellow walls, brown furnishings upholstered in yellow, yellow curtains, a dark blue floor, touches of green and scarlet in cushions and vases!

Color can be used in a home for very practical purposes, too. A small dark room can be made to look much larger and lighter when the walls are painted cream or some pastel tint right up to the ceiling.

Shabby furniture or metal work looks very smart and modern, painted over to play a vital part in the color scheme of the room.

Even faded linoleum nowadays can have a coat of paint to hide its age and to give an important effect to spaciousness and harmony.

A further distinguishing characteristic of the really modern home is its simplicity. Modern decoration is planned, from beginning to end; and everything in a room is expected to fulfil a specific function of being either useful, comfortable or beautiful. This happy state of affairs is in direct contrast to the meaningless, overcrowded effects that have been fashionable in the past.

Nowadays it's more often a matter of getting rid of things than buying new ones!

That doesn't mean, though, that it's necessary to discard all the treasured ornaments that have been part of your background for years. Indeed, some of the most charming modern interiors have been achieved with old or period furniture or planned around a valued possession, perhaps a vase or picture or carved table.

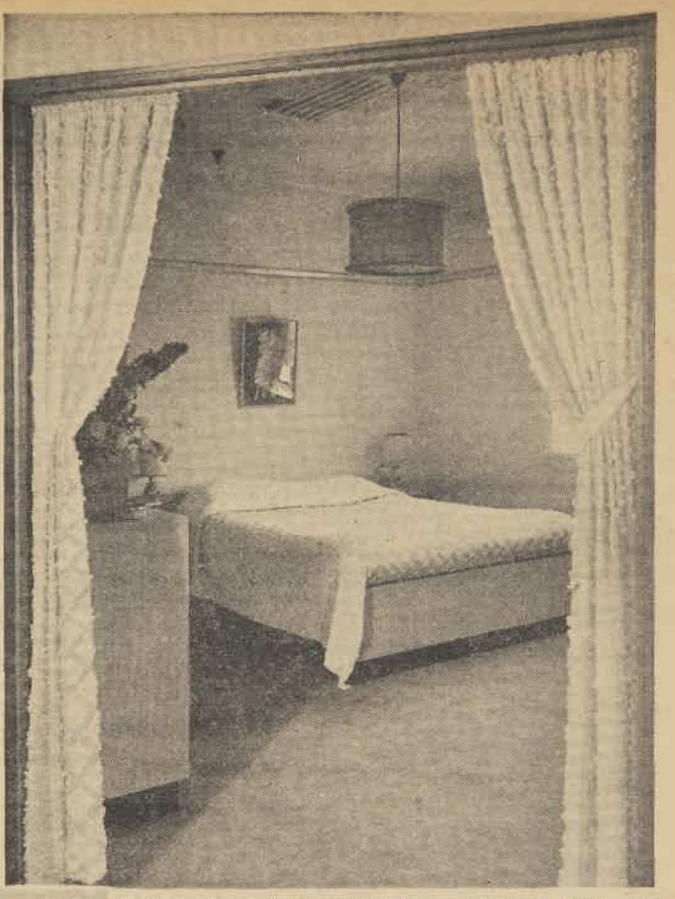
A favorite idea with decorators is to base the whole color scheme and feeling of a room on some precious piece of china. A lovely room in London was designed to highlight an old Worcester plate, in shades of duck-egg blue, faded warm pink, leaf-brown and silvery-green.

It is the planning and arrangement of the decorative elements that make a room "modern" or "out-of-date."

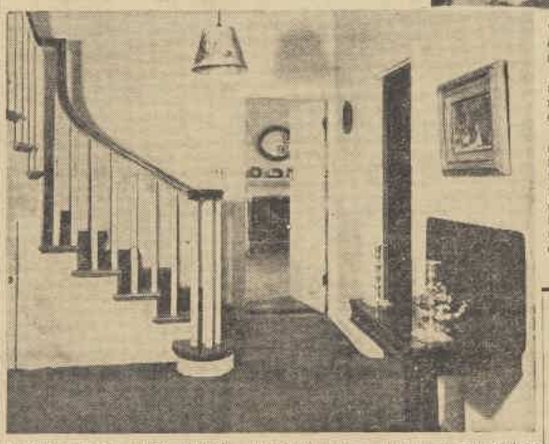
This possibility of getting modern effects with an old background is a fascinating aspect of home decoration. You can be your own decorator! Following the two rules for color and simplicity you can establish in your home a modern atmosphere that is expressive of your taste and compatible with your mode of life.

Unfortunately, home is so often a matter of habit. We blind ourselves to deficiencies in the surroundings, and accept the same old walls, the same old color schemes, the same old ornaments month after month, without realising the unfortunate effect this monotony can have on our spirits.

But discover the enchanting possibilities in the use of color and how easy it is to redecorate with this medium and you will find a new zest in life and in your home.



PLAIN CREAM walls give light and space to a simple and reposeful modern bedroom. Notice how the the delightful tufted effect of the candlewick spread is repeated in the curtains.



OLD AND NEW blend gracefully in a hallway. Light walls emphasise the richness of the period table and ornamental candle sticks.

Gas in the Stomach is Dangerous

Daily Use of Salix Magnesia Overcomes Troubles Caused by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating is almost certain evidence of too much hydrochloric acid in the stomach, causing so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous. Too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leads to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to try to beat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralising effect on the stomach acids. Instead get a little Salix Magnesia from any chemist and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This will drive out the gas, wind and bloat, sweeten the stomach, neutralise the excess acid, and prevent its formation, and stop sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia (in powder or tablet form) is harmless, inexpensive, and a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

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A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST covering finance, travel, health, occupation, letters, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc. All Questions Answered.

Send P.N. 1/6 Birthdate, year and Stamped Addressed Envelope.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and soon you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 2/-. Resent a substitute.

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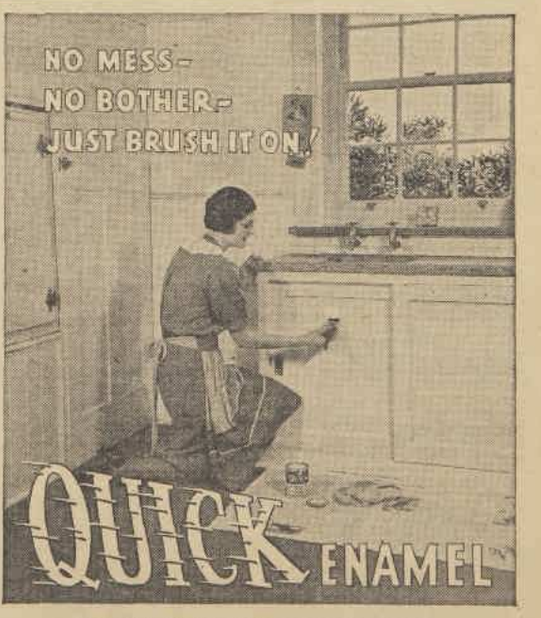

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Canadiol Mixture Quickly Loosens Things Up

It's different—it's faster in action—it's compounded on superior, medical fact findings new in this country.

Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting) is the name of this amazing cough and cold prescription that "acts like a flash" yet is so pure and free from harmful drugs that a child can take it—and stop coughing.

One little sip and the ordinary cough is eased—a few doses and that tough old hang-on cough is silenced—it's really wonderful to watch how speedily hard, lingering colds are put out of business.

Right away that tightness begins to loosen up—the bronchial passages clear—you're on your toes again—happy and breathing easier.

Get Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada—to-day.

AT CHEMISTS – 2/3 BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD Toronto, Canada – Rochester, N.Y.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Essentials for a healthy, happy baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

The essentials for baby's good health are so simple that they can be given to every child, provided the mother understands what they are.

DURING the winter the newborn babe may require a fire in his nursery all day long, but in any case the room must be heated for his daily bath, so that he shall not catch cold.

Having a fire in the room does not mean that there is no need for fresh air. The windows should be open, except when baby is being changed or bathed.

Don't be frightened of cool, fresh air, so long as baby is warmly-clad, and the bedclothes are adequate.

A screen may be placed round baby's cot (between the cot and the window) if there is a wind blowing.

See that the bedclothes are warm, light, and fluffy.

In our issue of June 5, 1937, we gave suggestions for making baby's winter layette. The first object of clothing is to protect baby's body from becoming cold.

The most usual fault mothers make lies in putting on too much clothing.

Clothing can be overdone, even in the winter. Baby should not have so many garments on that they restrict his movements, or cause him to perspire.

For those who cannot afford to make hand-knitted garments for baby, a porous, fluffy, cheap flannel is best.

The garment placed immediately next the skin should be of some cellular cotton material.

A good cheap material for baby's dress is cotton crepe, but use a flannel petticoat and flannel jacket under and over this in the winter.

Bootees and gloves may be made from scraps of flannel left over from the other garments.

Having considered warmth, the other essentials for a healthy baby are its own mother's milk, warm boiled water, quiet, "mothering," rest, and sleep.

Kicking is sufficient exercise for the small baby, coupled with the exercise he gets from crying and being bathed.

After baby is three months old, he may lie on his mother's bed or in a "kicking-pen" for about ten minutes before his meals.

There should be a thick rug under him in the kicking-pen, and the room should be warmed during his exercise time on cold days.

A perfect state of physical fitness is the best preventive of all ills, and this can be brought about only by strict attention to the following essentials:

Proper diet; breast-feeding to the ninth month; the right amount of clothing; sufficient daily active exercise; pure fresh air day and night; natural worship of the sun; by paying strict attention to the bowels; by bathing daily; by seeing that the child has long, unbroken hours of sleep.

Simple Suggestions

IF baby should be so unfortunate as to catch a cold, remember the following simple suggestions.

The child's main need is for fluid. Give him warm boiled water or fruit juice frequently. He needs less food and more water than usual.

If he shows disinclination for the amount of food he ordinarily takes, do not press him to eat, but make sure that he is never thirsty.

If baby has any digestive upset, dilute his humanised milk with a few extra ounces of water; gradually taking out the diluent as his condition improves.

If baby is naturally fed, give slightly less time at the breast and an ounce or so of warm water by bottle before each feed; gradually increase the time at the breast again and decrease the amount of water as the motions become more normal.

During a cold keep the nostrils as clear as possible, especially before baby has his meals and before sleeping.

For a young baby twist a piece of cotton wool round the end of a used matchstick, smear it with vaseline, and gently cleanse each nostril, using a clean stick each time.

SLEEP TONIGHT

"What a relief! I was afraid it might keep me awake all night."

"No danger of that with Sloan's in the house! I wouldn't be without it."

BRUISES, SPRAINS

Quiet the pain—Sleep!

Bruises, sprains usually get more painful at night. Wrenched ankles and torn ligaments often spoil a good night's sleep . . . To prevent this, pat on Sloan's Liniment. It brings healing fresh blood to the injured spot. It keeps the swelling down, quickly stops the pain. Your sleep is not disturbed. ***Get a fresh bottle to-day. Only 1/9d.***

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Such a sad, sad story. And it would never have happened if she'd remembered to Lux her girdle every few days! Like a little second-skin, your girdle is constantly absorbing perspiration. When this dries in your girdle others notice it . . . embarrassing! Don't let it happen. Lux . . . gentle, creamy—completely whips out every trace of perspiration. And so kind to your girdle . . . makes it wear ever so much longer . . . keeps it sleek and snug fitting. Leading Corset manufacturers recommend regular Lux care.

HOW TO LUX YOUR GIRDLE

Squeeze the girdle well through lukewarm Lux suds (never hot). *Don't* rub. For stubborn spots, gently work in a few Lux flakes. Rinse thoroughly. Roll in a Turkish towel and press out excess moisture. Unroll immediately. Hang over a line with weight evenly distributed. Or dry flat, away from heat. Don't iron elastic.

NEW LUX makes safe washing safer still!

★ FINER AND MORE DELICATE . . .
★ FLAKES TWICE AS THIN . . . .
★ FOUR TIMES QUICKER DISSOLVING

For *Undies, Stockings, Girdles, Woollens, Silks* and *Colours, Babies' Clothes,* and *Napkins* and all dainty washing. For *Washing-up* . . ., to keep your hands lovely.

LOOK FOR THE BIG NEW PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT

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WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the cause of neuritis?

THERE are many forms of neuritis. In general, it can be said that the symptoms are due to the inflammation of a nerve. The degree of pain in neuritis depends upon the extent of the inflammation and the particular nerve involved.

The victim of neuritis may describe the discomfort as a sensation of burning and tingling. At times the pain may be so severe as to require the administration of an opiate.

One or many nerves may be involved. The most common ones are the sciatic nerve and the facial nerve. Involvement of the facial nerve leads to a condition spoken of as facial neuralgia.

I AM often asked the cause of neuritis. This is a difficult question to answer because there are many things that lead to this distressing ailment. The original injury or inflammation may be the result of a fall or blow. The neuritis may follow the absorption of certain toxins or poisons.

These poisons often come from some centre or focus of infection in the body, such as diseased tonsils, adenoids, nasal sinuses or teeth. The poisoning may be traced to chronic alcoholism, or to lead or mercury absorption. Lead poisoning is a rather common cause for neuritis frequently encountered in painters.

Temporary relief of neuritis is often obtained by the application of heat. The use of a hot water bag, an electric pad or special lamp diminishes the pain and often brings great comfort.

It is well to bear in mind, however, that this relief is temporary, and that permanent relief is to be expected only upon the removal of the underlying cause of the disorder.

Natural Feeding is Baby's Birthright

EVERY mother should ensure that her baby is naturally fed. Upon this will greatly depend his health and well-being now and in the years to come.

Maternal milk is the one perfect food for baby. It is naturally constituted to suit his delicate digestion and to provide every nutritive element required to ensure sturdy growth and healthy development.

Doctors and nurses everywhere testify that "Ovaltine" is of the greatest value to nursing mothers. Taken regularly before and after baby comes "Ovaltine" stimulates a supply of breast milk which is adequate in quantity and rich in quality. But, remember, it must be "Ovaltine"—there is nothing "just as good."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists and Stores.

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COLOR *in the* SUMMER GARDEN . . .

ow seeds now of all flowers u want to see blooming in ur garden this summer

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER

Flowers that help to color the garden in summer: the purple p tunia (right) and the giant-flowering zinnia (below). Both flowers bloom in a variety of shades.

REAT preparations are being made just now by garden-minded people for wealth of color and gaiety the summer. Garden beds being thoroughly dug, ned and manured (remem- that manure and lime st not be used at the same ne). From a fortnight to e month should elapse after ing before the manure is ed.

Now that the garden is pre- red, how will you dress it the summer?

r a colorful display select asters, nias, zinnias, dahlias, ageratum, es, marigolds, snapdragons and y other worth-while varieties. ds of all these should be sown now ou want to fill your garden with ts grown in your own home nur- y.

nd how much more interesting convenient it is to raise your plants. Plants that you buy t be replanted as soon as pur- sed, while home-grown plants can be transplanted when weather and time are most favorable.

Ageratum makes a nice show with its fluffy blue flowers. Snapdragons are always welcome, for there are so many varieties to choose from.

Several types worth consideration —they grow about four feet high with magnificent blooms—are Campfire, Christmas Candle, Daffodil, Crimson, Fair Lady (this is one of the most beautiful pinks), Loveliness, Red Cross, Copper Shade, Pink Shade, Rose Shade. All these varieties are vigorous growers and guaranteed rust-proof.

Zinnias, gay daughters of the sun, are easily grown and respond readily to good treatment.

Nineteen Shades

THE giant flowering types are obtainable in nineteen shades: Buttercup, creamy yellow; Canary Bird, primrose; Crimson Monarch, crimson; Dream, lavender; Eldorado, rose; Exquisite, rose; Golden Dawn, golden-yellow; Golden State, orange; Illuminator, deep rose; Lemon Beauty, lemon and brown; Luminosa, deep pink; Meteor, glowing red; Old Rose, old gold; Oriole, orange and gold; Polar Bear, white; Purple Prince, purple; Scarlet Flame, scarlet; and Youth, light rose.

The smaller type of zinnia is well worth a place in the garden, too. Lilliput, better known as the pompon, is very attractive, and when massed gives a wealth of color.

The better plan is to secure packets of the mixed varieties. If separate colors are desired, select Canary, Dark Crimson, Flesh, Golden Gem, Little Gem, Purple, Rosebud, Salmon, Scarlet Gem, and White Gem.

Two new varieties not very well known are the Early Wonder, a fiery salmon, Fandango, cerise pink. These with Gipsy, deep burnished orange, are splendid for border work. They grow only 12 to 15 inches high, and are covered with masses of blooms. They flower early, coming into bloom a few weeks after transplanting.

Splendid Marigolds

MAKE room for marigolds this summer. There are some splendid varieties to choose from. Golden Beauty is a semi-quilled, soft golden yellow.

The plant grows about 3ft. in height, and is covered with blooms of magnificent size. Guinea Gold, which most of us know, is certainly worth a corner of the garden. Sunbeam is a very fine addition to the garden, too; it is much larger than Guinea Gold and will be very popular this summer. Yellow Supreme produces the florets frilled in creamy, lemon-yellow, with a honey-scented fragrance.

Mayfarm Giant Hybrids have a color ranging from deep orange to golden orange, deep golden yellow, light yellow, lemon, and an attractive shade of primrose. The flowers are four to five inches across, and the plants grow to a height of 4ft. This new type is an Australian production and can be well recommended.

Mayfield Hybrid is another Australian native, grows about 3ft., and is very compact in habit. The flowers are about 4in. across and the shades are orange, yellow, and lemon.

Gigantea Sunset Hybrids are a splendid type also, the color ranging from deep golden orange, deep orange, deep golden yellow, lemon, and light yellow, and an attractive shade of primrose. The flowers are from four to five inches across.

When planting your garden, try as far as possible to plan a color scheme, and make the colors so blend that the whole effect will be pleasing. This can be very easily accomplished if forethought and the study of color are taken into consideration. Pink and blue go well together, so have a bed of delphiniums, the butterfly type, with a border of Rosy Morn petunias. Blue and gold are two colors that also blend well together. A splendid color scheme can be had by planting zinnias in rows of separate colors.

Now is the time to plant the petunia. Rosy Morn and Rose of Heaven are always popular varieties. Purple Prince and Violacea, the purple and blue types, are also most attractive. The Austral types are Austral Grandiflora, Double Fringed, Double Inimitable, and Giants of California. Types suitable for balconies and window-boxes are Coppery Rose, Cornflower Blue, Netted Blue Gem, Rose, Fiery Rose, Star of California, and Venosa.

BUSH - HOUSE PLANTS

IN your bush-house, attend to the ferns, which should be showing plenty of new growth. Watch out for insects on them, such as aphis, red spider, etc.

An occasional spraying with nicotine (black leaf 40) is an excellent preparation, one teaspoon to every gallon of water, using also one teaspoon of kerosene to make the solution more adhesive.

All palms need attention now. Wash then with soap and water to remove any likely scale—many palms suffer from this trouble.

If a palm loses its healthy green color and commences to droop you should look for the trouble immediately. Just turn the leaf up and look on the underneath part. Spray them with Gishurst Compound or Volck.

Begonias, beautiful flowers suitable for bush and glass houses, can be attended to now. Pot up a selection of both fibrous and tuberous varieties and be sure to add a few of the fine ornamental leaved kinds such as the Rex Begonias.

Gloxinias, although they grow well in the open, may be potted up into 6-inch pots for indoor work, in compost on the light side. Avoid using manure and see that drainage is perfect.

Look in the Mirror

nd see the beauty MICHEL Lipstick brings

There's only one sure way know the merits of Michel Lipstick, and that is to use and look in the mirror. how provokingly appealing the color is; how much ... and ... your mouth appears. ... how long it lasts ... it keeps ... on the ... with the name MICHEL engraved on the ...

5 APPEALING SHADES

... Scarlet, Vivid, Raspberry, Cherry.

Just as you love MICHEL Lipstick, so you will love MICHEL Face Powder, Adherent Rouge; and Waterproof, Non-Smarting Eye Cosmetique. **Use them, too.**

Michel

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and ...itis poison your system, ruin your ... and weaken your heart. Mendaco, prescription of an American physician, ... killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, ... the blood and builds new vitality that you can sleep soundly all night, ... anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is successful that it is guaranteed to give free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to ...pletely stop your Asthma in 8 days or ... back on return of empty package. ... Mendaco from your chemist. The ...rantee protects you.*** 2380

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BABY STRONG AND HEALTHY

HAS FIVE TEETH AND STANDS WELL AT 10 MONTHS!

Mrs. J. MARCUS writes:—"My baby girl is ten months old, and I would not like to be without your Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders, as she is cutting her teeth so quickly. She has five teeth, is strong and healthy for her age, and can stand alone. I recommend your Infants' Powders to my friends." Ballyvaddy, Ballymena, Glenarm, co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

A. & P. INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Boxes of 20 Powders 1/6, at Chemists and Stores.

For free sample write to:—

PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD., 131, Palmer Street, Sydney.

Refusing your Favourite Dish will never cure Indigestion

THERE is something wrong with your stomach if you don't enjoy your food and are constantly troubled with heartburn, heaviness and sourness after meals. Probably it is nothing more than excess acidity, but if you do not take care you will pay for it heavily in the end as this may lead to all sorts of serious troubles.

Going without those dainty dishes you like so much but can't digest is no use; on the contrary, by not taking food which may be essential to your system you run the risk of impoverishing your blood and undermining your health.

Get to the root of the trouble and neutralise excess acid by taking a small dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a little water after each meal.

By reducing the acid content of the gastric juice, 'Bisurated' Magnesia will bring back normal digestion and enable you to assimilate all the nutritive properties of your food. Even in the most obstinate cases 'Bisurated' Magnesia will give instant relief from the very first dose.

A concentrated preparation, very economical. *The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark* BISMAG.

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

MORE ENTRIES *in our* £500 RECIPE *Competition*

WINNERS OF WEEKLY PRIZES IN VARIOUS SECTIONS

Entries for this competition closed on September 8.

The recipes below, entries in our big £500 recipe competition, have been selected as the best for the week and are awarded cash prizes.

THE first prize recipe for "Country Cottage" cake is extremely novel. There are also some delicious sweets and an economical three-course dinner for four people at a cost of only 1/3.

Cake Section

"COUNTRY COTTAGE" CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. castor sugar, 4 eggs, ½lb. candied cherries, ½lb. raisins, ½lb. sultanas, 1½lb. plain flour, 2oz. candied peel, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 breakfast cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons carbonate soda, 2 breakfast cups milk.

Decorations: Green jelly crystals, pink jelly crystals, cream jelly crystals, cocoa, match sticks.

Cream butter and sugar, beat in eggs, one at a time. Mix fruits with half of flour, sift remainder with spices, and dissolve soda in milk. Add fruits and flour alternately to creamed mixture, mix well, add orange juice, then soda and milk. Put into prepared tins. A small deep tin for the cottage and a square tin for garden.

Bake large cake 1½ to 2 hours, and small cake for 1 hour in moderate oven. When cold, place small cake in centre of large one and cover all over with white icing.

Icing: 1lb. icing sugar, 2 egg-whites, teaspoon lemon essence.

Beat sugar sharply in a saucepan with egg-whites. Beat 5 minutes. Add essence, beat again and spread evenly all over cakes. When setting, and before dry, sprinkle green jelly crystals all over garden and trail a few up sides of cottage for creepers. Sprinkle pink crystals in among creepers for climbing roses. With brown paper, form a sloping roof, allowing it to project over back and front for verandah, damp with cream moistened crystals, then sprinkle thickly with cocoa for roof. Do the same for garden paths, mark in doors and windows by just pressing on the moist icing. Rub some headless matches in cocoa, and form a fence around edge of cake.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Ridley, 48 Kellett St., Auchenflower SW1, Brisbane.

HOLLY CAKES FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 12oz. self-raising flour, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon water, icing, green coloring, glace cherries.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, beat in the eggs, one at a time. Add sifted flour and a pinch of salt, lastly add 1 tablespoon boiling water. Bake in moderate oven in a shallow baking tin, or small paper containers. When cool, cut the large cake into various shapes such as squares, oblongs or triangles. Ice with white icing flavored with almond or rosewater, and let it set. Then thicken the remaining icing a little and color it leaf-green. Model some little leaves in your hands, giving each leaf some points like a holly leaf. Put one or two leaves on each cake, with a stalk and a little cluster of red berries made out of small pieces of glace cherries. Many other varieties of cakes can be evolved from the foundation cake mixture.

2/6 to Mrs. H. King, 11 Alice St., Flinders Park, S.A.

Pudding and Sweets Section

APPLE-SCOTCH PIE

Six large apples, 1½ cups dark brown sugar, 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 4 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ½lb. short pastry.

Peel, core and slice apples. Cook half of sugar with water and vinegar until it boils, add apples, and simmer gently until tender (do not let them boil hard). Remove apple slices carefully from syrup. Mix remaining sugar with flour and salt, add slowly to syrup and stir until it thickens. Remove from stove, and add butter and vanilla. Let the mixture cool while preparing sufficient short pastry to cover a large pie-plate (about ½lb.). Roll out pastry to ¼-inch thickness, cover plate, then arrange apples thereon. Pour over the apple-scotch mixture, cover with pastry strips, and bake in a quick oven 20-25 minutes. Be careful not to let it burn. Serves 4-6. Delicious either hot or cold, served with cream.

2/6 to Mrs. C. L. Davies, 20 Maysia St., Canterbury E7, Vic.

ICED PLUM PUDDING

Half pound each maraschino cherries, stoned and chopped dates, chopped figs, seedless raisins and candied pineapple (break in pieces), ½lb. walnuts.

Place all in a stone jar or basin with a cover. Mix in 2 tablespoons brandy; cover, and stand all night.

Make an ordinary ice-cream foundation; add plenty of cream; freeze to a mush. Add the fruit mixture with the liquor, and continue to freeze until firm and smooth. Pack in salt and ice for one hour before serving, to ripen it. Turn on to a large glass dish, serve with biscuits or a slice of fruit cake.

2/6 to Miss M. Alleyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

Jams, Jellies Section

SEEDLESS BLACKBERRY JAM

Take any quantity of berries, put on to boil, add 2 cups of water and boil for 10 minutes. Strain into a flour-sifter over a basin, and turn the handle until all the pulp is through and only seeds left, which are thrown out. To each cup of pulp add one cup of sugar and boil quickly for 10 minutes, when it should be ready to take up and bottle. Two cooking apples chopped finely and added to the berries will make this jam very thick. If much rain has been on the berries, always use apples and do not add any water.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Webb, 16 Ross St., Waverton, N.S.W.

RHUBARB AND FIG JAM

To 6lb. of rhubarb allow 1½lb. of figs, 6lb. sugar, and ½lb. candied peel.

Cut the rhubarb small and cover with half the sugar (in layers). Strain off the juice next day, and boil it up with the rest of the sugar. Add the rhubarb, and boil for 30 or 40 minutes. Add figs cut up, and boil for about half an hour longer.

2/6 to Mrs. A. C. Hammond, 78 Canning St., Launceston, Tas.

Economical Dinner Section

Three-Course meal, sufficient for four persons—cost, 1/3.

One sheep's head, 4d.; potatoes, 2d.; lima beans, 3d.; apples, rice, 3d.; carrot, onion, bread and butter, sultanas, 3d.

Menu: Rice broth and croutons of bread, fricassee of sheep's head, creamed potatoes and beans, baked apples.

Rice Broth: One sheep's head, 4 pints of water, 1 tablespoon of rice, 1 carrot (grated), 1 tablespoon of salt, and pinch of pepper.

Remove tongue and brains, wash thoroughly in cold water. Place in saucepan with water and salt, simmer 4 hours, then remove all meat from head. Strain stock and set aside to cool until next day. Take fat from stock, then boil with rice, carrot, and onion for one hour. When potatoes and beans are cooked, drain the water from them into the soup and serve with croutons of bread.

Fricassee of Sheep's Head: Boil tongue in a little salt water until tender. Peel and cut into four strips, put back in the same water. Add brains, also cut into four pieces, and the meat taken from the head. Simmer gently for ten minutes, and thicken with a little flour mixed with milk, and some finely-chopped parsley. Serve with creamed potatoes and beans.

Lima Beans: One cup of beans, soak overnight in cold water and a pinch of carb. soda. Wash thoroughly and boil in salted water till tender, about 2½ hours.

Baked Apples: One slice of very stale bread, buttered, 4 apples, 4 cloves, 24 sultanas, 8 teaspoons sugar. Take cores from apples, fill cavities with sultanas, sugar, and cloves. Cut crusts from bread and place in pie-dish. Cut in four pieces with an apple on each piece. Cover apples with buttered paper and cook in slow oven until tender.

Croutons: Boil fat taken from stock. Cut crusts (left from the bread and butter) into small pieces and fry until a golden brown. Drain on kitchen paper and serve with the broth.

2/6 to Mrs. Waldron, Howlong, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK

UNUSUAL CAKES

Cake-making is one of the interesting sides to cooking, and most housewives have at least one pet recipe for making a really delicious mixture.

HERE are some cake recipes that are unusual but interesting. They have been selected from entries in our big recipe competition.

Every week in this section our cookery expert chooses a popular subject from recipes sent in by readers and a prize of 2/6 is awarded for each recipe published.

So let us have your recipes!

HAWAIIAN CAKE

Quarter pound self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 2 slices tinned pineapple, 2oz. butter, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon pineapple juice.

Filling: 1oz. butter, 3oz. icing sugar, 1½ tablespoons of pineapple juice, 1 slice of pineapple.

For this cake use a pie tin about 6 inches across and 1½ inches deep.

Drain pineapple thoroughly, then cut into small dice. Beat sugar and butter to soft cream, add egg, and stir quickly until mixture is smooth. Sift flour with soda and stir in gradually. Add diced pineapple and juice to moisten. Mix all together before turning into well-greased tin. Heap mixture to sides so as to hollow out the centre slightly. Put into moderate oven to bake about ¼ hour. Test with skewer, and when ready let rest a few minutes before turning out. As this is a very moist mixture turn out with great care, otherwise cake will break. Let get cold and leave till following day before cutting open and adding filling, made in this way:

Rub icing sugar through a sieve, add to butter and beat till creamy, flavor with essence. Split cake, spread on filling and join together. For icing: Mix icing sugar with pineapple juice. Place cake on rack and ice evenly. When beginning to set decorate with pieces of pineapple, which must be well drained and not put on till the last moment.

2/6 to Mrs. Howard Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Road, Huntley's Point, N.S.W.

STROZAL CAKE

Three eggs, ¾ cup sugar, ¼lb. butter, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, vanilla to flavor.

Beat butter, sugar to cream, and add eggs one at a time, beat well, then the milk, lastly flour. Put in square cake tin, but before putting it in the oven have this mixture ready to sprinkle on top:

Two ounces butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, ¾ cup plain flour. Mix this dry as possible. Bake ¾ of an hour.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Sloan, 632 Lane Street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

YEAST CAKE DELICIOUS

FOR CAKE: 1½lb. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2½ cups milk, 1 cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1oz. yeast, 1 egg.

FOR TOP: ¾ cup chopped nuts and powdered cinnamon, and 1 cup butter.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Mix yeast with 1 teaspoon of sugar, until liquid. Beat egg, melt butter, warm milk. Now put egg, milk, butter, dissolved yeast, and rest of sugar together, and pour into a hole made in centre of flour. Mix thoroughly. Cover with cloth, put in warm place to rise for 1¼ hours, then knead for 10 minutes till it leaves the hands quite easily. Spread mixture in greased flat baking dish and let rise again. When about twice size break up other cup of butter into small pieces, and press on top. Sprinkle with ½ cup of sugar, almonds and cinnamon. Bake in a fairly quick oven 1¼ hours.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Marshall Green, Oakbank, Birchip, Vic.

WEDDING GEMS

Eight ounces flour, 4oz. butter, 1 egg, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 gill of sour milk, 4oz. seedless raisins, 2oz. chopped walnuts, ½ flat teaspoonful of cinnamon, ½ flat teaspoonful of nutmeg, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt.

Sieve flour and spices together. Beat butter and sugar to cream. Add egg and beat again, then add sour milk. Stir in ingredients, and then add chopped raisins and nuts. Pour mixture into little greased tartlet tins or paper baking cups and bake in a moderately hot oven for about 20 minutes. Cool cakes on a sieve and decorate with almond icing.

For almond icing: ½lb. of icing sugar, 1 egg, ¾lb. of ground almonds, vanilla essence. To decorate cakes, put a wide edge of paste on top of each and mark it with fork to give rough appearance. Brush paste with egg and brown very lightly in the oven. Fill centre with two small hearts, made of paste. These may be colored with cochineal. To make paste, roll sugar and rub through sieve to remove lumps. Beat egg well, and add enough with a few drops of essence to make a stiff paste, then use as desired.

2/6 to Mrs. M. E. Tobin, 4 Towns Road, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

JERMYN CAKE

Quarter pound butter, ¼lb. sugar, 1 egg, ½lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, date filling, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg. Sift flour and baking powder together, add and mix well.

FILLING: Stone 1 teacup dates and put in saucepan with 1 tablespoon butter, ¼ cup sugar and juice of 1 lemon. Stir these ingredients till sugar is melted, and mixture is well blended. Set aside to keep warm.

Well grease a sandwich tin, put in half cake mixture, patting into place, then spread date filling over and put other half of cake mixture on top and the nuts. Bake in a moderate oven as for shortbread.

2/6 to Mrs. E. G. Lawson, East Talgai, Ellinthorp, Sth. Qld.

A cup of BOURNVILLE is a cup of FOOD

"THIS cocoa tastes REALLY chocolaty! That's because it's Bournville Cocoa, made from special beans; I know because I've been in Cadbury's factory. The doctor says Bournville is a great food, so here's jolly good health!"

YOU think of Bournville Cocoa as a fine drink. Doctors describe it as a fine food. You would say that Bournville Cocoa "bucks you up". The doctor's way of putting it would be "Bournville Cocoa has a high calorie value". Calorie value, you should know, means energy-giving power. Actually, Bournville Cocoa is more nourishing than most foods, and it's decidedly economical—a ¼lb. tin provides 20 big cupfuls.

MAKE A BIG JUGFUL, TO-NIGHT

Be generous; it's so good for them and so light and easy to digest.

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA for extra nourishment

C5.247

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CAN YOU *Make* APPLE STRUDEL?

'Tis said in Austria that no "English" can ever make the famous "strudel," but here's an authentic Tyrolese recipe to try.

By
Ruth Furst
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

AN ENGLISHMAN, David Bethel, spent a holiday in Middle Europe and became enraptured with Austrian cooking. So he went snooping for recipes. He hunted them in the high Alps, ran some to earth in charming cafes, and smuggled others out of the kitchens of the Schlosses.

THE result of all this garnering of recipes has been published in the form of a delightful diary, "The Tyrolese Cookery Book" (The Medici Society Ltd., London).

Here is the apple strudel recipe which, according to native belief, no "English" can ever make, but the author claims he has made good strudel himself and promises if you follow the directions carefully that you, too, can make this famous dish.

FOUNDATION PASTE FOR STRUDEL

One egg, 1lb. flour, salt, lukewarm water, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons butter.

Mix one tablespoon butter with 1lb. flour, add salt, egg and water. Knead well, take the dough in your hands and hit it against the pastry board at least three times, work until it blows bubbles and comes away clean from your hands and the board. Leave it in one loaf or make two loaves and allow to stand for 15 minutes on the floured board covered with a warmed napkin. Meanwhile cover the kitchen table with a clean white tablecloth, sprinkled with flour. Put the dough in the middle of the table, very quickly pat and roll it out as much as possible, then pull it out with your hands. Put both hands, backs upwards, under the dough and pull carefully, doing this all round, so that the dough may be spread uniformly over the whole table. It must be so thin as to be transparent. The thicker edges of the dough that hang over are cut away. Let it dry a

Pulling the strudel dough—An illustration from "The Tyrolese Cookery Book."

IN AUSTRIA they like sandwiches this way—cream cheese or tomato mixed with butter, chopped parsley and seasonings, and spread thickly on bread.

COLD FRUIT SOUPS made with cherries, strawberries, or currants are popular in Germany. See recipe this page.

Afterwards beat one tablespoonful of the butter and brown the crumbs in it and sprinkle them over the dough.

The filling is now spread over the dough. Roll up by taking the tablecloth at one end and lifting it gently, causing the strudel to lift itself up. It should make a lengthy roll about 3in. in diameter. Bend it into a U shape. Put it on a greased tin, grease the entire top of the strudel, and place in a hot oven to bake a nice light brown.

Take out, sprinkle liberally with powdered sugar and cut into slices about 2 inches thick.

APPLE FILLING

Two pounds of apples, ½lb. nuts or almonds, ½lb. sugar, some lemon-peel, clove or cinnamon, handful raisins or sultanas.

Cut the peeled and cored raw apples into thin slices, mix well with other ingredients and spread on the paste. Other fillings for strudels include cherries, nuts, cream cheese and various savories.

AUSTRIAN SANDWICHES

Mix cream cheese with cream or butter, salt, paprika, finely chopped parsley, chives, capers, and caraway seeds. Mix together thoroughly. Spread thickly on thick slices of black bread and garnish with olives, pickled cucumber or after one's fancy. Tomatoes can be used instead of cream cheese.

COLD CHERRY SOUP

Two pounds of cherries, 7oz. sugar, 1 lemon (juice and rind), 1 stick cinnamon, 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Put all ingredients except cornflour in 3½ pints water and boil; thicken with cornflour and boil for 10 minutes. Pour into bowl. Take out cinnamon stick and lemon rind. Allow to cool. Serve with biscuits.

Raspberries, strawberries, currants or preserved fruit can also be used. Add wine or liqueur if liked.

In Southern Germany cold fruit soups are popular.

HOT CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter, 3ozs. sugar, 2 bread rolls soaked in milk, and then the surplus pressed out, 2oz. grated chocolate.

Beat butter and sugar and yolks of 4 eggs separately. Beat well. Add rolls and chocolate, then lightly fold in beaten whites. Pour into well-greased and sugared mould and steam 30 minutes. Serve with hot strawberry jam sauce.

Nothing like Corn Flakes FOR FLAVOUR

—says Mrs. G. Buckley of 29 Slade Street

Householders everywhere are making Kellogg's sensational blindfold tests. Each person is asked to taste, whilst blindfolded, four different breakfast foods, including Kellogg's Corn-Flakes. They then vote Yes for the flavour they like the most. Results are astounding! Every person who has made the test has given a straight-out "YES" vote for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They unanimously agree that no other breakfast food has ever given them anything like that delicious flavour you get in Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia

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A gorgeous *NEW* Kraft Cheese recipe!

NO doubt about it, Kraft Cheese recipes do make it easy work for you housewives to achieve taste-tempting, different-looking menus. Plan your luncheon or dinner to-morrow round this new Kraft dish, and watch how everyone eats up with relish and asks for more!

Luscious enough for the most special occasion, yet inexpensive enough for every day, these Salmon Timbales with Kraft Cheese sauce, like all Kraft Cheese dishes, make a highly nutritious and thoroughly satisfying main dish for any meal! Good for the children as well as adults.

Kraft Cheese, you see, is rich in proteins, energy units, vitamin A, calcium and phosphorus. It takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese, and it's as easy to digest as milk itself. Kraft Cheese is an absolute joy for cooking, too. Those creamy Kraft blocks are always so completely fresh and uniform in flavour and texture: they cut cleanly and melt to golden smoothness.

SALMON TIMBALES

Mix 1lb. tin flaked salmon with 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ¼ cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon blanched onion, 2 beaten eggs, salt, pepper. Bake in buttered custard cups in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Unmould and serve hot with this sauce: Melt 1 8oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar or Kraft Old English Cheese in top of double boiler; add ½ cup milk, stirring until sauce is smooth. (Use Kraft Cheddar if you like a mild cheese flavour; use Kraft Old English for extra zest and tastiness). Serve with mashed potato rosettes topped with peas. This quantity serves four.

CUT THIS OUT FOR YOUR KRAFT RECIPE FILE!

FREE RECIPE BOOK. Send to the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A6), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 58 Clarence Street, Sydney, or 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane, for the Kraft Cheese Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."

"I give my family Kraft Cheese Dishes regularly They're so inexpensive"

CHEDDAR. The mild, creamy cheese that's everyone's favourite for sandwiches and snacks, nourishing salads and smooth-flavoured cheese sauces.

PIMENTO. A creamy Cheddar with the piquant flavour of Spanish pimento that you've only been able to taste in stuffed olives before. Delicious!

WELSH RAREBIT. An absolute miracle of succulent richness in a creamy block form! It's all ready to slice on toast and melt under the griller!

LISTEN-in to the Kraft Music Parade. A full hour of music and entertainment.

2UW Every Tuesday, 8.45 p.m. • 3DB-LK every Tuesday, 8 p.m. • 5AD-MU-PI Every Monday, 8 p.m.
6IX-WB Every Tuesday, 8 p.m. • 4BK-AK Every Tuesday, 8 p.m.

WATCH FOR DELICIOUS NEW CHEESE RECIPES IN EVERY 8-OZ. PACKET OF KRAFT CHEESE

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NEEDLEWORK

ALL DESIGNS IN THIS BOOK ARE EXCLUSIVE
TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

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LOVELY LINENS BRING COLOR TO YOUR TABLES

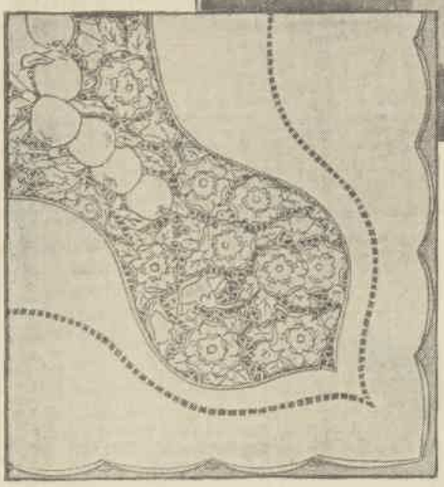
WILD ROSE DESIGN FOR LUNCHEON CLOTH AND SERVIETTES, TRACED ON WHITE, CREAM OR COLORED LINEN

Obtainable in best quality linen, in white, cream, blue, pink, or green.

THE CLOTHS COST:
54 x 54 .. .. .. 10/6
54 x 72 .. .. .. 16/6
72 x 72 .. .. .. 19/6

Serviettes to match, 15 x 15, cost 1/8 each. Postage included.

These are obtainable from our Needlework Department. For address see page 12.



SKETCH, at top of page, shows wild rose luncheon cloth set upon a table; and, at left, a close-up of one corner of the design.

HERE is a cloth in a rich, cut-work design that every woman, no matter how well-supplied she is, will long to add to her stock of table linen.

Traced in a wild-flower and fruit motif, with graceful Roman cut-work as relief, it will add a new zest to luncheon and dinner party.

The design is carried out in buttonholing, satin-stitch, and stem-stitch. The bars are worked with three strands, and the finished effect is particularly pleasing.

THREE LACY DESIGNS FOR D'OYLEYS OR TABLE MATS

FOR 1/- each you may have these three gay little d'oyleys, size 8 in. x 8in., traced for luxurious cut-work in butterfly, rose and pansy design, in white, cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow linen. Postage is free.

To work, buttonhole around the outside of the flowers, and butterfly, stem-stitch the centres, and satin-stitch around the inside of the flower. Do not attempt to cut away the material before the work has been pressed with a hot iron.

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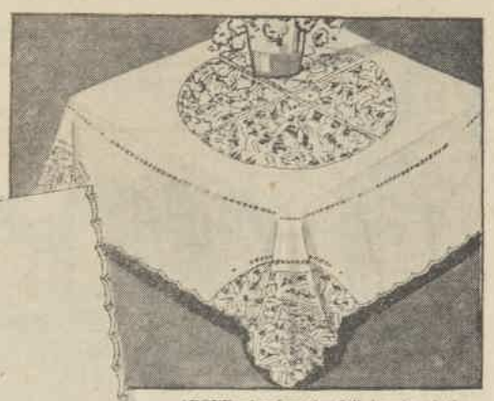
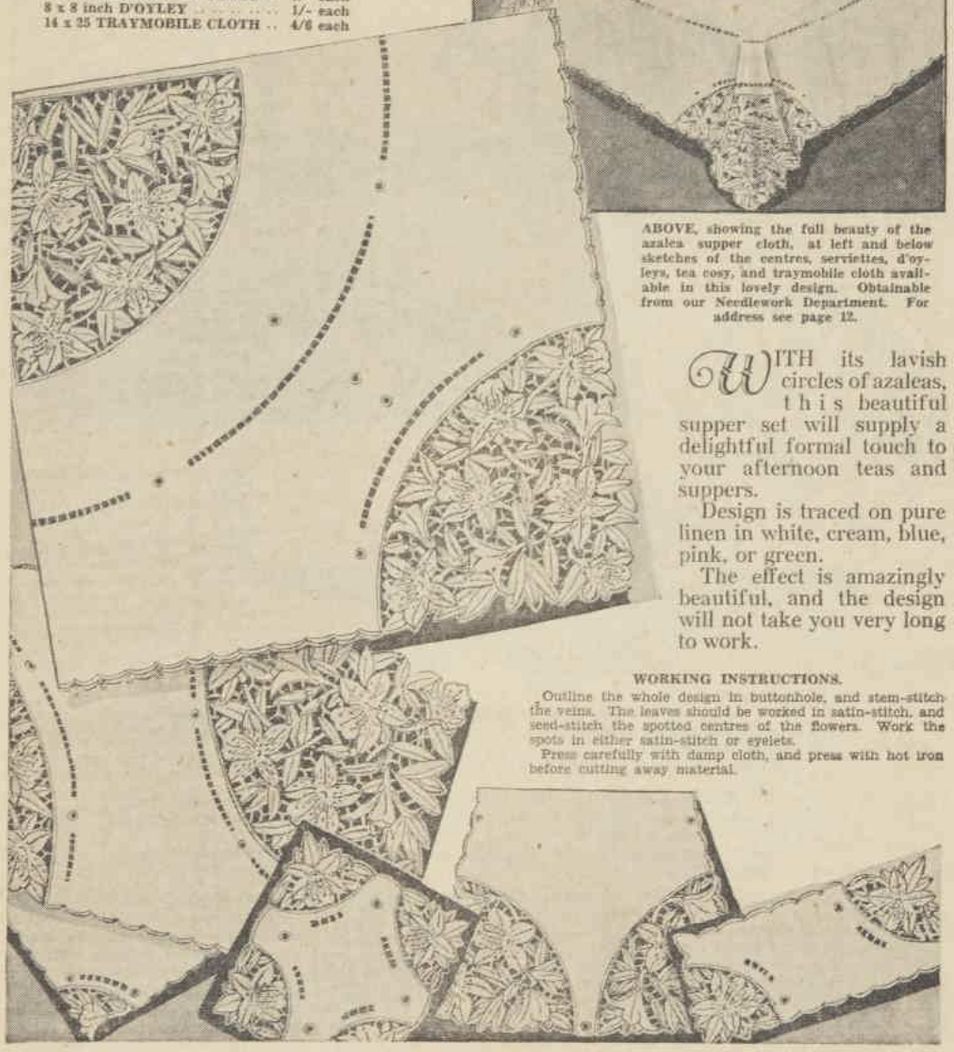
AZALEAS IN CUT-WORK DESIGN

EXCLUSIVE SUPPER-CLOTHS WHICH YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM OUR NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESS, SEE PAGE 12.

36 x 36 inch CLOTH	7/6 each
45 x 45 inch CLOTH	9/6 each
54 x 54 inch CLOTH	11/6 each
12 x 10 TEA COSY	3/6 each
11 x 11 SERVIETTE	1/- each
5 x 11 SANDWICH D'OYLEY	1/- each
8 x 8 inch D'OYLEY	1/- each
14 x 25 TRAYMOBILE CLOTH	4/6 each



ABOVE, showing the full beauty of the azalea supper cloth, at left and below sketches of the centres, servietles, d'oyleys, tea cosy, and traymobile cloth available in this lovely design. Obtainable from our Needlework Department. For address see page 12.



WITH its lavish circles of azaleas, this beautiful supper set will supply a delightful formal touch to your afternoon teas and suppers.

Design is traced on pure linen in white, cream, blue, pink, or green.

The effect is amazingly beautiful, and the design will not take you very long to work.

WORKING INSTRUCTIONS.

Outline the whole design in buttonhole, and stem-stitch the veins. The leaves should be worked in satin-stitch, and seed-stitch the spotted centres of the flowers. Work the spots in either satin-stitch or eyelets.

Press carefully with damp cloth, and press with hot iron before cutting away material.

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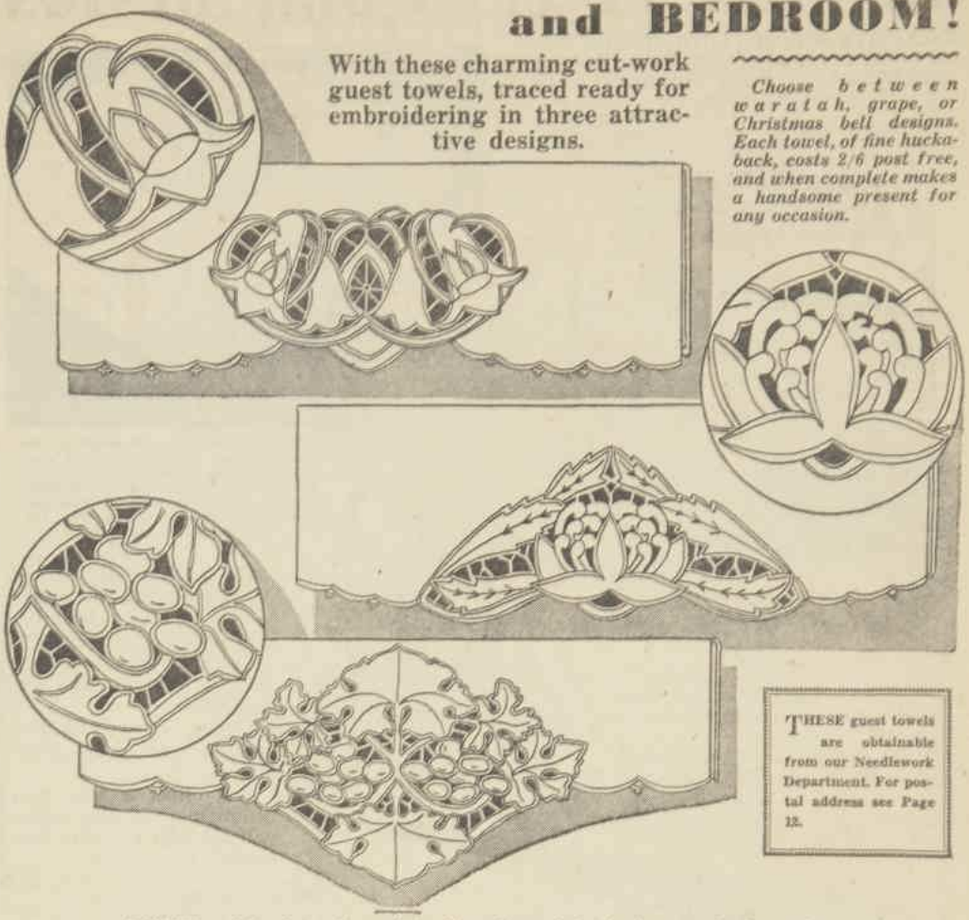
BRING ARTISTRY TO YOUR BATH and BEDROOM!

With these charming cut-work guest towels, traced ready for embroidering in three attractive designs.

Choose between waratah, grape, or Christmas bell designs. Each towel, of fine huckaback, costs 2/6 post free, and when complete makes a handsome present for any occasion.



THESE guest towels are obtainable from our Needlework Department. For postal address see Page 12.

GUEST and hand towels are in endless demand in the home and give such a dainty finish to the bathroom. Here are three exceptionally beautiful ones for you to choose from.

Although the finished effect is so rich, the embroidery is quite simple and quick to do.

They make splendid gifts, a delightful way of remembering your friends. Why not start now to make presents for Christmas—or to replenish your own household stock of guest towels?

Obtainable in cream linen or blue, green, or yellow silk huckaback and plain white huckaback.

CHRISTMAS BELL DESIGN.—Work a running stitch around the outlines of the bells, and then buttonhole over this. Outline the trumpet of the bell in buttonholing, with a double row of buttonholing on the bell. Buttonhole the scallops, then when work is completed, press on wrong side with a hot iron and damp cloth. Cut away material with sharp scissors.

WARATAH DESIGN.—Blue silk huckaback is suggested for this beautiful design, worked in shades of dark to light red. Work the petals in double buttonholing, stem-stitching the veins on the leaves. Work the scallops in buttonhole, and when the work is completed press on wrong side with a hot iron and damp cloth. Cut away material with sharp scissors.

GRAPE DESIGN.—Pad the edges of the design and leaves with lines of running stitches, then buttonhole over this. Stem-stitch the veins on the leaves. The bars are buttonholed over three threads. When the stitchery is completed, press on the wrong side with a hot iron, and cut away the material.

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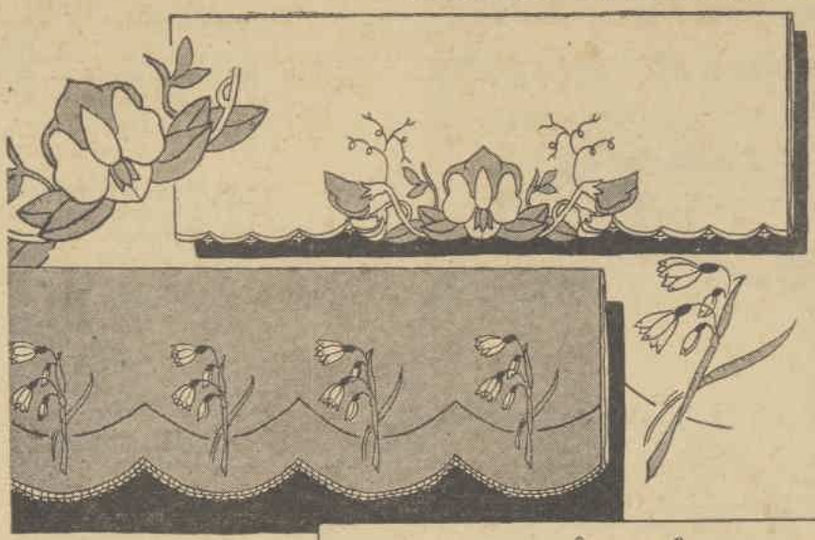
OLD ENGLISH FLOWERS . . .

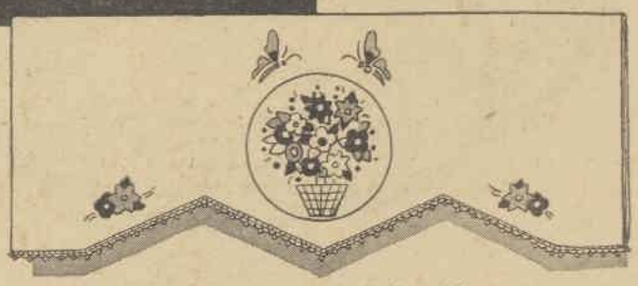
Adorn Charming Guest Towels

Traced ready for easy embroidery on cream linen or colored silk huckaback, cost 2/6 each.



All Designs illustrated in this book are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

They are obtainable from our Needlework Department.



AT TOP: Sweet pea design for guest towel RIGHT: The "flowering tree." CENTRE: The snowdrop design. These are traced on linen or huckaback guest towels. They are obtainable now for 2/6 each from our Needlework Department. Size, 15 x 24 inches. For address, see Page 12.

If you wish to give an acceptable present, here is a completely satisfactory answer to your problem.

You will enjoy working these gay but important little trifles, take pleasure in watching beauty shape quickly under your fingers, for the flower motifs have been specially designed to give a rich effect, with the minimum of work.

Choose between three designs: sweet pea in a lovely conventional motif, flowering tree in a picturesque windswept design, and, lastly, the exquisite snowdrop basket and butterfly design; a harmonious flower set of three.

Obtainable in cream linen, plain white huckaback, and blue, yellow, and green silk huckaback. 2/6 each.

WORKING INSTRUCTIONS

"SWEET PEA" DESIGN

Yellow makes a very charming color for working this design. May be worked in shades of Mauve and Blue. The edge is scalloped, and the design is worked in satin-stitch, with stemstitched veins

"SNOWDROP" DESIGN

A really charming design worked in Cream or White on Green or Yellow. The edge is spoke-stitched for crochet edge. Work the snowdrops in satin-stitch, and satin-stich the stems. Stem-stitch the scallops over the spoke-stitching.

"FLOWERING TREE" DESIGN.

One of the most exclusive designs, may be worked in almost any color to harmonise with any particular scheme. The flowers are satin-stitched, and the basket stem-stitched.

storm and the minute or so

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CHARMING TABLE LINENS

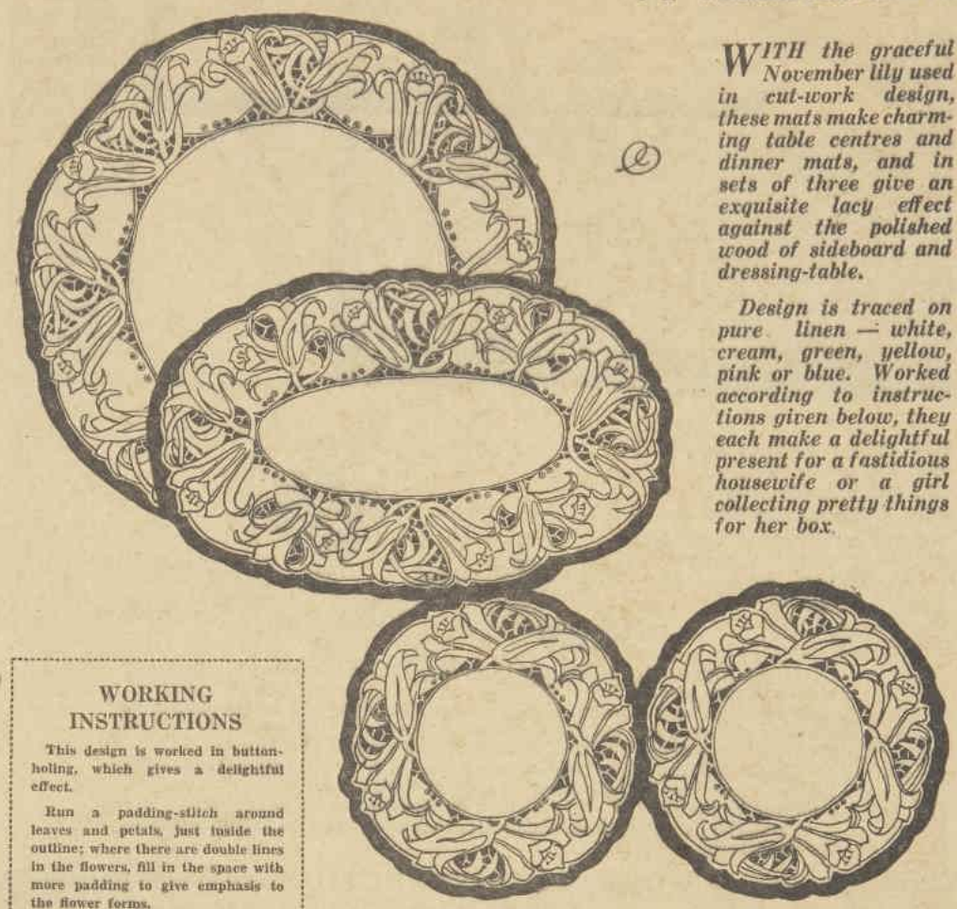
in Graceful November Lily Cut-work Designs

IN PURE WHITE, CREAM, OR COLORED LINEN

	each
18 x 18 Centre costs ..	2/6
12 x 18 Centre costs ..	2/-
8 x 8 Dinner Mat costs	1/-

WITH the graceful November lily used in cut-work design, these mats make charming table centres and dinner mats, and in sets of three give an exquisite lacy effect against the polished wood of sideboard and dressing-table.

Design is traced on pure linen — white, cream, green, yellow, pink or blue. Worked according to instructions given below, they each make a delightful present for a fastidious housewife or a girl collecting pretty things for her box.



WORKING INSTRUCTIONS

This design is worked in buttonholing, which gives a delightful effect.

Run a padding-stitch around leaves and petals, just inside the outline; where there are double lines in the flowers, fill in the space with more padding to give emphasis to the flower forms.

When the work is completed, press on the wrong side with a hot iron, and then cut away the linen.

ABOVE are illustrated our November lily centres and mats for cut-work. With design traced on pure linen, they are obtainable in three sizes from our Needlework Department. For address *see Page 12 of this book.*

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Crisply Dainty, but Completely Practical

Three-Piece ORGANDIE SET

TRACED IN QUICKLY EMBROIDERED FLORAL DESIGNS

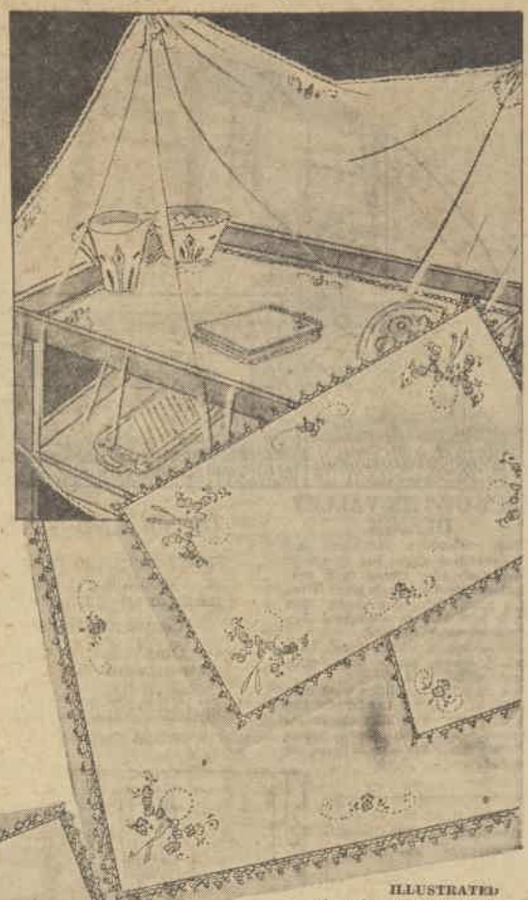
36 x 36 Throwover, 2/6 each.
14 x 25 Traycloth, 2/- each.
11 x 11 Serviettes, 9d. each.
POSTAGE FREE

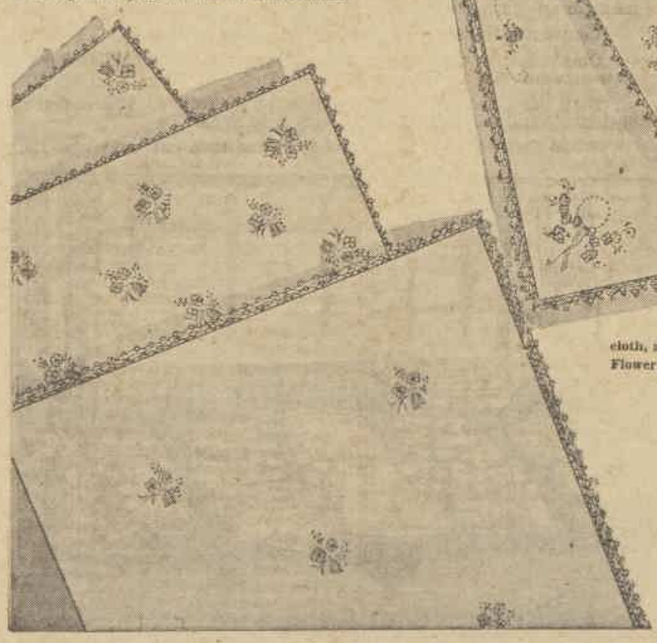
THESE charming, strictly utilitarian supper and afternoon-tea sets, consisting of throwover, traycloth and serviette, of fine organdie, are available in two modern floral designs traced on green, white or yellow organdie. They will give a particular freshness to your festivities—and wash and starch beautifully.

No. 1.—"SPRING" DESIGN ORGANDIE THROWOVER, TRAYCLOTH, and SERVIETTE.

You will be delighted with the dainty, easy-to-work design of this pretty set. The color scheme should be made to harmonise with your china colorings. The flowers are worked in satin-stitch and buttonhole, with french knots in bright colors.

The edges are spoke-stitched for crochet finish.





ILLUSTRATED above No. 1: "Spring" design on organdie Throwover, Traycloth, and Serviette. At left, No. 2, "Allover" Flower design.

No. 2.—"ALLOVER" FLOWER DESIGN

Work in shades of yellow and orange on yellow organdie, and you will be delighted with the result. The flowers should be worked in satin-stitch, stem-stitching the stems; finish with french knots.

The edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish.

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Two Enchanting Designs for Traced Linen Duchesse Sets

CHOOSE BETWEEN DAINTY LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY OR STRIKING GRAPE AND VINE MOTIFS

SHOWING the fascination of the lily-of-the-valley duchess set—Price 2/6.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY DESIGN

THE attractive duchesse set sketched above has sprays of lily-of-the-valley traced in a conventional design. Each piece is cut in a novel, intriguing shape. The set is both easy to work, and very effective when finished.

Obtainable in white, cream, blue, pink, green or yellow linen, complete set, 2/6, post free.

We suggest green linen worked in shades of white for the flowers and green leaves. The lilies are satin-stitched, and the stems stem-stitched. The edge is finished for crochet.

GRAPE AND VINE CUT-WORK DRESSING-TABLE SET

THE set shown below comprises three oblong mats, traced in a conventional cut-work design. It will be charming as a gift for a friend or an addition to your own bedroom.

Centre mat measures, 12 x 18, and the small mats 8 x 8.

Obtainable in white, cream, blue, pink, green or yellow linen, complete sets cost 3/6 post free.

Ecru linen, worked in self color, is very effective. The design is buttonhole and satin stitch, and is very easy to do.

When finished press with a hot iron, and then cut away material.

These items are obtainable from our Needlework Department. For address, see Page 12.

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Attractive TRACED LINEN *and* ORGANDIE TRIFLES

Need Only a Slight Touch of Embroidery to Make Splendid Little Gifts

Start Working for Christmas Now!

No. 1.—"DAISY" DESIGN

Pyjama Sachet, 11 inches x 24 inches, 2/6 each.
Handkerchief Sachet, 8 inches x 15 inches. 2/- each.
4½ inches x 4½ inches Powder Puff Case. 6d. each.
4½ inches x 2 inches Comb Case. 6d. each.
COMPLETE SET, 5/- each.

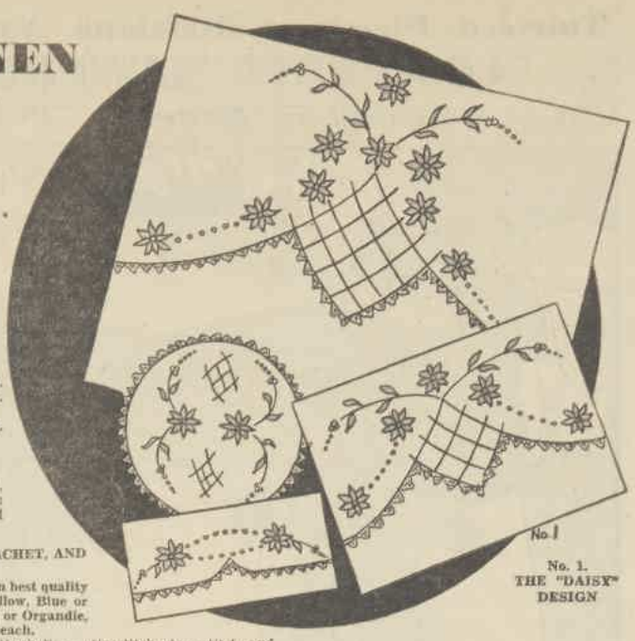
Obtainable in best quality Linen, in White, Cream, Yellow, Pink, Green or Blue, or in Organdie, in shades of White, Yellow and Green.

No. 2.—"VICTORIAN" HANDKERCHIEF SACHET, AND LAVENDER BAG.

HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.—Obtainable in best quality Linen, in shades of White, Cream, Pink, Yellow, Blue or Green. SIZE, 8 inches by 8 inches. 2/- each; or Organdie, in shades of White, Green or Yellow. 1/6 each.

Work in gay flower colors in buttonholing, satin-stitch, stem-stitch, and French knots. Buttonhole the front and back pieces of the Sachet together with scalloping, leaving the top open to insert the Handkerchiefs.

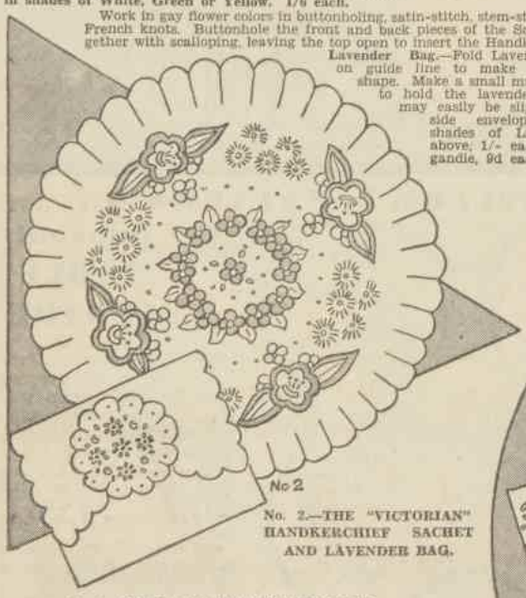
Lavender Bag.—Fold Lavender bag on guide line to make envelope shape. Make a small muslin bag to hold the lavender which may easily be slipped inside envelope. In shades of Linen, as above, 1/- each. Organdie, 9d each.



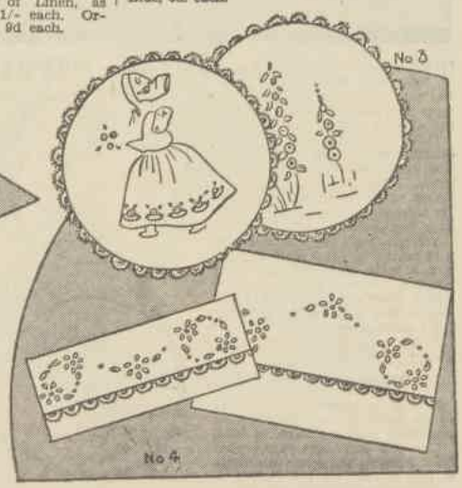
No. 1.
THE "DAISY" DESIGN

No. 3.—POWDER PUFF CASES.

Two very neat designs for Powder Puff Cases, with spoke-stitched edges for Crochet. In Organdie, in shades of White, Cream, Yellow or Blue, 6d. each.



No. 2.—THE "VICTORIAN" HANDKERCHIEF SACHET AND LAVENDER BAG.



No. 4.—COMB AND POWDER PUFF CASES.

Comb case measures 4½ inches by 2 inches, and square powder puff case 4½ inches by 4½ inches. In shades of White, Green, Yellow or Blue Organdie. 6d. each.

No. 3.—POWDER PUFF CASES. No. 4.—COMB AND POWDER PUFF CASES.

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Thirteen Pieces of Matching Novelty and Charm

COMPLETE LUNCHEON SET

Traced in Bouquet "Polyanthus" Design

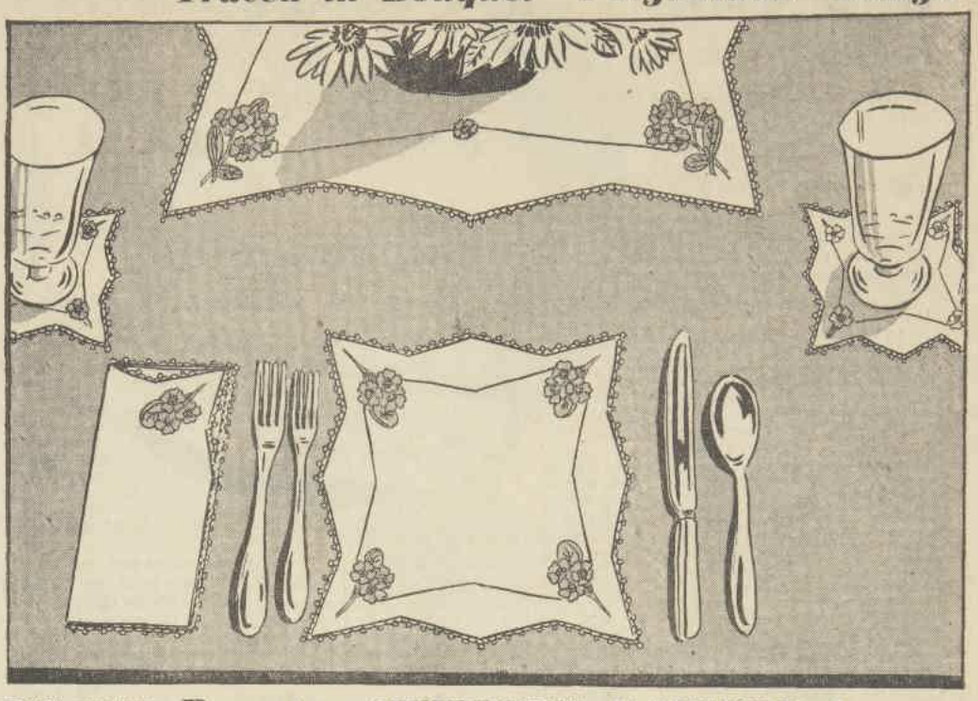

TABLE mats have long been favorites with smart hostesses as a variation to the all-over cloth.

This set, cut in quaint diamond shape, and traced with "Polyanthus" design on white, blue, cream, pink, yellow, or green linen, provides for thirteen or nine pieces, whichever you prefer.

Thirteen piece set, comprising 18 x 18 centre, six 8 x 8 mats, and six 6 x 5 mats, costs 7/6, including postage.

Nine-piece set, comprising 18 x 18 centre, four 8 x 8 mats, and four 6 x 5 mats, costs 5/9, post free.

11 x 11 serviettes cost 1/- extra each.

HOW TO WORK

It may be carried out in colors of the flowers, such as yellow, dark red, rose, purple, mauve, or blue.

Use long and short satin-stitch for the flowers and shade in a lighter tone of color for the centres.

Outline the leaves in buttonholing, with stem-stitched veins and stems in light green, and connecting lines stem-stitched in green.

Re-enter "WILLOW" PATTERN in an unusual TABLE CENTRE

ABOVE: The "willow" pattern table centre, obtainable in white, cream, pink, blue, yellow or green linen for 2/6.

THE ever-popular "willow" pattern comes into its own again with this enchanting table centre, with four circles of willow tree scenes.

In best quality linen in shades of White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Yellow, or Green.

Size 18 inches x 18 inches, 2/6 each.

This design should be worked in shades of blue, with stem-stitching. The edge is finished for crochet.

These Needlework items are obtainable from our Needlework Department. For address see Page 12.

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THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
21 SEP 1937
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

TOGETHER *and* APART

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

By . . .

Margaret Kennedy

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

storm and the minute or so

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TOGETHER and APART

By Margaret Kennedy

LETTER from Betsy Canning to her mother:

"Pandy Madoc, N. Wales,
"August 8.

"Dearest Mother,

"I'm sorry the Engadine isn't being a success, but I'm not surprised. Why on earth did you trust the Gordons to choose a hotel? Do move to somewhere more comfortable. You and Father are both too old to camp out in mouldy little inns.

"Here it is lovely—fine and hot. All the children are back from school, and we have a school friend of Kenneth's staying, Mark Hannay, so the house is pretty full. We can't overflow into the cottage, because Alec, in an expansive moment, has lent it to the Blochs. You know? He's that very clever artist who designed the sets for the German production of 'Caroline.' That's how Alec got to know him. Absolutely penniless, and swarms of rather uninviting children. He is trying to get work over here. I feel one ought to be sorry for them. But I do wish Alec had told me before he offered them the cottage; it's very inconvenient right in the middle of the summer holidays.

"Well now, Mother, listen; I have something to tell you that you won't like at all. In fact, I'm afraid that it will be a terrible shock, and you will hate it at first. But do try to get used to the idea, and bring Father round to it.

"Alec and I are parting company. We are going to get a divorce.

"I know this will horrify you; the more so because I have, perhaps mistakenly, tried very hard to conceal our unhappiness during these last years. I didn't, naturally, want anybody to know while there was still a chance of keeping things going. But the fact is, we have been quite miserable, both of us. We simply are unsuited to one another, and unable to get on. How much of this have you guessed?

"Life is so different from what we expected when we first married. Alec has quite changed, and he needs a different sort of wife. I never wanted all this money and success. I married a very nice but quite undistinguished Civil servant. With my money we had quite enough to live on in a comfortable and civilised way. We had plenty of friends, our little circle, people like ourselves, amusing and well-bred, not rich, but decently well-off. Alec says now that they bored him. But he didn't say so at the time.

"I must say it's rather hard on me that he took so long to find out what he really wanted. He says it's all his mother's fault, and that she bullied him so that he was past thirty before it ever occurred to him to call his soul his own. I dare say this is true, but I have to suffer for it.

"If I had known I was marrying a professional librettist, I should never have taken it on. I always loved the things which he and Johnny Granhame wrote together; I do think he is inspired when he writes words for Johnny's music. But I never imagined that they were going to turn into Gilbert and Sullivan of this generation, and when they got their first operetta produced I was always against it. I would so much rather it had just been a hobby. I wanted it to be produced by amateurs, by their friends. When it was such an enormous success, of course I was pleased in a way, but I felt even then that there was something just a little vulgar about it all. And when, after the success of the second opera, he gave up the Civil Service, I was horrified.

"Of course he has made a lot of money, and is, I suppose, quite famous. But I never could feel that it was a worthwhile profession for an educated man like Alec. It isn't as if he and Johnny were producing great works of art. They don't pretend to be; they say themselves that they are only out to provide entertainment. I cannot respect Alec as much as I did when he was at the ministry doing an obscure, dull, but useful job, 'helping to get the world washed and dressed.' And he knows it. Can you understand this, you and Father? I know you would never have breathed a word of it to me, but I always felt that you weren't quite happy about it in your heart of hearts—that you thought it a pity when he left the ministry.

"We no longer have the same friends. He seems to be completely submerged in the stage world. He is so popular and so genial. Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody. Our house is perpetually crammed with people with whom I have nothing in common, who simply regard me as 'Alec's wife' if they even know me by sight, which often they don't, I really believe. They've never heard of Father, or, if they have, the word 'Professor' merely suggests to them a sort of stage cartoon, an absent-minded old man with a beard and a butterfly-net. They are the most complete set of Yahoos; however, they're Alec's friends, and he has a right to his own tastes, though how a man of his brains and sensibilities can like to hobnob with such a crew is something which I cannot understand. My friends, as you can imagine, don't mix with them at all well.

"Reading this over, I feel it sounds rather like a list of grievances, as if I were the only sufferer. But indeed Alec has suffered equally. I'm not the right woman for him any more, and he can't be happy with me. I will tell you two things, to prove this, which I would never have told you if we had not decided to make a break: He does, now, drink a good deal more than he ought. Not that he's ever drunk, I mean; but in London he does drink all the time—he lives in a sort of genial, gregarious, alcoholic mist, not quite himself. That's why I'm always so thankful to get him away into the country. It's much better there. And the other things: for some years there has been another woman. Had you heard any gossip about this? Of course, as long as we lived together, I never discussed it with anybody. I ignored it. And, mind you, I don't blame him. But I think it all goes to show that I am not the right wife for him.

"Then why didn't I divorce him before? Because of the children. I felt they ought to have a home, that we must all stay together as long as any decent appearance of harmony could be kept up. And now, because of the children, I have changed my mind. I now think that they would be happier if Alec and I gave up this miserable attempt. They are getting old enough to feel the strain and the tension, especially Kenneth, who quite realises that Alec doesn't always treat me considerately, and resents it violently. A father and son can mean so much to one another; it would be terrible if they became permanently alienated. I don't want the children to grow up with a distorted idea of marriage, got from the spectacle of parents who can't get on. I think the time has come to be quite open with them about it. I shall say:

"'Your father and I have made a mistake. It's a pity, but people do make these mistakes sometimes, and if they are candid and sensible, it can be set right. It is nobody's fault. We are not suited to one another, but we have not quarrelled, and nobody is going to be angry and bitter. We are going to part in a friendly and civilised way. You will see quite as much of both of us in the future as you always have, and everybody will be happier all round.'

"Now, Mother darling, do try to look at this quite rationally. Don't just cry out that a divorce in the family is a disgrace, and that such a thing has never happened to us before. Who is going to suffer? Doesn't it mean a better life for everybody? Isn't it really sensible? Alec can marry the woman who really suits him; I can live my own life with my own friends, and the children will grow up free from resentment and bewilderment. I know it's very sad that my marriage is a failure. But what's the good of pretending that it isn't? We have both tried to make it a success, and it doesn't work.

"I'm writing to tell you now because we have decided to end it all rather quickly. Alec is going off on Wednesday with the Hamiltons, on their yacht, as he does every summer. He is never coming back, and he's going to write to me and say so, and send me the necessary evidence, so that I can divorce him. (Naturally, I wouldn't dream of dragging the other woman into it. It will be a pure matter of form.) Perhaps you had better burn this letter. Anyway, don't show it to Father; just tell him what I've said, and try to make him see it in a sensible light.

"Now I must stop, as the post is just going, though I feel as if there was a great deal more to say. Do try to understand. And please don't blame Alec. It has been quite as much my fault.

"Your very loving,
"BETSY.

"P.S. Alec's mother knows nothing of this. We shan't tell her till it is too late for her to interfere."

TELEGRAM from Mrs. Hewitt to her daughter:

"Engadine horrified letter am returning England immediately entreat do nothing irrevocable till I see you expect me Wales Wednesday evening have said nothing to Father.

"MOTHER."

Emily Canning, mother of Alec, was a widow and lived on Campden Hill with one old servant. But her existence was not lonely or inactive. She had a large circle

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TOGETHER AND APART

of friends, varied interests, and a craving for power which preserved her from the lethargy of old age.

She had one quality which is not infrequently found in characters of this type: the gift of second sight. Her feats of divination were well authenticated; even her enemies admitted them; and to her friends they were a source of pride. She had seen several genuine ghosts. Sometimes, when the telephone rang, she knew who was trying to speak to her before she had taken off the receiver. She had premonitions about unexpected letters or visits, and her dreams were, beyond all doubt, prophetic.

On Tuesday night, or rather very early on Wednesday, she had a most remarkable dream. It seemed to be morning, and a person was bringing in her breakfast-tray. But this person was not old Maggie, her maid; it was Henrietta Hewitt, mother of Alec's wife, once her friend, and now for many years an implacable enemy.

Mrs. Canning was furious at this intrusion, but pretended to take no notice of it, and began to eat her breakfast. Presently, however, she was forced to raise her eyes. Henrietta's face was hanging over the end of the bed. The body seemed to have vanished; that long, stupid, mulish face hung solitary in the air, like a mask. It looked pinched and grey. Eyes and nose were red, and the pale lips were working. A torrent of words came out of the mouth, not one of which was audible. Tears poured down the haggard cheeks. But no sound came to Mrs. Canning, who stared and said coldly:

"I think you will regret this."

Which she had said before, at the end of their great fight, years ago. And now she could hear faint snatches of words:

"So ill . . . my temperature is going up—up. . . . So ill . . . cold wind. . . . I can't go on. . . . I can't——"

"I'll make you sorry for this," cried Mrs. Canning fiercely.

Suddenly she threw a large card-case which was there. The face made a ghastly, shrill twittering noise and vanished. In an abrupt transition to the waking world, she was sitting up and staring at the foot of the bed, where no face was. Morning, early sunlight, filled the room. London sparrows were making a terrific noise, twittering in the plane tree outside the window.

After a few seconds she threw off the nightmare bewilderment and realised that she had been dreaming. The clock on her dressing-table stood at a quarter to six.

She lay back on her pillows, and thought how odd a dream it was, and wished, as all dreamers do, to tell somebody about it immediately. Gradually the conviction gained upon her that this was one of her prophetic dreams. To-day she would certainly receive a visit from Henrietta, and the unlikelihood of the thing only made her the more positive. She began to be agreeably excited, already telling the story of it to her friends.

"I hadn't the least reason to suppose she was coming. I knew the Hewitts were in Switzerland. And as you know, there is no love lost between us. . . . Oh, yes, it's all old history now—one tries to forget it. But Henrietta was unforgivable—she behaved abominably."

A heavy footstep passed her doorway and went down the stairs.

"Maggie!" she thought, glancing again at the clock.

Time had passed. It was after seven.

"Lazy old thing! She thinks I shan't know how late she is. I'll go down and tickle her up."

This maid and mistress adored one another and squabbled continually. Maggie was doing the hall. When she heard Mrs. Canning's door open, she stuck out her lower lip and resolved instantly not to be tickled up. A slight skirmish before breakfast was not unusual, for Emily Canning was a bad sleeper, woke early, and was bored unless she could be up and doing.

"Good-morning, Maggie!" came a voice from the top of the stairs.

"Good-morning, ma'am."

The two old women eyed one another warily. Maggie was sixty-five, fat, rosy, and asthmatic. Her mistress, though three years older, had retained a slim and girlish grace.

"I've been awake a long time," said Mrs. Canning. "I——"

She remembered her dream and realised that she must put it immediately on record.

"Mrs. Hewitt may be coming here to-day," she said briskly. "Possibly to breakfast. Have we any bacon?"

Maggie, who also knew that the Hewitts were in Switzerland, controlled her countenance with some difficulty.

"Yes'm," she said. "Four rashers."

"I have had such a vivid dream that I feel sure there is something in it. She is on her way to see me."

"Yes'm."

The front door-bell rang, and she moved away down the hall to answer it. Mrs. Canning scuttled up the stairs, out of sight, but remained listening. She could hear Maggie removing the door-chain which was put up at night. Now the door was open. There was a mumble of talk. Somebody was being ushered into the house.

"She's been expecting you, ma'am," Maggie was saying.

Mrs. Canning gave a little excited skip. She was psychic! She was! This proved it. This would make a wonderful tale.

Peeping over the banisters, she saw Henrietta's mule face in the hall, exactly as she had dreamed of it, except that it was now surmounted by a sad-looking hat. All resentment, all memory of old injuries, vanished for the moment. She flew down the stairs, full of kindly welcome, and so pleased with herself, so overjoyed that she had trusted to her instinct and prophesied to Maggie. Now she had a witness, and Maggie would have to eat humble pie. Oh, she was pleased with herself.

"Dear Henrietta! But how ill—how frightfully ill——"

"Emily! Don't come very near me. I've got influenza."

"Oh, you poor thing!"

"My temperature has been going up all night. I won't stay . . . I'm going to a nursing home. It's the only thing. You remember that place where Arthur went when he had his operation? Very conveniently there was a telephone in my bedroom at the hotel, so I rang them up. But I had to see you—I couldn't talk to you over the telephone; you never feel it's really private. I can't go on. I can't go to Wales. The Paddington Hotel, it was; I went straight there when I got to London last night, because I meant to catch the eleven-five this morning."

Henrietta had sunk down upon a chair in the hall. She kept waving the other two away, refusing to go upstairs into the drawing-room.

"I'd better not move about much," she explained.

Fever had made her a little light-headed. But at last they got her onto the drawing-room sofa, and Maggie went off to make a cup of tea. She would not, even then, explain herself until Mrs. Canning had sprinkled disinfectant over a large handkerchief and put it on as a kind of mask. This was annoying.

"What fools we both look!" thought Emily. "But I can make it sound very funny when I tell it. And I dreamed about the temperature. Yes, I did. But I forgot to tell Maggie, idiot that I was! Now she'll say that I've added it on afterward."

Then, as Henrietta babbled on about going to Wales, a sudden fear snatched at her heart.

"The most dreadful thing—I rushed back by the next train."

"Henrietta! Are they hurt? Are they ill? Is anyone——"

"No, no, nothing dreadful."

This distinction was perfectly clear to Mrs. Canning, who once more prepared to enjoy herself. But as Maggie came in with the tea at that moment, she thought that she had better chalk up her score as a prophetess.

"I knew you were coming. You appeared to me in a dream last night. I told Maggie. Didn't I, Maggie?"

"What?" asked Henrietta plaintively. "I can't hear you inside that handkerchief."

"I dreamed you were coming."

"How odd! Do keep that handkerchief over your mouth. I can hear you if you speak distinctly."

As soon as Maggie had left them, Henrietta came to the point.

"They say they're going to be divorced."

"Oh! What? Not divorced? It's not true!"

"Yes! Yes! Betsy wrote and told me."

"But why? Why? Is it because of that Mrs. Thing? She can't! Not after all these years. She must have known. She must have condoned it."

"Mrs. Thing?"

"Mrs. Adams."

"Who is—oh, I see. I didn't know her name. Mrs. Adams! What—what sort of person is she?"

"I've only seen her once," said Mrs. Canning. "She was pointed out to me at the theatre. Very young, very fair, and as hard as nails. She's married to a rich stockbroker, who let's her do as she likes. There are plenty of others besides Alec. But she made up her mind to get him and got him. It was on her side rather than his. He could have been kept out of it perfectly well, if only Betsy——"

"But he wants to marry her."

"Good heavens! He can't. How awful!"

"But it must be stopped," wailed Mrs. Hewitt, who had begun to shiver violently.

"Certainly it must. Do they know you are coming?"

"Yes, I wired. But I can't possibly go, I—you—must wire again."

"That's all right. Don't worry, Henrietta. Leave it all to me."

The triumph in Mrs. Canning's voice rang out unmistakably through the handkerchief.

BETSY stood in the hall, staring ruefully at her mother's telegram. It should not, surely, have taken so long to come, even from Switzerland. "Expect me Wales Wednesday evening." Now it was Wednesday morning. In eight hours' time, in less, the battle would begin.

Deeply did she now regret that most premature letter. She had written it in order to avoid just this very thing—an immediate invasion of protesting kinsfolk.

A child was running on the gravel outside, heavily thudding up the drive. It could not be Kenneth or Daphne, for they ran lightly; it must be Eliza, who was going through an awkward stage which no eurythmics, no course at the ballet school, could miti-

storm and the minute or so

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gate. Presently she came clattering into the house like a young bullock, and Betsy's irritation rose to a point.

"I can't think," she complained, "how you can manage to make such a noise in sandshoes. Really, your feet might be made of —of granite."

Eliza halted abruptly and scowled at her feet. They annoyed her quite as much as they annoyed her mother.

"If you would only run on your toes——"

"I do. Is our lunch ready?"

"How should I know? Surely you can see to that for yourselves! If you want sandwiches, go and cut them."

But Eliza did not go to the kitchen. She went upstairs slowly, kicking the stair-rods all the way. Betsy, watching her, remembered to be just and sensible. She remained luckier than most mothers. For all girls go through this stage, more or less, and many have spotty faces, which Eliza had not.

"That nice clear brown skin is a great blessing," she thought. "It's the only thing she's got from me, poor child. And egotism, at that age, isn't incurable."

Now here was Kenneth coming in, and in his turn, demanding sandwiches. Her face grew kind and tender; she had a glance for him which belonged to nobody else in the world. She could not look at him or hear him speak without a pang of pleasure. For Kenneth had never changed or grown away from her. He was still her baby, her first born, her bright and lovely boy.

"You lazy little things!" she protested. "Why can't you cut your own sandwiches?"

"Because we are spoiled, Mrs. C. That's why. Somebody always cuts them for us."

"Well, to-day you'll cut them for yourselves."

PANDY MADOC, the old mill cottage which the Cannings had bought from Dr. Aylmer, had lent its name to the new house. For Alec had secured several acres of hillside above the mill, and when he grew rich, built lavishly. In one of his disastrous spasms of good-nature he gave a free hand to a friend, an architect who needed a job. Neither he nor Betsy liked the result. Their new house was modern, roomy and commodious, but they both thought it very ugly.

The garden went up in steep terraces, and there were no trees, save in the deep ravine where the stream ran which had once turned the mill. The main road skirted the base of the slope, running close to the sea; and a drive circled down from the house to join it. Here at the bottom were more buildings, also painted yellow; a garage, a power-house, and the old mill cottage. High up the hill, on the topmost terrace, stood the garden-house where Alec was supposed to work.

Johnny Granhame's new score law scattered about the place. In all their productions they had worked upon the same plan. They would settle the plot and the scenario together. Then Granhame would go away and write music which he sent piecemeal to Alec, who concocted words so apt, so smoothly married to the tunes, that most people imagined the librettist to have inspired the composer. In actual fact he could do nothing unless Johnny had done something first; it was Johnny's creation that set him off.

They had been friends all their lives. They had been in Palestine together during the war, and afterwards they had worked in the same department of the Civil Service. It was not until they were both past thirty that they began to exploit their combined talent for profit, or to regard it as their profession. Alec admired Johnny immensely. Johnny admired nobody, not even himself.

In the spring they had discussed a new light opera on Byron in Venice. When Alec first suggested the idea, Johnny showed more eagerness than usual. He said:

"Unpleasant fellow, Byron!" And he added, with a faint relish: "He'll do very well."

"He can be treated as a romantic figure," Alec pointed out.

They had agreed to write it in the autumn, but Johnny's muse took hold of him before that, and the first act arrived at Pandy Madoc in the beginning of August with a request that Alec should get to work at once. Alec read the score, and found, as usual, that it had set him off. The rubbishy plot began to assume a shape entirely of its own. He could do something with it, and his yachting expedition must be cancelled. To-day he would start to work.

But only gradually could he bring himself to face the effort of invention. In an endeavor to postpone the first plunge, he even thought of writing a nice long letter to his mother.

Now there was Betsy bustling out of the house on some errand of life or death. She was making for the terrace steps, as though she might be coming up to the garden-house. This meant a real emergency, for she never disturbed him when he was supposed to be at work. He grew apprehensive.

"My mother is coming," she said as she neared him. He looked at the telegram she gave him. She told her story warily, alert lest he should laugh at her for having brought all of this on herself. But good-nature is a virtue as well as a vice, and he was kind.

"It's a frightful bore," he agreed. "But I don't see that we can stop her coming now, do you?"

"She's coming to argue with us. She wants to stop the divorce."

"If she does, we'll tell her to shut up. We'll say nothing is decided, and she'll only do harm if she tries to poke her nose in. Only we'll put it more nicely."

"Oh, but," said Betsy quickly, "that wouldn't be true. We have decided, haven't we? It's only postponed for three weeks, isn't it?"

He hesitated. The prospect of this divorce was most distasteful to him.

"Haven't we decided?" she asked again. "Haven't we agreed that it's the only thing to do?"

"Ye-e-s—since I can't manage to be a better husband."

"Oh, Alec! I never said that you were a bad husband."

"But I am."

She smiled, pleased that he should say so, though she would never allow anybody else to suggest such a thing.

"And I," she said, "have been a bad wife."

A good husband, he thought, would have ruled her. That would have been hard work, too hard for him. It would have meant concentration, struggle, a continual exercise of understanding and sympathy.

"It's been entirely my fault," he said slowly. "I'm so darn lazy. That's what's wrong."

"You can't change your nature now, at your time of life. And besides—even if you did try, even if you gave her up, do you think we'd get on any better?"

He stared at her. What on earth—oh, good Lord! She meant Chris Adams.

Betsy sighed, and sank wearily upon the window seat.

"You know," said Alec, "you're tired out. That's what you are. In no state to make such an important decision. You get no peace here. Everything is on top of you, the children and the maids and the Blochs. . . . No wonder you think you want a divorce. How can we make up our minds in such a hurly-burly? If we could get off quietly somewhere, and talk things over—Why, what's the matter?"

She was leaning out the window as if something had caught her attention.

"I thought I heard someone on the terrace. Oh, it's Emil Bloch! I do wish they wouldn't come up here. We never offered them the whole garden."

"He's not coming in?" asked Alec apprehensively.

"No. He's going down the hill."

She watched the narrow, dark head of their guest as it vanished below the terrace, and added:

"I believe he was listening."

"OH, I don't think he'd do that."

"If my mother comes, where on earth am I to put her? There's no room, with the Blochs at the cottage. You'll have to sleep up here, Alec. I'll have to put her in the spare room and Mark in your room."

"All right. Put away! Did you hear what I said?"

"Of course I did."

"Then answer me. I may be a bad husband, but you have one shocking fault: I say something, and you reply about something quite different. What did I say?"

"That I ought to get away on my own and be quiet. I quite agree. I've thought so for years. But I don't very well see how it can be managed."

"Why not?"

"Well—it's in the middle of the holidays."

"It's always something."

"How can I possibly go off by myself in the middle——"

"I don't mean by yourself. I mean with me."

"With you?"

"We've never really— I've never— Don't you think before we decide, that we ought to try, very hard, to understand one another—to get at the root of what's been wrong, and see if we can't do something? I feel I've got a lot I want to say; but it needs thinking out, and I can't say it here. Your mother would run the house and look after the children."

His eagerness took her by surprise. She felt, for the first time, that he wanted to keep her, that he valued her. In their previous arguments she had felt that he merely disliked the idea of a change. She did not, for a moment, know what to say. To give herself time, she assumed a mulish expression.

"In fact," said Alec firmly, "I'm not going to agree to this divorce unless you do."

"But we do understand one another. There's nothing more to say."

"I've got a lot more to say."

She wavered, feeling tired and weak. He saw that he had impressed her, and that he must be quick to seize an advantage.

"Take a day off and come down with me to the beach. We'll settle what to do there. You'll face your mother much better after a restful day and a long bathe."

"I'll tell them to pack us some lunch," she said.

"Good. We'll start in ten minutes."

She nodded and left him. Outside, as she went down the garden, he heard her calling imperiously: "Joy! Joy!"

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TOGETHER AND APART

A LONG - LEGGED lovely tan creature came bounding up the hill. This was Joy Benson, who came with them to Wales every summer. Betsy paid her a pound a week for being a sort of holiday governess and handy girl; it was not an agreeable situation, but Joy needed the money, for she had an invalid mother to support. For the rest of the year she taught at a kindergarten in a provincial town. Her name did not describe her solemn nature. But she was beautiful.

"I'm going out for the day with Alec," began Betsy, as soon as they were within earshot. "Tell Serena to cut sandwiches for us at once. My mother is coming this evening by the London train. Tell Eccles to meet her with the luggage grid, as she always has enormous suitcases. Tell Blodwen to make up Alec's bed in the garden-house, and move Mark Hannay into Alec's room, and get the spare room ready for my mother. See about clean paper in the chest of drawers, soap and towels. Blodwen forgets. And remember flowers for the dressing-table."

"Oke," said Joy lugubriously.

"Don't say, 'Oke'—I've banned it in my house. The Blochs have blown out the fuse for the cottage lights. See about that. Mrs. Lloyd wants two dozen glasses for the fete; I told her I thought we could lend them. Count them and see. Remember about the fish and send off the grocery order——"

Joy kept saying yes, her brown eyes fixed attentively upon Betsy's face. Yes, she said—yes. . . . And if she was surprised that Mrs. Hewitt should be coming, she did not show it.

"And then you'd better go down and join the children. You can't lunch here all by yourself. Tell Serena to cut extra sandwiches for you," concluded Betsy.

Joy departed with an acrobatic bound. To run and to leap at Betsy's command was clearly her duty. She sped through the tasks of the day like a melancholy ballerina; her youth and her physical vitality kept her on her toes. First she ran to the kitchen, and then upstairs in search of Blodwen, the housemaid. As they set about their duties, each wondered why Mrs. Hewitt should be coming so unexpectedly, and why Alec and Betsy should be going off alone together for the day, a thing which hardly ever happened. Each followed a train of conjecture, one in English and the other in Welsh. They stripped Alec's bed and folded up the sheets, which were to be carried to the garden-house. A faint masculine smell pervaded the bed and reached their nostrils.

Joy wished that she could be alone there for a minute. She wanted to fling herself down and lie, stretched and quiet, on this bed where he had slept. It had been so hard to learn that he was not going away, after all, just when she had braced herself to the thought of not seeing him any more that summer. Now for three weeks more they would be in the same house, often in the same room. He would speak to her, and sometimes even touch her. It was anguish. When he was away, she could forget about it sometimes. But when he was there, in the house, she lived at fever point; nothing was real, or had any meaning, save those brief moments of contact and recognition. She could not resist the impulse to wait and to hope.

Heavy-hearted but light-footed, she ran upstairs and downstairs. She counted the tumblers, sent off the grocery order, and picked a vase of flowers for Mrs. Hewitt's dressing-table. The visit to the cottage she put off till the end of the morning, as she could look in there on her way down to join the children on the beach. It was noon before she collected her bathing-things and ran out into the hazy, golden air. The smell of the sea mingled with the smell of the gorse on the hillside. It came in warm, aromatic waves. But the smell of the cottage was stronger than either, a not unpleasant reek of onions and furniture polish which had arrived with the Blochs. All the windows were draped with eiderdowns, the next best thing to the red feather mattresses which Frau Bloch would have preferred to hang out of her windows.

She knew where the fuse-box was, and she thought that she might as well see what was wrong. It was not their house, and Betsy had told her to go. Wrinkling her nose a little, she stepped over the threshold.

A voice from the kitchen startled her.

"Allo?"

Footsteps padded, and Emil Bloch appeared.

"Allo, Miss Benson!"

"I came to see about the fuses. I knocked several times. I thought everybody was out."

"So?"

He leaned against the doorpost and stared at her. He was a horrid rude man, a foreigner. But he wore an old blue shirt which had once belonged to Alec, so that she could not remain indifferent to him. That single circumstance had invested him with significance, and she glanced round at him now and then, as she snipped off lengths of fuse-wire.

Suddenly he smiled. His expression became kind and genial, as though he liked her very much for some quite simple reason.

She laughed nervously, because she did not know what to say.

"This is the first time I hear you laugh. It is bad for you—here, I think. You are in a bad—situation."

"Oh, no. . . . I—I'm very happy here. I——"

He silenced her with a gesture, while he arranged another sentence in English.

"Soon—it will be better for you. . . . They will make—a divorce."

"Who says so?"

"To-day already. I have heard them speaking by the window; they speak of this all the time, how they divorce. And the old is coming to forbid such."

"The old?"

"The old lady—the mother."

("Mrs. Hewitt?" thought Joy. Was that why—but it was impossible.)

"Why should they want to divorce? They're quite happy."

"As you say? Mrs. Betsy is perhaps wishing for better. I think she will be to marry Lord St. Mullins."

"Lord St. Mullins!"

Joy had never seen this cousin of Betsy's, who had recently and somewhat unexpectedly succeeded to a peerage. But she had heard of him often, for he was a family joke. Nobody mentioned him without a guffaw. Max Buttevant, he had been, before the death of various uncles and cousins had translated him: a crank, a pacifist, a conscientious objector, the hero of innumerable ridiculous anecdotes.

"Oh, you're quite wrong. What on earth makes you think so?"

He pondered and arranged his words.

"In June, soon after we arrive here, she is staying alone at the house. He is coming here every day, every day to see her. Very often I am seeing them together."

"I dare say. He was staying over at Tan-y-Vron, with his sister. Of course he came here. He's Betsy's cousin."

"He loffs her," asserted Bloch positively. "And he is very rich, isn't he? High-born, also."

"You've absolutely misunderstood. It's impossible."

"Maybe. As I say, I don't understand anything."

Silently he stood aside to let her get out of the house.

JOY ate her lunch and sat staring out to sea with eyes that saw nothing of all that space and loveliness. Her thoughts were like waves, rushing perpetually up to a given point and then receding. A divorce! If it were true, why then—But it was not true. It couldn't be. It was perfectly impossible. It was wrong and wicked to imagine such a thing. Only, if it had been true, why then, if a thing like that could happen, then other things could happen, and he wouldn't be Betsy's husband any more, and so—but there wasn't the slightest chance, the least likelihood. People quarrel when they get divorced. They don't go off on a picnic.

Slowly the sun had moved. It was going down towards the sea. The color of water and sand had changed from white to a soft gold, and the incoming tide had a new tune.

Betsy roused as if from a deep sleep. She began to trickle handfuls of dry, hot sand through her fingers, playing that old, old game that has been played with sand since the world was made. She felt profoundly peaceful and rested as she lay there. She would have liked to lie on there till the hot sand was cold. In the end it was Alec who remembered the time and began to talk of trains.

"I suppose," he suggested reluctantly, "that we ought to think of meeting your mother."

She agreed, but made no effort to move. He had to fetch her shoes and strap them on for her, and roll up their bathing things. She lay there, quite passive.

All day he had been turning over the thoughts in his mind and bracing himself to certain decisions. But he had said nothing, because he felt that it might be wiser to let her lie quite still. So seldom was she content to do that.

Now, however, he observed, as he emptied the sand out of his own shoes:

"We haven't settled exactly what we are going to say to your mother. I'm sticking to what I said: that we've got to go off alone together for a little while before I agree to anything. If, after that, you are quite sure you want to part, I'll do exactly as you wish. Shall we thank her very much for coming, and ask her to run the house while we go? We'll give her to understand that our private affairs can't be discussed till we come back."

(Betsy thought: "If I go away with him I shall end by giving the whole thing up. He is going to be much too nice about it." And then she thought: "Well, why not give it up?")

She said: "But I still don't see what more there is to discuss."

"I want to be sure what you are going to do with yourself, after I've given up the right to look after you. I've not always taken sufficient pains about your happiness, but that's no reason why I shouldn't do so now. It isn't as if you wanted to marry anyone else. Won't you be rather lonely?"

"Oh, no. Not more than I've always been."

"How do you imagine your life—afterwards?"

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DID Alec think that nobody would want to marry her? There were plenty: Max Buttevant, Max St. Mullins, for one. Poor Max was most touching in his wild adoration. She might even marry him. She would have to see how she felt when she was free, and so she had told him before he went off to China.

She sighed, and Alec rolled over till he could touch her hand and say:

"You don't really want it, you silly darling."

"Perhaps—I—don't."

If she gave it up, then she would never have to feel that she had treated him badly.

He thought: "We are getting on nicely. That's as far as we'll go to-day. Mrs. Hewitt isn't as big a fool as she looks. I'll give her a tip how things are, and get Betsy away. And afterwards—pull up my socks, drink less, get out of all this racket, make Betsy feel she's loved. . . . But stand no nonsense; make her drop this martyred frame of mind—make her pull herself together, too. Oh, my Heaven! What a grind!"

Then he stretched out both hands and pulled her to her feet. They began to walk quickly, enjoying movement after these long hours of repose. It was cooler and clearer: a slight breeze had sprung up. The mountains, sweeping back from the sea, had their afternoon color, and blue clefts of shadow were creeping up their sides.

The train would come down to the coast along the great estuary of the Afon Arian, which ran far inland between its mountain walls. Alec and Betsy crossed a little cove, rounded a peninsula of sandhills, and came to Morvah Bay, where they found the children and Joy playing rounders on the sand with the Bloch boys. When Betsy called to ask if anyone was coming to the station to meet Grandmamma, the circle broke up with cries of astonishment.

"Didn't you know she was coming? Didn't Joy tell you?"

Joy had not thought of telling them, and Betsy commented mentally, for the hundredth time, upon the girl's inertia.

Joy ran about in an eager, excited way, collecting towels. She felt that Alec's eyes were upon her. Her bathing-dress, which she still wore, annoyed Betsy. It was not quite suitable. In her position she should have known that a one-piece suit was the right thing; the brief little bodice and briefer shorts gave an entirely wrong impression.

Alec also glanced at the girl, watching the play of muscles on her brown back as she bent over the bundles. He approved of the bathing-dress. But he did not look at her for long, though he thought her very beautiful. Her position in his household, her youth, and her modesty, acted as a kind of brake on his thoughts.

THE train rumbled into the station and stopped. No flurried, mulish face looked out of any window. The Cannings hastened up and down, distracted; and it was Emil Bloch who at last drew their attention to an elegant little person who had just made a leisurely exit from the hindmost coach.

"Is not there," he said, "the lady—the mother?"

She came towards them, smiling at their amazement. All through the long journey she had been laughing to herself, picturing their faces when the wrong mother got out of the train. It was exactly as she had imagined. They were astonished, and then they were alarmed.

Before she had finished embracing them Alec had had time to think that a braver man would pack her straight off back to London by the very next train. And Betsy's dismay hardened into an obstinate fury.

("What has she come for? What? To interfere? If she says one word, one word! I won't be bullied. . . . Whatever she wants, I shall do the opposite. . . . Just let her say one single word!")

But Mrs. Canning said nothing. And they began, very soon, to wonder why she had come. It appeared that she knew nothing of Betsy's letter or its contents. Poor Henrietta Hewitt had, she said, turned up at her house that morning, too ill to explain anything.

"Really, I was most worried about her. She could scarcely speak. I got her into a nursing home, and promised I'd see to everything, without really knowing what it was I'd got to see to. She seemed quite frantic at the idea of not being able to get on here, but couldn't tell me what the crisis was—only that you and Alec were going somewhere on a yacht. She was very nearly delirious, poor thing. She kept going on about this yacht. So I thought, if a grandmother was wanted, I might do instead. I could run the house for you, while you're cruising. But I really think we ought to ring up the home this evening, and find out how she is, before you go."

The report from the nursing home was grave. Mrs. Hewitt's temperature had continued to soar, and the doctor was inclined to think that she had typhoid fever. Betsy, in a panic, caught the morning train for London. Later she telephoned that her mother was very dangerously ill, and that she could not possibly return for several days.

Alec could not but feel that catastrophe had been averted. He had feared a fatal clash between Betsy and her mother-in-law, and as long as these two could be kept apart he did not care which of them went to London. For himself he felt no alarm. His mother knew nothing about the divorce, apparently, so that he had no battles to fight. He could get back to work with a free mind, and as soon as Betsy's mother was better he would insist upon a conjugal holiday.

He might have remembered that open attack was seldom part of his mother's strategy. Long experience had taught her to anticipate the mysterious perversity of the human mind. She knew that most people do not like to be helped, advised, or influenced. It was years since she had argued with anyone. She had learned to use force, rather than persuasion; and she had become an adept at imposing her will upon rebellious subjects.

In this campaign her way was clear, and Providence had played into her hands by despatching Betsy to London.

She must, in the first place, make herself extremely agreeable to everyone at Pandy Madoc. Her visit must be a success; and the household, under her management, must wear its happiest face. All her charm must be exerted, so that when Betsy came back and began to lose her temper over trifles, the tide of popular sympathy would be against her.

Secondly, she must find out everything she could, every detail that might have some bearing on the case. It was possible that Betsy had taken somebody into her confidence. She might have several partisans. These must be discovered, pumped, and persuaded to change sides, to proffer criticism and disapprobation when Betsy turned to them for support.

Not until all this had been done would she tackle Alec. And then she would surprise him with all that she knew.

Contrary to all expectation, she made friends with the Blochs, who improved greatly in consequence. She could talk fluent and idiomatic German, which was a welcome change for them after the primitive baby-talk which was all that Alec and Betsy could manage.

Mrs. Canning opened the second part of her campaign by a conversation with Joy. They had driven up together to a lake, high in the mountains.

"Poor Mrs. Hewitt! You must be worried about her. You're almost as much her daughter as Betsy is. You know, I wouldn't tell anyone else about this, only you are so much one of the family; but she frightened me terribly when she appeared at my house that morning. It may have been a sort of delirium, but she had got the most terrible idea into her head. I haven't dared to speak of it to Alec and Betsy. She was quite convinced that they were on the verge of getting a divorce!"

Joy said nothing. Her blank stare conveyed nothing.

"You knew nothing about it? Betsy had told you nothing?"

"No, Mrs. Canning."

"I hardly like to speak of it. When people are as ill as that, they get ideas. . . . But I do feel, if there is any truth in it, that Betsy's friends ought to help her."

"Yes, Mrs. Canning."

(Oh, bless the girl! Why must she go on: "No, Mrs. Canning! Yes, Mrs. Canning!" Betsy should have got her out of it.)

"She mustn't be allowed to sacrifice her happiness. From what Mrs. Hewitt said, I gathered she feels she isn't the right wife for Alec. She doesn't understand his work, or care for it, and she thinks he would be happier free. Now—quite apart from this particular instance—speaking generally—how do you look at a situation like that? How does your generation look at it?"

As Mrs. Canning thus took counsel with youth, her smile was enchanting. Joy did not understand the compliment. She flushed scarlet, and said that she did not know.

Whereupon she was told that the younger generation do not approve of divorce for the middle-aged. For themselves, to whom trial and error is permissible, it is a solution. But at Betsy's time of life (she's thirty-eight, remember), it could only be called a confession of failure. The young, clear-eyed and scornful, have little sympathy for failures.

MRS. CANNING sat on the heathery shore, and she said as she handed Alec his towel:

"They say the water is very warm."

Alec looked at her sharply. There was a dangerous sparkle in her eye.

"Mother! You aren't dreaming of—you haven't got a bathing-dress, anyway."

Alec went behind a wall and put on his bathing suit. If Betsy had been there, she would have remembered to bring some rope-soled shoes to protect his feet from the stones. For the drawback to this lake was the difficulty of entering the water, the prospect of a long wade over the rocks, which were painfully sharp and covered with slime.

He was glad to see, when he emerged from his shelter, that the others had all swum round beyond the island. Nobody would witness his ungainly hobblings, flounderings and groans. For he always felt elderly and foolish when going into this lake.

As he stood by the water's edge, wondering at which point to essay the horrid journey, a voice hailed him. He turned, and saw Joy waving a pair of bathing shoes, and he sent her a shout of gratitude. She came leaping over the heather. She had on her

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funny bathing-dress, but she had not been into the water yet, and her yellow hair flew out behind her. He thought how nice it was to have this lovely creature ministering to him. He had a genial vision of himself as some Eastern potentate; he had only to clap his hands, and beautiful brown girls came tearing up to do his will.

She gave him the shoes and stood before him, panting. He knelt and tied on the shoes. With those things on his feet, he felt new confidence. When he stood up, she was still there and still looking at him.

She smiled and turned away. She ran straight into the lake, over the treacherous stones as though they had been a smooth carpet, and flung herself into the deep water. Her yellow head shot away toward the island.

Alec followed, with anxious care, wobbling and cursing at every step. At last it was deep enough so that he could lower himself cautiously, lie prone and strike out. The bottom sheered away. The silky water wrapped him round, softer, more enervating than the sea.

JOY wanted to be in the garden when Alec came home. No fixed plan of action guided her, but she had taken to doing things like this. Whenever she could, she placed herself in his way, and forced him to be aware of her. It was an impulse which she could not control, and which had been released that day when she sat with Mrs. Canning by the shores of Llyn Alyn.

Footsteps came up through the garden. She could see the end of his cigar moving like a firefly down below. Now he was on her terrace, his head and shoulders outlined against the sky. He had stopped and seen her, where she leaned against the wall. He was not going to pass on. He was coming to lean on the wall beside her.

Down at the inn he had met some friends and had had several drinks. If he had had one drink less, he would have gone straight on. But he was in that easy mood and the girl puzzled him. He had been thinking about her lately. Whereas, in the past, he had seldom been aware of her, she seemed now to be always before him. Nor could he decide whether this was a mere accident, or whether she was doing it on purpose.

"You seem to be very thoughtful," he said.

Immediately he regretted this opening, for he had meant to avoid personalities. There was no harm in leaning beside her on the terrace, but he must be careful what he said.

"I was thinking," said Joy, "that I shall be sorry not to come here next summer."

"Why? Aren't you coming next summer?"

"I don't know if I'll be able to. I'm thinking of taking a new job in the autumn. I'm sick of teaching. A friend, a girl I know, wants me to go and help her run a sort of bookshop in Chelsea. I rather think I will."

"What does Betsy think of it? Have you told her?"

"No. I haven't told anybody."

"And—your mother?"

"She's going to live with her sister. That's quite settled. I shall be glad to have rather more freedom. I think one ought to live one's own life, don't you?"

Alec reflected that Betsy and the Hewitts would probably disapprove. Joy had been trained, at their expense, to teach in the kindergarten and make a home for her mother. And then it struck him that he would not see her again very often. She would no longer come to Pandy Madoc in the summer; and Betsy, offended, might not invite her to Well Walk. Very soon she would not be his employee any more, but a queer girl, a disturbing girl, whom he had never quite understood, who seemed to be modest but who sometimes gave him looks.

The silence went on too long, and he broke it to make, in spite of himself, another personal remark:

"Aren't you catching cold?"

"No," she said, hugging her bare arms together. "I'm quite warm."

His moral censor warned him urgently to stop and go away as he sought confirmation for this statement.

"H'm—yes—you are!"

("Stop it, you fool! Don't touch her! Let go of her elbow")

"You women," he exclaimed, "are extraordinary! I can't think why you don't all die of pneumonia. That dress you have on—muslin, isn't it?"

"Chiffon."

"There's no warmth in it. Now I have on a cloth coat, and I'm none too warm."

"Silk is supposed to be the warmest thing there is," said Joy distractedly, as his grip on her arm tightened.

"No. It's the triumph of mind over matter."

He said this a little pompously, and made haste to add:

"Clothes, for us, are a mere covering. But not for you. You never think of them from the point of view of warmth or convenience; you're independent of those considerations."

For some little time he went on talking of clothes, though he knew that she was not listening. This impersonal and slightly solemn dissertation seemed to minimise the significance of what he was doing. So long as he could keep it up, his arm could remain where it was quite comfortably. It meant nothing. Suddenly he found himself kissing her.

Near-by there were footsteps, retreating. Joy gasped, and steadied herself against the wall. He realised that he had heard these steps, a moment ago, quite near on the terrace. Somebody was running away. He leaned over the wall, peering into the darkness.

"Who is that?" he called.

He dashed down to the lower terrace, but by that time the footsteps had gone. The garden seemed to be quite empty.

This sudden diversion had sobered him. Of the excitement which he had experienced, not a trace was left. It was like an electric current which has been switched off. Anxiety and self-reproach took its place. He became conscious of extreme folly. Joy was leaning over the wall above him, and he called out to her:

"Did you see who it was?"

"No."

Nothing on earth would induce him to go back. He hesitated and then bade her good-night.

"Good-night, Alec."

As he hurried back to the house, he tried to convince himself that the footsteps in the dark meant nothing. And he made vows for the future.

His mother was in the drawing-room, crouched over a patience-board where she had just set out a game of Senior Wrangler. She gave him a sharp, curious glance, and he felt as if his entrance had been too hasty.

"I've been down at the pub," he explained. "I went to see about the beer and met the Garstangs. Has everybody gone to bed?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Canning. "I've only just come in myself."

"Oh? Where have you been?"

"Down at the Blochs. They asked me in for coffee and to see his designs for that film."

"Oh, really?"

He reassured himself. It could not have been her feet on the terrace. She would never have run like that in the dark.

As she dealt out her first pack, she said casually:

"The poor Blochs! They find English life so puzzling. I've been trying to explain Lord St. Mullins to them."

"Max? Why? Do they know him?"

"Oh, yes. He was down here in June, you remember, staying with his sister over at Llanfair. The Blochs were at the cottage, and they met him when he came to see Betsy."

"Oh, that was it. Well, I don't wonder he puzzled them. He needs a lot of explaining."

"They couldn't understand how Betsy's cousin could be an earl, and she have no title. They seemed to think him very odd altogether. Does he look so queer? I don't think I've ever actually met him."

"Oh, you know—he's a wizened little creature, with a squeaky voice. Always chattering and waving his hands about."

"What age would he be now?"

"Forty-ish. But he never grows any older. He was never young, either. Always an elderly boy. I believe his parents were pretty old when he was born, which may account for it. You know how an apple looks, that shrivels before it's ripe?"

"Is he nice?" asked Mrs. Canning. "Apart from his appearance?"

"Well—you can't dislike him, exactly. He's so warm-hearted and so desperately sincere. You know he was madly in love with Betsy?"

"What is Betsy's view of him?"

"Oh, she laughs at him, but I think she's rather fond of him, too. He regards her as a kind of goddess, which must be a very endearing trait."

"Very! Does he like being an earl?"

"I think he does, rather. He likes speaking in the House of Lords. It's a place where he can talk without being interrupted. He never could get into the Commons in the old days. And he enjoys all that money, I think. Not that he spends any of it on himself. But he likes giving it away. He's horribly rich."

The patience had come out. Mrs. Canning began to stack up the cards and put them away.

"Then," she said lightly, "if Betsy hadn't refused him, she'd have been a countess by now, and very rich."

"Yes. Poor Betsy! She did miss a chance. But no self-respecting woman could marry Max."

"Where is this place—Llanfair—where his sister lives? Mrs. Pattison."

"Isobel's house? Oh, it's down south, along the coast. About fifteen miles or so."

She rose, collected her cards, her work and her spectacles, and wished him good-night. As he went to open the door for her, she said:

"I think I'll call. I'd like to meet her again."

MARK was brushing his teeth when he heard Kenneth run upstairs, pause, and knock at the door.

"Come in!" he called pleasantly. "Where on earth have you been all this time?"

"In the garden," said Kenneth, shutting the door.

"Eating worms?"

"Shut up!"

Mark turned round quickly, and saw that his friend was still in a black mood. That must be set right. Young Kenneth must not be allowed to fly off the handle so easily.

Kenneth sat down listlessly on the bed,

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and Mark began to realise that this was beyond a childish huff. Something had gone seriously wrong. He asked, in a kinder voice, if anything was the matter.

"Nothing."

There was a pause. Mark waited for information, but Kenneth merely hung about the room until he lost patience.

"Either say what's on your mind or go away."

"I couldn't ever tell anybody," declared Kenneth, beginning to shiver.

Yet he had obviously come there to tell Mark. He was sick, furious and excited.

There was a freezing silence. Mark was appalled. No joke could possibly be made out of this. The sympathy melted from his face, and his expression became severe.

"I see," he said at last. "Well—you can't do anything about it. So if I were you, I'd cut off to bed and forget about it."

THE news from London was reassuring. Mrs. Hewitt was said to be out of danger, and Professor Hewitt had come to take charge of her, so that Betsy was hoping to get back to Pandy Madoc quite soon. But there was, in Betsy's letters, an undercurrent of anxiety which Alec could not fail to perceive. They were full of unspoken questions. She wanted to know what his mother was up to. He indicated in his replies that his mother was up to nothing at all, as far as he could see.

He was working very hard indeed and saw little of his family save at breakfast and supper. This was partly in response to pressure from Johnny Granhame, and partly in order to keep away from Joy. For several days he had not seen her except at meals, and was beginning to hope that the incident had been closed.

One morning, however, when he went up to the garden-house after breakfast, he found a letter lying on his desk. As he read it, his imagined security came crashing about his ears. It said:

Dear Alec,

Mrs. Canning has told me that you and Betsy are going to be divorced.

Is this true? I must tell you that I love you so much that I think I shall die if I am never to see you again. You are the whole of life to me. Of course I know that you do not, and never can, love me like this. I would rather have just a little time with you, and then try to start life all over again, than go on forever with nothing. I should be miserable afterwards, but my life would have some meaning, and now it has no meaning. I should prefer that kind of misery to this.

Do not be angry with me for writing. I am in such despair. I cannot bear it any longer. You won't look at me or speak to me, but you have no right to be angry. —Joy.

So many bombs were dropped in this letter that Alec could scarcely make up his mind which had shattered him most.

The opening sentence, with its certain evidence of his mother's duplicity, stunned him. She had been aware, all the time, of his breach with Betsy, and had actually gossiped about it. There was no end to the harm she might have done. For all that she knew, she might now be spreading the news to Isobel Pattison, with whom she had gone to lunch.

And as for Joy!

This was a perfect nightmare. For more than an hour he banged about the room, cursing all women, even Betsy, who had brought this upon him by her untimely letter to Switzerland.

Perhaps he had better write a short, stern note, denying the likelihood of a divorce, and making the girl, if possible, ashamed of herself. He flung himself into his chair, seized a pen and tried to write her a letter.

But then he tore up all that he had written, and her letter, too, and burnt the pieces in the grate. It was half-past twelve, and he had got nowhere. A day's work lay untouched upon his desk. The whole morning had been ruined by these wretched women! At luncheon he would have to meet her, which he could not possibly do until the matter had been settled. He must go to the golf club for the day.

On his way down the hill he remembered that he could not have the car. His mother had taken it over to Llanfair. So he must go to the club on a bicycle—which, on that hilly coast, was almost as bad as walking. His rage boiled over. Like most good-tempered men, he had little control over himself when really put out.

The key to the bicycle-shed hung, or should hang, on a nail behind the front door. He turned into the house to get it, and ran slap into Joy, who was doing the flowers in the hall. They exchanged one panic-stricken glance.

"I'm going to the golf club," he said hastily. "Where's the key of the bicycle-shed?"

"On the nail. Isn't it on the nail?"

"No. It's not. It's not on the nail."

"Perhaps Ken took it."

"Good heavens! Where is he?"

"I don't know. Gone to Morvah."

She had never seen Alec in a rage before, and she was bewildered.

"Can't I—" she said wildly, "—can't I run and——"

"What?"

"Get another key?"

"Get another key? Where from?"

It was a ridiculous thing to say, but she had wished to appear helpful. Her futility, her white, startled face, were like a match to powder. He exploded:

"What nonsense! What utter nonsense! How can you talk such nonsense! I've had about as much nonsense as I can stand."

"Oh, Alec! Are you very angry with me? Why are you so angry?"

"Why? Why? Isn't it enough that my mother should have been spreading this story—these lies——"

"Then it's not true?"

"Of course it's not. Not a word of truth in it."

"Oh, Oh! But how could I know? How could——"

"And then you must needs pester me——"

"Alec! Oh, Alec!"

"Please go away. Clear out and go away. Leave me alone. I never want to see you or think of you again. If you had any decency, you'd go."

She hid her face in her hands and cowered away from him as though he were beating her. She stood, shrinking and cowering for a long time after he had finished speaking, after he had gone.

EVERYBODY seemed to be out when Betsy got to Pandy Madoc. The doors stood open, and the rooms lay empty in the quiet grey light. She looked into the drawing-room and saw an untidy heap of music lying on the open piano; the room bore traces of an alien occupation. She took in these tiny details with a faint uneasiness, for they were all eloquent of the woman who had been living there while she was away. It was as if Emily Canning could stamp herself indelibly upon any place where she had been.

Betsy turned away with an impulse to get out once more into the fresh air, to recapture the mood of her arrival. But a slight movement on the stairs arrested her. She looked up and saw Mrs. Canning peering over the banisters, bright-eyed and furtive, like some animal peeping out of its burrow.

"Betsy!"

"Hullo! I'm back, you see!"

"I must be loving and wise," Betsy reminded herself, and she smiled as kindly as she could.

Mrs. Canning came running down into the hall.

"But my dear! We never knew you were coming to-day! Did you telegraph?"

"No, said Betsy, still smiling. "I thought I'd give you all a surprise?"

"Your mother? How is she?"

"Very, very much better. Quite out of danger. The report this morning was so good that I just jumped into the train and came home."

"But—you poor thing! Nobody met you."

"That's all right. I walked up. I liked the walk after sitting in the train all day. My suitcase can be fetched up from the station any time. Where is everybody?"

"I don't know. Alec seems to have gone over to the golf-links."

"Oh, has he?" asked Betsy in surprise. "When he's so hard at work? Is he stuck, or something?"

"I don't know. I've been out all day, lunching with Mrs. Pattison."

"Oh?"

Something in Mrs. Canning's tone had suggested that she could have said a great deal more if she liked. Betsy felt the old defensive uneasiness, the need to be on her guard and to make little plots in order to frustrate other little plots. But if she was to be loving and wise, she must ignore that feeling. She asked casually if there was any news.

"Oh—Joyce Thing—your sub-scrub——"

"Joy Benson?"

"She says she has a headache. I've just been up to her room. I don't know what the matter can be. She looks as if she's been crying herself silly. But she calls it a headache."

"Oh," said Betsy, looking at the flower-table, whereon partly arranged flowers lay wilted, "so that's why— Well, I'll go up and find out what's the matter."

But at that moment Kenneth appeared in the doorway. At the sight of his mother, he gave a joyful cry and flung himself upon her. She hugged him almost fiercely.

She saw in a moment that things had been going badly with him. Then Eliza and Daphne came bounding in. The hall was full of chatter, and the house woke up from its grey repose.

Mrs. Canning went into the drawing-room and sat in the window-seat, working at her tapestry. She was making a cover for Betsy's piano-stool in a very striking design which she had copied from a piece in South Kensington Museum.

A step on the gravel outside made her look up. Alec was coming wearily through the garden. His day's golfing could not have done him much good, for he looked quite fagged out. She called to him through the window; and when he came close, she saw that he was in one of his awful insane tempers. They only happened once in several years, so that in between she was apt to forget they could ever happen.

"Betsy's back," she told him.

"Oh," he said. "Good!"

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TOGETHER AND APART

He did not, however, say it with any great interest. His blind, angry eyes were directed towards his mother, and he added:

"I want a word with you some time."

She quailed for a moment, and then remembered that she, too, wanted a word with him. He was angry with her, but she had a very good defence up her sleeve.

"Yes, dear," she said quietly. "But it's a quarter to eight. If you want a bath, you must hurry."

He went on, round the house, and she continued to sew.

THERE was something evil in the air, hanging about like a bad odor. Betsy felt it, though she could not locate it. Half a dozen small things worried her, but none of these things, not all of them together could account for this premonition of disaster. Alone, in the seclusion of her bedroom, she held it at bay. This uneasiness, she told herself, was nothing new, nothing extraordinary. . . .

Later, in the drawing-room, immediately below, she could hear the rise and fall of voices. Alec and his mother were talking. She wondered how long they would be, and if she would have time to put cream on her face before they came upstairs. Alec had come back, since the departure of Mark Hannay, to sleep in his own room, and she hoped that he would drop in and have a little gossip with her, before going to bed.

A door closed, down below. She heard Mrs. Canning come upstairs and go into the spare room. She put down the pot of cold cream that she had picked up, and sat still, listening. But it was a long time before she heard his feet on the stairs, so long that she had begun to be a little indignant. For they had scarcely exchanged three words alone together yet, and he must know that she would be waiting for him. She told him quite sharply to come in when, at last, he knocked at her door.

"Betsy! What is this about Max Brittevant?"

Her heart seemed to tumble downstairs. It couldn't be true. He hadn't said it.

"What? What do you mean?"

"Max St. Mullins, I mean. Is it true you've promised to marry him as soon as you've got rid of me?"

"Who says so?"

"Is it true?"

"No. No, it's not true. Who says so?"

"Isobel Pattison told my mother so this afternoon."

"She must be insane."

Betsy got up and began to put away clothes in her wardrobe. She wanted time to find her feet again. She felt that she could get through this safely if only she had a little time. For she had plenty of things to say. She had thought it all out long ago, what she should say if Alec ever found out about Max. This ought not to have knocked the wind out of her so completely.

"Isobel says that he told her all about it before he went to China. He seemed to regard it as a settled thing: that you would get your freedom while he was away, and marry him later."

"He had no right to. I gave him no right."

"Did you ever discuss it with him? Our divorce? No—how could you? He'd gone to China before it came up. Did he ask you to marry him? What did you say—was that what put the idea of divorce into your head?"

"Your mother has been making mischief. You are most unfair to listen to her. You promised you wouldn't discuss my affairs with her. It's disloyal——"

"Please answer my questions. She has made an accusation against you. I want to know if it's true."

"Why shouldn't I marry Max? If I were free, it would be a perfectly respectable thing to do."

"I don't question that. I merely want to know why this is the first I've heard of it. Have you discussed with him, at any time, the possibility of your getting your freedom?"

"Yes—I have, but—"

"When?"

"In June. When he was down here."

And you didn't ask me for your freedom till July."

"No. Because you weren't here. I made up my mind in June, and told you about it as soon as you came down."

"But you discussed it with him first?"

"Yes. I told him I was thinking of it."

"Why?"

"We are cousins . . . He is very fond of me."

"Did he ask you to marry him?"

"Yes. Yes, he did. But—"

"And so you thought you would leave me. It was all his idea."

"Not at all. I was getting sick of you myself. I would have made up my mind just the same if he hadn't been there. He has nothing to do with it."

"Oh, hasn't he? But he asked you to marry him, and he thinks you're going to. Did you say that you wouldn't?"

"I said we couldn't discuss it till I was free. I might want to marry him. I might not."

"And not a word of this to me! Not a word!"

"Why should I have told you? It was all so definite. How could I know what I'd want to do in a couple of years' time. It would have made it sound so much more definite than it was, if I told you. I never imagined that you would object to my remarrying, if we got a divorce. I shouldn't mind it if you did. I want you to. What we do when we are free is our own concern."

THEY were facing one another now, both reckless with anger.

"Then the reasons you gave me were pure humbug."

"No, they weren't."

"You felt the real reason wouldn't sound so good."

"You're grossly unfair. I won't be cross-examined. I won't be treated like this. I——"

"Your insincerity is past praying for. I give it up. You pose as an injured wife; you play on my feelings, talk about the children—and all the time you—quite calmly—plan to marry a man you don't love. You know you don't love him—you couldn't . . . but you want to be Lady St. Mullins, and so——"

"He loves me. He loves me, and you don't. You never have. You only want to keep me, because——"

"Well, do you want to marry him, or don't you?"

"That's my business."

"What do you want? Shall I go? Make way for him? All right. I don't care. I'll go. I'll go to-morrow. You're not worth——"

"Yes, go! Go!"

"I'll never come back, if I do."

"I don't want you back. I want to be rid of you. You've insulted me and called me a liar. If you don't go, I shall."

"Right you are. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye."

A SWITCH clicked, and the big room in the garden-house sprang into light. It had the dreary, impersonal look of a room revisited after it has been left for the night. The untidy litter on the desk, the pipes, the letter files, the scribbled sheets of foolscap, spoke neither of yesterday nor of to-morrow.

Alec, still moving with the somnambulistic precision of a man in a rage, went across to the desk and began to collect his possessions. He had come up to find the score of "Byron," his manuscript, some unanswered letters and a check-book. For he was packing his things.

He had begun to do so the moment he left Betsy's room. He had gone straight to the box-room and pulled out a couple of suitcases. There was a train at seven o'clock next morning, and he meant to take it. He was determined to do something violent and irrevocable.

The sheets of his manuscript were all mixed up, and as he sorted them he began to whistle softly, because he was so calm, because going away meant so little to him. Why he whistled a hymn tune he did not know. It was the first tune that came into his mind out of that dark storehouse where it had lurked for more than forty years in company with heaven knows what spasm of infantile jealousy.

Jerusalem the golden
With milk and honey blest!

To Joy, crouching among the divan cushions, this whistling was horrible.

The same tune came over and over again as he rustled the sheets of foolscap. She was petrified with fright. She lay there, scarcely breathing, and prayed that he would soon stop and go away.

Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress!

He had not once looked at the dark corner where she lay. He was busy all the time at his desk.

"Jerusalem the golden—" Sometimes it stopped for a moment as he paused to glance over a letter or a sheet of notes. Then, in the silence, she could hear moths banging themselves about the room. They had fluttered in from the darkness outside, when the light was switched on. There was a sound of tearing paper and the tune began again:

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey—

It broke off.

He was staring over at her corner in a startled way. He took two or three quick steps forward and stopped. His blind eyes looked at and through her.

"What are you doing here?"

"I—I——"

"What have you come here for?"

"I didn't mean to. I never thought you would come up here so late. I didn't, honestly. I thought you'd gone to bed. I really did. I'm going away, as you told me to. I'm going to-morrow. I never meant to see you again. When you came in, I didn't know what to do. I hoped you would go away and not see me."

"Why did you come up here?"

"Please, Alec——"

"You were lying here in the dark when I came in?"

She was still too frightened to move. She crouched there, peering up at him. The words were dragged out of her, one by one.

"I was only—sort of—saying good-bye—to you, and your room, and all your things—because I thought I should never see you again . . . I—always wanted—I wanted to lie down here—for a minute—where you've slept . . . That was all."

"I see."

storm and the minute or so

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He went back to his desk and begun to shuffle his papers into a small portfolio. His hands shook a little, but he said evenly:

"I'm not angry. Not with you. Not for this."

Reassured, she sat up and pushed the hair out of her eyes, murmuring:

"I would have gone if I could have got away without your seeing me."

He looked up and down his desk to see if he had forgotten anything. He spoke with his back half-turned to her:

"My mother seems to have been right after all. Betsy wants to be rid of me, so I'm clearing out."

Joy, in the act of dragging herself to her feet, sat down again with a plump and gaped at him.

"What?"

"I say I'm off. For good!"

"You're going away?"

"Yes."

He turned round and looked at her. She still felt as if he did not see her. Ever since he came into the room, he had been like a stranger, like Alec's body possessed by someone else. Then, picking up his portfolio, he went towards the door.

BODWEN brought Alec's note to Betsy with her early tea. It was quite short and merely told her that he had gone by the early train, and that his address had better be care of his club for the moment.

She read it with composure. She had slept very well, and awoke in the curious immobility which comes immediately after shock. She was like a person who has fallen downstairs, and who lies pensive for a while at the bottom before locating injuries.

She was in the dining-room, brisk, cool and competent, as the gong rang. But nobody was there to see her, and she felt as if she had got her public expression ready a little too soon. The children were always late, but Joy should have been there punctually. And then she remembered Joy's headache, or whatever it was. All those things left over from yesterday must still be attended to, and Betsy was tired. She turned a face haggard, in spite of its rouge, to greet her mother-in-law.

Emily Canning had taken no pains to hide the traces of a bad night. For nine hours she had been turning and tossing, and wondering if everything was going to be all right. In the face of Betsy's surprise, she said, with an attempt at gaiety:

"Oh, I was awake, so I got up."

"Porridge," suggested Betsy. "Coffee?"

"Oh, thank you. I'd like some porridge."

Betsy handed her the cream jug, and said lightly:

"Alec has gone off."

"Gone off? Gone off, where?"

"I don't know," said Betsy, turning to carve herself some ham. "W settled it last night. I gather you knew a little about it, that we've agreed to part, I mean. Now that I'm back, and my anxiety about mother is over, there seems nothing to wait for. So we decided to get it over, and he's gone."

Mrs. Canning made no comment. She was pouring the cream over her plate, over the tablecloth.

"Did you quarrel?"

"No," asserted Betsy. "Oh, no. It's nothing of that sort."

"But he's left you."

"We've agreed to part. It's all right, really, it is. We're both quite happy about it. We've been discussing it for weeks."

"No! No! You've quarrelled. I made you quarrel."

"No, really, Mrs. Canning. It's got nothing to do with you. We've done what we've done, because we wanted to."

"I made you quarrel. I made him angry with you. I thought, if he was angry, he wouldn't listen to this nonsense of yours. I wanted to stop this divorce."

"You couldn't have stopped it."

They faced one another miserably, over the messy table. All their lives they had been antagonists; and now, now that Betsy had won, there was no triumph.

"I think this will kill me."

"It will be so bad for the children if they think something dreadful has happened. We must take it calmly."

"Oh, the poor children!" quavered Mrs. Canning. "Poor little things! What will happen to them?"

"I must discuss with you what I'm going to say to them."

"How could he agree to do such a thing? He ought to have thought of his children."

"But they won't suffer. They'll take it all as a matter of course. Children do, if a thing is explained to them properly. We shall share them. There won't be any sordid squabbles about that, or money. The whole thing can be arranged in a friendly way if only——"

Betsy broke off to greet Daphne, who, at that moment, rushed in.

"Why, darling! Your hair is all wet. Have you been bathing already?"

Daphne nodded vigorously.

"Yes. All of us. I say! Where have Father and Joy gone to?"

"Father has gone to London. And as for Joy——"

"London?" exclaimed Eliza, as she came in. "Whatever have they gone to London for?"

"Joy hasn't gone anywhere. Father has gone off on business. Really, Eliza! Your hair is dripping. Did you bathe with no caps at all?"

"But Joy has gone. She was at the station," protested Eliza.

"Joy was?"

Daphne explained: "The Bloch boys saw them. Father and Joy, getting into the seven o'clock train. And we met them in the road—the Bloch boys, I mean; and they told us."

"They saw Joy? What on earth——"

Mrs. Canning sprang to her feet with a cry.

"Betsy—you must stop it. You must fetch them back."

"I don't understand. I don't believe it. There must be some mistake."

"Mother! What is it?"

"It's perfectly impossible," declared Betsy. "Nothing can make me believe——"

Her face belied her words. The rouge stood out on her ashy cheeks like a fine red dust. She turned blindly and stumbled towards the door; but there she met Kenneth, who had already been upstairs, and said, with a face as white as hers:

"It's true, Mother. She's gone. I've been up to look. She's left all her things packed.

(Being extracts from various letters bearing on the case of Canning vs. Canning and Benson. First, Mrs. Granhame to Mrs. Trotter:

MY Dear Angela:

Johnny and I have only just got back from Salzburg, and we are absolutely stunned by the rumor which is going round about the Alecs. Yesterday we saw the Merricks, at the Vercker first night, and they told us that Alec and Betsy are parting company! Is this true? I do hope it isn't. It is said you have been staying at P.M. so will know. Do send me a line. . . .

(Mrs. Trotter to Mrs. Granhame:)

My dear, I know all about it. But I'm afraid I can't give you the full details, because I've promised Betsy not to tell anybody. But this I can tell you: Alec has behaved disgracefully.

Betsy is in Oxford, with her people. She has been a perfect saint about it all, really wonderful. She won't allow Alec to be blamed, and says it is all to be done in a friendly way! She doesn't want his friends to know how he has behaved; she doesn't want anyone to be put against him. This much I can tell you—in fact I ought to: It's nothing to do with Chris Adams. She is a back number.

But I really do think a man like Alec ought not to be allowed to get away with it like this. Can't you or Johnny do anything? You are his greatest friends. . . .

(Postcard from Alec to Johnny Granhame:)

Vaucluse, Provence.

Sorry I couldn't lunch with you. Here till mid-October.

(Johnny Granhame to Alec:)

What on earth are you doing at Vaucluse? And what has happened to "Byron"? The women here are saying you have left your wife. If you don't come back soon you won't have a shred of character left.

Can I do anything? You'll say it's no business of mine. But I'm your oldest friend, and I'm not going to see you making a mess of things without trying to stop it. Of course I don't know what the trouble is, but they say Betsy is miserable and heartbroken; not disinclined to make it up, by all accounts. If you like, I will go and see her, and find out how the land lies.

For heaven's sake, come back and take a firm line with her. Ten to one, it's that she wants.

Come back anyway, for I've got another act finished. . . .

(Alec to Johnny Granhame:)

I'm here by Betsy's orders, and I don't think it would look right if I came back too soon. I've got to desert her well and thoroughly. She told me to. I'm sorry to hear that she is miserable and heartbroken; but it is now too late for her to change her mind. I very much doubt if she has done so. She had pretty definite plans for the future when I saw her last.

See her if you like. I don't know what her account of the business may be, but whatever it is I'm sure it's correct and I shan't contradict it. She will do me justice. She always has.

My address for the next few months is as above. I got back to England on Monday and have taken a furnished flat here, a rum sort of place with glass ceilings and steel furniture. But it will house me and my belongings till my plans are more settled. I've just sent off a lot of stuff to you by special messenger. When can I come along and talk about it?

(Johnny Granhame to Alec:)

The MSS of "Byron" arrived all right, for which many thanks.

Frankly, I don't know when you can come along and talk about it. Susie won't have you in the house, and I can't very well blame her, for I suppose the women have a right to their trades-union.

I think, perhaps, we had better drop "Byron" for the time being. I don't feel like meeting you. I'm sorry, but I can't accept the fact that you've behaved like a cad. I've been too fond of you to shrug my shoulders at it, as I would if you were a mere acquaintance. Of course I know worse cads, and have worked with them, but they were people I didn't care a hang for.

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TOGETHER AND APART

(Mrs. Canning to Alec:)

I rang up your flat this morning, but they said you were out. So I must write instead. Are you free, dear, on Friday evening? I want to give a little party, and I very much want you to come. A few friends to dinner, and some others to come in later. Eight o'clock. Black tie.

(Alec to Mrs. Canning:)

My dear mother, it is very nice of you to want to give a party for us. We shall be delighted to come. Don't ask the Granhames. They have dropped me, and "Byron" is off. Johnny is surprised at me, and thinks I have polluted the Old School Tie.

(Mrs. Canning to Alec:)

I am so glad that you can come on Friday, darling! But I am afraid I meant the invitation for you only. It would not be at all a wise thing for me to receive Miss Benson. Surely you must see that? I must have a long talk with you soon—please, dear! I can't talk on the telephone, and I have a great deal to say! When can you come and see me?

(Alec to Mrs. Canning:)

I'm very sorry about the party, but I'm afraid I can't come unless Joy is asked. I don't go to houses where she is not received. I intend to marry her as soon as I am free to do so. My obligations towards her are the most important thing that I have to consider.

(Postcard from Alec to Kenneth:)

When is your half-term? I thought of coming down for it.

(Kenneth to Alec:)

I'm spending half-term with my mother.

(Joy to Kenneth:)

Your father was so much upset by your refusing to see him that I feel I must write to you. I have never seen him so much upset over anything. At first he did not want to tell me what had happened, but I insisted upon knowing.

I feel sure that you do not know what has really happened. You must not believe people who try to put you against him. Nothing is his fault; he has behaved in a very fine and generous way. Your mother wanted to get rid of him, so that she might marry somebody else. If she had not wanted this he would never have left her, though she never tried to make him happy.

I am doing everything I can to comfort him. We shall be married, I hope, sometime next year, and we hope that you and Eliza and Daphne will come and live with us, for part of the time, anyway; of course we do not want to take you away from your mother altogether. I will do all I can to make it a happy home for you all. Your father and I love each other very much, and it is wicked of people to say that I have ruined his life. Your mother is going to be happy with her new husband; why should she grudge it to us?

Your father does not know that I am writing to you, and he would be angry if he knew. He will not say one word, to anyone, to defend himself. But I cannot allow people to poison your mind against him.

(Betsy to Mrs. Hewitt:)

I've decided to go abroad for the rest of the winter. I can't stand London any more, and I want to get away. I want to be away till my case comes on. I'm going for a few days to Angela Trotter, and then I go to Paris, where Pen Priday has lent me a flat. Angela is going with me, to settle me in. She is the only really loyal friend I've got, as far as I can see. I don't feel you and Father are really sympathetic, though I know you are sorry for me. But you don't back me up, when it comes to the point; Father has a natural bias, I suppose, towards the man's point of view. I should have thought anyone would agree that I am right to fight for my children.

I thought Ken might join me in Paris for the holidays. There would be just room in the flat for him, and we could go about together, and he is of an age to enjoy it. It will be good for him and nice for me; I know quite a lot of interesting people there who will, I hope, have something to think about other than me and my affairs.

Can Daphne and Eliza go to you? Poor sweets, it will be a little dismal for them not to have Ken and me at Christmas, but there wouldn't be room for them, and if there were, I am really too far through to face the idea of dragging about with the lot of them. And I know you will love having them.

(Mrs. Trotter to Mrs. Granhame:)

Rue St. Evian, Paris.

I've got Betsy settled into her flat here and am coming home on Monday. I'm glad I went, for she is on the point of a nervous breakdown—not fit to cope with anything, poor dear.

You would have thought she might hope for a little respite here.

I'm glad to say Betsy is quite firm. She is going to stand out for as much alimony as she can possibly get, and never let him see the children till they are grown up. She says now she doesn't care who knows how badly he has behaved, so I can tell you a lot of things that I couldn't before. How he drinks, for one thing. Once, when he was drunk, he threw her down a whole flight of stairs. She says she can never tell anybody what awful things he said to her on the last night, before he deserted her. But I'll tell you the rest when we meet.

EARLY on Monday morning Eliza packed her suitcase and slipped out of the hotel leaving the following note for her grandmother:

Dear Gran,—I have gone up to London for the day to see Father. I will go back to school by the 5.40 from Baker Street, which is what all the London girls go by. Thank you very much for a lovely half term; it was very good of you to have me. And please don't worry about me being alone in London. I have plenty of money, and know my way about, and will not get into conversation with strangers. Mother always lets me go about alone, really. I would have told you, only I know Mother does not wish us to see him, so you would have had to say no. And I must see him!

Your very loving
ELIZA.

She did not know where her father lived now, but she thought that she could find out. When she got to London she found a public call box and rang up her other grandmother in Bedford Gardens.

"I want Father's address," she explained.

Mrs. Canning, at the other end, was taken by surprise.

"Eliza. Where are you? Aren't you at school?"

"No. It's my half-term. Grandmama, do please tell me where he is. Mother won't."

"Oh?" said Emily Canning. "Oh, really? How dis—Oh, well, it's 97-D"—and she named an address near Gloucester Road Station.

"Oh, thank you!"

"Where are you?"

"At Nuneaton."

"What?"

"I hope you are quite well, Grandmamma?"

"Eliza! Where did you say you were?"

"At Torquay."

"What? Where?"

But Eliza had rung off.

THE address given her led to a dingy little square of tall houses which had been turned into flats just after the war, when any flat, however makeshift and uncomfortable, could be let at a high rent. Now it was a shabby, depressed neighborhood—a middle-class slum.

Eliza found No. 97, climbed up a great many flights, and presently came up short against a door put bang across a top stair. It had "D" on it, so that it must be the right one. But she was surprised, for there was something very mean, quite unlike her father, about the entry, the stairs and this door.

She rang the bell. Footsteps came clumping. A surly-looking servant peered out at her, admitted that Mr. Canning was at home, and at length agreed to let her in. They had to insert themselves with care into the narrow hall while the door was being shut again.

"Will you wait in here, please?" said the maid, opening a door.

Eliza passed into a room which was full of Eastern trophies. Ivory elephants walked along the mantelpiece above the gas fire. The stone-colored walls were covered with weapons, embroideries, and pictures on rice paper. There was a Buddha sitting in the corner, and on the hair carpet there was a tiger skin.

Ladies, photographed in presentation gowns, peered regretfully out of tarnished silver frames. She looked about her, quite bewildered, until her eye fell on the divan by the widow. There, in a little wicker basket, lay something so astonishing that she nearly fainted.

Staring her eyes out, she moved slowly toward it. At last she knelt and pulled the shawl back a very little way so as to see more.

It was asleep. It had such a good little face, composed and serious, that she was filled with awe. The tiny red hands were crossed devoutly beneath the chin.

So deep was her wonder, her contemplation, that she did not hear her father come in. And he, for a few seconds, could not speak, because he failed to recognise this tall young stranger, and thought she was Betsy. Time seemed to have run backward. Her face was turned away, as she knelt beside the divan, but the line of her cheek, the shape of her head, the dark curls on her neck all brought the young Betsy vividly before him.

But that girl was gone forever, as he knew in the next instant. No vicissitude could bring her back. Even if Betsy came—But who was this? He said something, he did not know what, and she turned round.

"Eliza!"

She was too much excited to greet him.

"Oh, Father! How— I never— What a darling little baby!"

He smiled.

"Didn't you know that you had a little brother?"

"A brother!"

The word was like an electric shock. Could there be any brother except Ken?

"Was he—how old is he?"

"Just a fortnight."

"Was he—born here?"

"No. In a nursing home. We brought him here yesterday."

"Then—he's—Joy's little baby?"

"Yes."

But how clever of Joy! How strange that such a wonderful thing could happen to her. What did she feel like? Had she been frightfully excited?

They realised that they had not kissed one another, and they did so now. He said,

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"It's lovely to see you again, Eliza. How did you—how is it that you've come?"

Words departed from her. Fifteen cannot talk to forty-five. It was impossible for either to tell the other anything. Of all that had happened to them both, since the summer on the hills above Llyn Alyn, so little could be explained. They could only guess. But she made a crude attempt and told him the most important thing, from her point of view.

"How is Ken?"

"I had tea with them yesterday," was all that she could say.

"Oh? Were you at his school?"

"Yes. It's my half-term. Ken is going to Sweden this summer with a boy called Beddoes. I wish he wasn't."

"Oh, really? But how did you get here?"

"I got the address from Grandmamma. Who is this photograph of?"

"I don't know."

Eliza looked so puzzled that he explained: "These aren't my things. This is a furnished flat."

"Then are you poor?" she asked.

"I'm short at the moment, yes. I've done no work for nearly a year, and there's nothing much coming in just now."

She registered this fact. Divorce sometimes made people poor. But her mother seemed to be quite rich still, and they had not left the house in Well Walk.

There were three or four sharp knocks on the wall.

"That's Joy," said Alec. "She wants me to bring her the baby. We put in in here, because it's cooler."

He approached the basket and doubtfully pulled back the shawl.

"Oh, let me carry it," begged Eliza. "Do let me! I know how to. I did at the creche. I'll be awfully careful."

He was glad to allow it, for he was terrified of picking the baby up.

There was another knock on the wall. Eliza carried Peter, very carefully, into the next room.

Joy was sitting up in a tumbled bed. Her yellow hair stood up on end, and a shabby green cardigan was huddled on over her nightgown. She looked tired and fragile. In the nursing home she had felt extremely well; but the move back to the flat had been exhausting. At the sight of Eliza, she gaped and flushed. Eliza advanced cautiously and put the baby into her arms.

"You don't mind, do you, Joy? I've carried little babies before. I know how. I did so want to."

"Why have you come?" asked Joy confusedly.

"She's come to see us," said Alec. "She didn't know she had a brother, and she's over the moon."

"Who brought her?"

"I brought myself. It's my half-term. Oh, look! He's awake!"

The baby began crying in angry little bleats.

PRESENTLY Alec took Joy's breakfast-tray into the kitchen. As soon as he was out of the room, Joy broke into reproaches.

"Why didn't you come before? He's been longing to see you. I don't think it was very kind."

"I wasn't allowed," explained Eliza.

"Your mother wouldn't?"

"It's the law, you know—till we are sixteen."

"It's wicked. I can't think how she can be so cruel! Isn't it enough that she has taken all his money?"

"Has she?"

"Of course she has. All his savings. Every penny he's got. Didn't you know?"

"No—no, I didn't."

"Why did she let you come now?"

"She didn't. I came without leave."

"Oh? You did? Oh, good!"

Joy looked at her curiously, and added in a kinder voice:

"I'm very glad you've come, dear! I never wanted to come between him and his children. It has nearly broken my heart. She'll be furious with you, I suppose?"

"I hope not," said Eliza. "I'm nearly sixteen."

"So you are. Then you're on his side?"

That Eliza had a side of her own was something which nobody seemed to consider. She looked rather sulky, kicked the brass end of the bed, and said that she did not know.

"When you're sixteen—what will you choose?"

"I don't know."

"I wish you'd come to us. I'd do everything I could . . . We always got on all right, didn't we? You are his favorite, you know. He minded losing you most. If you knew all he's gone through! I can't explain now—you're too young to understand. But you will. And there's one thing that you ought to know. Your mother——"

"Oh, don't!" burst out Eliza. "She's my mother. You mustn't say things about her. It's got nothing to do with who is in the right. I don't care about that. I don't want to know. If I come to you——"

"Then you are coming?"

"I'll have to think about it."

When Alec came back, Joy anunounced triumphantly:

"Eliza thinks she may come to us when she is sixteen."

"Oh?" said Alec. "Do you? Eliza! Do you!"

His delight prevented him from saying more, but he smiled broadly, and so did Joy. They both looked at Eliza as though she had given them the promise of something infinitely precious.

The door-bell buzzed angrily. The maid's feet went clumping along the passage. A chatter of voices broke out, and Eliza jumped off the bed.

"Oh, goodness! That's Grandmother! She's come after me. From Malvern! Oh, my goodness!"

"Mrs. Hewitt!" exclaimed Alec.

Eliza poked her head round the door and said mildly:

"Here I am."

"Eliza!" cried Mrs. Hewitt. "This is very naughty. How could you do such a thing? What will your mother say?"

Too flustered to know what she was doing, she came storming into the bedroom.

"Look at our baby," said Eliza.

Henrietta Hewitt collapsed. And what did she see? A woman lying in bed with a new baby, a place where allcomers should tread softly and speak gently.

To stalk out in silence and scold Eliza elsewhere was the proper thing to do. But for Henrietta this was impossible. It was a new baby.

She approached the bed ungraciously and peered at him, expressing a hope that Joy had not had too bad a time.

"A dear little baby—so neat."

This compliment, peculiar to Henrietta's generation, surprised Eliza and Joy. Alec remembered how much it had always annoyed Betsy, and felt a strong desire to laugh.

Inarticulate with embarrassment, humanity, compassion, shock, and a sense of disloyalty to Betsy, Henrietta got herself and Eliza out of the flat. In the street she began to scold. But Eliza was quite impossible. She refused to be scolded, and skipped along, chattering about her new brother with a childish glee.

"You don't seem to understand," said Mrs. Hewitt at last. "It's all very sad. Very dreadful!"

"But you said yourself he was a dear little——"

"All babies are. . . . One feels they are very sweet, but——"

Mrs. Hewitt gave it up. She said with a sigh:

"We'd better lunch at Gorringes."

EVERYBODY has one hidden, irrational terror: of thunder, of ghosts, of cancer, or fire, of being buried alive. Betsy was afraid of going to the dentist; not because she minded pain, but because once, as a child, she had heard of a person who jumped when the drill went into the nerve, so that the drill slipped and gashed his throat. She lived in dread lest the same thing might happen to herself.

But she was very much ashamed of this fantasy, and had avowed it to nobody except Alec, a long time ago, when they were first married. He had been extremely sympathetic, and conducted her himself to the horrid tryst.

So to-day Kenneth, having heard from Eliza that his mother had gone to the dentist, hurried after her, thinking to take his father's place. To his disappointment and wrath, however, he found Lord St. Mullins already in the waiting-room.

"Come to look after your mother?" said Max. "Good old chap! That's right. So did I."

"Oh?" asked Kenneth dangerously. "Why?"

The onlookers abandoned their magazines and were listening with frank enjoyment.

The audience now watched the door, hoping to get a sight of Betsy before they were called away to their own appointments. The sympathy of the room was with Kenneth, for Max had been pacing up and down, breathing sharply through his teeth, as was his habit when confronted with a problem. And Betsy's children were undoubtedly a problem. By some means or other, he must secure their regard.

But now Betsy appeared, and Max bounded towards her with a little moan of sympathy.

"Oh, did he hurt you? Was it ghastly?"

"No, no!" She was radiant. "Only two little fillings. I hardly felt it. Why, Ken!"

She looked from one to the other in dismay. Kenneth, advancing, took her arm and firmly marched her out of the room, saying that he had come to see her home. Max followed them. On the doorstep he said, as pleasantly as he could:

"I'm sorry, old man. But I want your mother to come out to lunch with me. I want her advice about some curtains I have to buy. Betsy, can you spare me the time?"

"You're coming home with me, aren't you?" Kenneth's eyes were stormy as he turned to his mother. She began to be annoyed with him.

"This concern for me is very sudden," she said. "You didn't show much this morning. I'm sorry you gave up your skating, but I'm afraid I'm not coming home just yet. If you want to be really useful, you can drive the car back to Well Walk for me."

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Max had already opened the door of his own car, and she got into it without looking at Kenneth again. But as they slid off down the street, and while Max was still arranging an enormous fur rug round her knees, she glanced out of the window and saw her son standing on the kerb. His white, despairing face unnerved her.

"Oh, dear," she said, "now I've hurt him. He's so sensitive."

"Are you never to think of yourself? Those children make a perfect slave of you."

"But it was really rather sweet of him to come."

"It was sweet of me, too," said Max with unusual spirit. "And I got there first. I do want you to come and help me to buy some things."

Betsy, who loved spending money, smiled and prepared to listen. He explained that he was going to do up Hornwood, which had not been touched for fifty years. . . .

DUSK found them, grimy and excited, in the attics of Hornwood. Betsy had declared that she could not give any advice about curtains and carpets until she had seen the rooms again, and they drove straight down to Sussex, arriving in time for a late luncheon. Ever since then they had been exploring. For the first time she got a chance to go over the whole house and to inspect every room. It was far larger than she had supposed. To make it habitable would be the work of months.

Externally it was a perfect house, nobly proportioned, solid and graceful. Ample wings flanked the central portion with its tall pillars running up two stories to an elegant plinth. A steep wooded slope rose behind it; in front there was a park with an extensive lake. The line of the South Downs decorated the horizon. But even outside, much had been done to quench beauty and character. Monkey-puzzle trees had been planted wherever they could catch the eye, and a jungle of moribund bamboos disfigured the shores of the lake. Neat drives, of bright orange gravel, wound through acres of rhododendrons.

"Pull up, root out, and cut down," said Betsy, standing on the front door steps. "Let's have it all looking a little bit shabby."

Then she went indoors and walked through room after room, exclaiming:

"Everything here must go."

Upstairs there were only two bathrooms, immense draughty places without even hot pipes for towels. The bedsteads were mostly of brass; the jugs and basins on the washstands were designed either for giants or dwarfs, and no dressing-table was adequately lighted. Betsy's spirits began to sink under this mass of inconvenience and ugliness.

"Isn't there," she asked, "anything nice anywhere?"

"I think there are some nice old things up in the attics," said Max. "When Uncle Jim's father did the place up in the forties, I believe he stored a lot of things up there. Uncle Jim did it over again in the eighties or nineties, and threw out everything his father had bought. But I don't think he ever realised there were such things as attics. Anyway, he never bothered to go up there."

He led her up some echoing, uncarpeted stairs, explaining anxiously that he had no taste, and that she might think the attic furniture was rubbish. They came to a long passage, dim in the fading afternoon, and full of doors. He opened the nearest and took her into a good-sized, darkish room, crammed with furniture, like an auction gallery.

"There must be about eight rooms like this," he said. "But we'll just look at one or two. You mustn't tire yourself. You've been far too good already."

"Oh, Max—be quiet! I mean—this is—incredible."

Her eyes, growing accustomed to the light, travelled from one treasure to another. She could not see half of them. From room to room she darted, breathless and exclaiming. She found Sheraton chairs and Hepplewhite chairs, delicate chinoiserie lacquered cabinets, little elegant four-post beds still hung with faded and exquisite quilting, graceful sofas upholstered in frayed striped silk, Recamier sofas, Ingres drawings, Cozens watercolors, and one or two Adams mantelpieces which must have been removed in favor of the massy marble ones which prevailed downstairs.

"They're all museum pieces. Somebody in your family must have had taste, Max. Will you look at the things in this cupboard, eggshell porcelain, this celadon bowl—and that's peach glaze. . . . We'll have them all down, throw everything else in the house on to a bonfire and furnish it with these."

"Will they be enough?" asked Max. "There seems a lot up here, but won't they look rather lost downstairs?"

"They'll do for a start. They'll keep my eye in. We'll go right back to what the place must have been when your Uncle Jim's father got at it. With these things to guide us, we can't go wrong; we can't make the mistake of getting anything else less good. Though, of course, we must buy a great deal."

The whole beauty of Hornwood had seized her mind, and she now saw exactly what it ought to be like. She longed to get to work. Such a task would keep her happy for years.

"Come and look at this glass," she said, bending over a table. "It's Waterford!"

Max came to look. In the silence behind her she heard an odd thumping noise and realised that this was his poor heart which had a way of beating far too loudly when he was much moved. She saw how excruciating to him her plans must be, how tormenting the half promise of a future together when she said we must do this and that.

"He is going to ask me again," she thought in a panic.

"Let's go," she said. "It's too dark to see any more, and it's cold up here."

The corridor was so dark that they had to grope their way along, and at the stairs he took her arm to guide her. She said, as she felt with her other hand for the banisters:

"I'll marry you, dear Max, if you really want it. I don't love you in the way I loved Alec. I shall never love anyone like that again. But I'm very fond of you, and I think we might be happy. Oh, do be careful!"

For in his rapture he had nearly lost his balance and flung them both down the steep flight of stairs.

"To look after you—take care of you! To see that nobody ever hurts you again! He never loved you as I do. And you must love me, or you wouldn't marry me. I shall die of happiness."

MAX was in the seventh heaven. It was wonderful to know that she could mean so much to another person; she could not, but he moved to a responsive warmth. As they drove back to London after dinner, she caught him to her with real ardor, whispering words of love and consolation.

It was not impossible to love him. This tender compassion would carry her a long way. It would satisfy him, and if he was satisfied, their marriage would be a success. She would make up to him for all that he had missed.

And then they would make Hornwood into a wonderful home for the children. Kenneth could bring his friends there. He and Daphne and Eliza would grow up in an atmosphere of space and leisure, and they would belong to a far more distinguished world than any which she could have provided for them in Well Walk.

For when she had made Hornwood presentable, she meant to entertain a great deal. Her social ambitions were not crude or vulgar. They were extremely romantic, but she had never had a chance to realise them until now. She craved distinction. She wanted ease, smoothness, elegance, and to escape forever from having to tolerate anything or anybody second-rate. She wanted the best, and she believed that as the wife of Max, as mistress of Hornwood, she would get a chance to show her mettle.

As they flew up Pitzjohn's Avenue she pushed him gently away from her. Holding him for so long had made her shoulder quite stiff and her hat was crooked.

"It's to be hoped," she said, as she tidied her hair, "that the children will have gone to bed. I'm sure I don't look fit to be seen."

And when they let themselves into the hall at Well Walk, she asked anxiously if she looked awful.

"I've never s-s-seen you look more b-beautiful!" stammered Max.

Indeed, she did look very well. The plaintive shadow was gone from her face, which was no longer pinched and bleak. For now she had a future. Now she was able to look forward and to plan. She was young, serene and kindly. Max seized her awkwardly, so that she had to stoop a little.

("He must never kiss me standing up," she thought. "I must find a way to stop him. We must look silly like this.")

Kenneth, standing unperceived in the drawing-room doorway, thought them not only silly but grotesque. To him, it seemed that they must be doing it on purpose, that they must know of the rage and anguish which had devoured him all day, and now they were bent on showing him how little they cared. Betsy's quick cry of dismay when she saw him, sounded false and foolish.

"Kenneth! Aren't you in bed?"

"No," he said wearily. "I waited up for you."

"Then you'll be the first to know," exclaimed Max. "Come in here. We've got something to tell you."

"I don't need to be told."

But Max pushed them both into the drawing-room. He was determined to make an immediate appeal to Kenneth's better nature.

"My dear old man," he said, "you can scowl at me as much as you like. I quite understand your feelings. I may not be the stepfather you'd have chosen. But you must try not to be selfish. Try to look at it from your mother's point of view. You love her very much, don't you? You want her to be happy? And if I can make her so, oughtn't you to sacrifice your own feelings? Think of all that she has sacrificed for you!"

Kenneth listened with icy attention until Max ran down. Then he said politely:

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"I'm sure it's a very good arrangement. Please accept my congratulations."

"That's a good chap," said Max, beaming.

"It's been very sudden," put in Betsy. "We've only just settled it. If anybody had told me at breakfast that I should be engaged to be married by tea-time, I should have said they were mad."

"But," suggested Kenneth, "nobody will be very much surprised, will they?"

She flushed and looked quickly at Max.

"Everybody——" began Kenneth, and then stopped.

He gave his mother a reassuring, contemptuous little nod. She need not be afraid that he would ruin this fool's paradise. If she thought she could protect the love that she had exploited, then let her do so. Her conscience was her own affair.

Betsy was begging Max to go, and he was endeavoring to do so, now that things had been put on an amiable footing. But to walk straight out of a room had always been impossible to him. He could only get himself gradually towards the door as he told her that she was tired, that she must go straight to bed, that he would ring up early in the morning, but not too early because she must sleep, or perhaps she had better ring him up as soon as she was awake, that he would be at his club and would not go out until she had telephoned. She was obliged at last to thrust him into the night almost by force.

The first radiance was gone. She looked a little pinched and sour again when she came back to the drawing-room to reproach Kenneth for his unkindness.

ALEC'S friends, the Merricks, had a country cottage in Wiltshire, and they had found a pleasant house in the same village which they were urging Alec to buy. For it was, they thought, high time that he should settle down, face the future, and begin to make a new life for himself. A removal to the country, to quite fresh surroundings, might act as a tonic.

He had married Joy the day after Betsy's decree became absolute, but this did not seem to affect their make-shift manner of life. They continued to be homeless, perching here and there in cheap furnished flats, and making no plans. They were like people in a waiting-room at a railway station. They asked nobody to visit them, and they went about very little.

It was astonishing that the once-popular Alec should have dropped out of the world so completely.

Also he was short of money. He had done no work for fifteen months and he was now living on his share of a recent film sale. When that was exhausted, he would be nearly penniless, for most of his savings had been handed over to Betsy. He said himself that he had not the slightest idea of how he was going to earn a living.

The kindly, anxious Merricks had done their best to drag him out of this inertia, but they could not combat his dread of the future. It was as if he welcomed impermanency as a shield of the inevitable. He preferred to remain unsettled; and so, unluckily, did Joy, who feared that she might lose him altogether if ever they came out of their seclusion. She was wildly jealous of anybody who might possibly come between them. She worshipped him with a solemn, fanatical absorption which left no room for other interests or associations, and which was the more fierce because it was entirely one-sided. She did not wish to see him on terms with the world. Her resistance to any hint of change was silent and stubborn. It prevailed against the efforts of his friends; and, if Eliza had not forced the issue, they might have continued forever in their melancholy isolation.

Eliza's letter came one evening by the last post. Alec did not open it immediately, for he was finishing a cross-word puzzle, an occupation which took up more and more of his time.

The clock struck ten. It was time for the baby's bottle. Joy abandoned her evening occupation of sitting on the opposite side of the gas fire and watching him do his cross-word puzzle. Her knitting, which got on very slowly because she was obliged to look at Alec so much, was thrust away into a yellow bag.

"Going to bed?" he asked hopefully.

"No. Only to give baby his bottle. I'll be back after."

Presently Alec came into the bedroom. Something unexpected had happened. He looked excited.

"The most extraordinary thing . . . Eliza has written. Betsy is going to marry Max, after all."

"Well," said Joy, "we always knew she would."

"She says she will come to us now any time we like. 'She is quite clear what she wants to do, and she has no scruples, any more, about leaving her mother."

"Oh—yes," said Joy.

"So what about the Devizes house? We'd much better take it if Eliza is coming to us. Shall I write off to Charles now? I could catch the evening post.' I think it's still on the market."

Joy stared at him while her slow mind absorbed this news, and all its implications. At last she said:

"It's an expense. We haven't got very much money. Why should we have to support Eliza? Betsy got all your money to keep the children with."

"Oh, that can be arranged. I must really get down to brass tacks and find some work to do."

"I don't see why we've got to have Eliza."

"There's no got about it. We want her, don't we?"

"No," said Joy.

It was the first time that she had said so, but he had always known that she did not. Only the vagueness of Eliza's promises had prevented them from having it out before. His face hardened and he said:

"Well, she's coming. And that's all there is to it."

"You care for her more than you care for me," asserted Joy sullenly.

"I do, in a way."

Since they were about it, he felt that they might as well have it out thoroughly.

"I can't feel about you as you feel about me," he said. "I'm very sorry, but I can't. I never pretended that I could. If we are to go on together, we'd better face it."

"I wish I was dead," she muttered. "I shall kill myself if you bring Eliza to live with us."

"A lot of help that would be. That would be the end of me, if you like. We could make something of the future if you'd help, but you won't."

He flung out of the room and a few seconds later she heard the front door slam. Once or twice, before, he had gone out and walked about for half the night rather than remain in the flat with her.

She sat on by the fire with the baby in her lap. The threat to kill herself had not been idle. She did not know what to do. She began to pray, hardly aware that she was doing so.

"Help me!" she kept saying, over and over again. "Help me! Help me!"

As a ship becalmed starts and shivers at the first light breath of wind; so an impulse, beyond herself, took charge of her imperceptibly she changed her course, veering round in a new direction.

Now to-morrow was in front of her, and another day after that, and all the rest of her life. She must do something to save herself. Exhausted with the crisis through which she had just passed, she leaned back in her chair and wished that somebody would bring her a nice cup of tea. But there was nobody, and she was too tired to move, too tired to go to bed.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I will tell him that I want Eliza to come. If she were here, she would bring me some tea. And I will begin to do all that I ought; I will show him that I want to help. 'You never read. I never see you with a book.' That's quite true. I'll read a book to-morrow."

Once, long ago, she had been a great reader. She had prided herself upon her culture, and written papers for a local literary society. It was hard to believe it now, after this long interval of stagnation.

It seemed as if, until half an hour ago, nothing of any real importance had happened to her since she was nineteen, and haunted the public library in the town where she lived, a bouncing, sanguine girl with a volume of Shaw's plays under her arm. Shaw had been forever on her lips and in her heart. She had written a paper about him.

Now that she thought of it, she remembered having seen a volume of his plays in the sitting-room bookcase. So that she would have a book to read to-morrow, she went to find it and took it to bed with her. Forcing her eyes from one word to another, forcing the sense into her brain, she began to read.

She did not wake when Alec came in, just after three o'clock. He came softly to the bedside and saw, with astonishment, the book that had fallen from her hand onto the coverlet. He would not have thought that "You Never Can Tell" could convey anything to her at all. But he had not the heart to wonder what she was about, or to guess at the change which had taken place in their fortunes. Of all that still lay before him, he knew no more than the baby, asleep in its cradle by the window. Moving cautiously, he undressed, switched off the light and climbed into bed beside her. Between to-day and to-morrow, so alike and so hopeless, lay a little space of oblivion. He sought and soon found it. All three slept.

MAX had been called away to the Continent on behalf of an old friend who had become a political prisoner.

When Max had left, Betsy was so lonely, she missed his daily attentions so much, that she began to long for his return, their marriage and the beginning of the new life. Never before had she felt herself to be so alone and so friendless. And in these days she had become very cautious about spending money. Why this was she did not exactly know. Possibly she was influenced by some kind of superstition, the fear of tempting Providence. She had never been extravagant, but now she counted every penny. In a few weeks she would be a very rich woman, but until she actually was so, she would not anticipate any of the pleasures of wealth.

In this mood, she took to travelling by tube, a thing which she had always hitherto refused to do. Having secured a good offer for her car, she had sold it and was managing to exist without one. To-day she had gone into the tube station at Oxford Circus after a long afternoon at her hair-

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TOGETHER AND APART

dresser's. It was not yet the rush hour, and the escalator was almost empty. She sailed down it complacently, smiling to herself, and clutching a bunch of little parcels.

Far down below her, on the ascending staircase, she saw Alec.

As he rose higher, no shadow of doubt remained. It was certainly Alec, a little fatter than she was accustomed to remember him, older, shabbier, less good-looking. He rose rapidly. She began to tingle all over with sheer astonishment.

He had not seen her. He was looking at the advertisements on his wall of the staircase. He was not going to see her. He, too, carried a parcel, an odd-shaped one, like a torpedo. She found herself wondering what was in it.

He turned his head sharply, as if someone had called him. He saw her. He was gaping, frozen into the same astonished rigidity. Now they were level. Only the little trough of the emergency stairs lay between them. Now, born by a power which knew nothing of their plight, they had been carried past one another. The distance was widening.

Each turned at the same moment, she to stare upward, and he to stare down. The slight movement broke the spell of their surprise. Expression came back into their faces. Alec smiled broadly, not a smile of greeting or of courtesy, but as if he could not help it. Their glance was intimate, unreserved—such a smile as they might have exchanged at any time during their married life, if something had happened that they both thought ridiculous.

"How like us to manage our first meeting like this!" ran the message in his eyes. "And what are you doing, my girl, chuff-chuffing in the Underground?"

And her eyes said:

"Don't laugh, Alec! This isn't funny."

She went home in a daze.

All that evening and next morning when she woke up, she was waiting as if for some further word from him. She had arranged, that day, to go to Oxford and see her mother, but on a sudden impulse she telephoned that she was not coming. It would be such a pity if Alec made some move to get into touch with her, and found her gone. For she was sure that he must be feeling the same disquietude and curiosity.

A week went by, and she was almost in despair. Yet she could not make up her mind to go to Oxford. She kept putting it off. She must wait. That was all she could do.

ONE day, when she was passing through the hall, she heard the telephone bell ringing. Before, when she heard it, her heart would beat very quickly and she would tremble between hope and fear. Now it stood still, because she was certain of it. She went into the drawing-room and took up the receiver.

"Can I speak to Mrs. Canning?" he said.

"It's me, Alec. It's Betsy speaking."

"Betsy? It's Alec—I've a great favor to ask of you."

"Yes, Alec?"

"I want you to do a very kind thing. I know I've no right to ask it. But I feel you'll do it when I explain."

"What is it?"

"My mother is very ill. In fact—I'm afraid she's—I'm afraid there's no hope."

"Your mother? Oh—I'm sorry!"

"I'm speaking from Bedford Gardens now. Her mind isn't—she's wandering a good deal. And she keeps asking for you. She seems to be worried about you. You see—she's quite forgotten—everything that has happened. She doesn't seem to remember the divorce, and she's distressed that you don't go to see her."

"And you want me to come?"

"If you would, Betsy! They think—nurse and the doctor think, that she might be quieter if she could see you. You know how it is when people are—very ill. If you could possibly bear to come—just for a few minutes—could you, my dear? I'd be so grateful. It would be good of you. It's so terrible to see her so restless, and not be able to soothe her. It's probably the last thing that we can do for her."

"I'll come," said Betsy. "I'll come now. This minute."

ALEC stood at the drawing-room window in Bedford Gardens, watching to see Betsy come. But his thoughts were not of her. His mother was dying, and he could think of nothing else.

The chink of a taximeter drew his eyes to the street below. It was Betsy arriving, huddled against the wind in the same coat and hat that she had been wearing when he saw her, so surprisingly, on the escalator at Oxford Circus. He ran downstairs and opened the door to her before old Maggie had toiled up from the basement.

"Betsy," he said, "this is very good of you."

The wind rushed in before he could get the door shut, and blew all the letters off the hall chest. They stopped to pick them up, and Betsy marvelled to see that they were the same letters which had always been there: a Dutch bulb catalogue, some circulars, and several bills which were left lying unopened on the hall chest for days because Mrs. Canning did not like having to pay them. . . .

They went up to the patient together.

The nurse at the bedside shot a warning glance at them over her knitting.

"It's my—it's Mrs. Canning," whispered Alec. "Is she awake?"

A flicker of excitement and curiosity crossed the woman's face. But she composed it quickly to a professional blankness.

"I think so," she said, getting up. "But she mayn't know you. She's been very restless."

She took her knitting over to the window, and Betsy sat in the bedside chair. The face on the pillow remained motionless. Presently, with closed eyes, it spoke:

"Is that Betsy?"

"Yes—I've come. . . . How do you feel?"

"I'm not at all well, dear. Such a headache! When I get home, back to Drummond Dale, I shall be better. But I'm not quite well enough to travel. I shall go home to-morrow."

"That's how she's been going on," said the nurse in a gusty whisper. "I keep telling her she's at home."

Mrs. Canning opened her eyes to shoot a glance of lively hatred towards the window. Then, the spark of vitality waning, she scanned Betsy's face.

"Tell me—how are you getting on?" She panted. "I can't talk. Tired. You talk."

"I——" said Betsy, "I——"

"That's right—was worried about you. I'm so pleased—so happy—think about you so much."

Mrs. Canning's eyes were shut again. She seemed to sink away from them for a while. Betsy moved a little and glanced at Alec, wondering if he might go now.

But a louder, much sharper voice startled them:

"I wanted to see you. Where's Alec?"

"Here, Mother! I'm here."

He came and stood beside Betsy. His mother's eyes were wide open and frightened.

"Has Betsy come? Oh, yes! Henrietta Hewitt was here this morning. She said you had quarrelled. I can't attend to it now. You oughtn't to worry me like this when I'm so ill. It's not right."

Excited, she tried to raise herself. The nurse came up.

"Now, Mrs. Canning, my dear——"

"Oh, do send that woman away! She annoys me. It's not right. It's your fault, Alec. You must look after Betsy and make allowances. A husband ought to—ought to cherish his wife. She's very silly—a very silly woman. But she's fond of you."

"Yes, Mother. It's all right. Really——"

"I've been so worried. It's made me quite ill. I thought it might be my fault—something I'd said. There was something. . . . It isn't true, is it? She hasn't gone off anywhere?"

"No, no, Mother dear! Look! She's here—come to see you."

"Ah, yes. . . . She ought to have come before. She ought to know what is due to me." The excitement died away. "I can't attend to it now. I'm very tired."

And she closed here eyes again, murmuring:

"Give her some tea—tea, dear! I expect she's tired, poor child. I sha'n't see her again—before I go back to Drummond Dale."

Betsy bent to kiss her, and whispered good-bye, but she did not seem to hear.

Outside the door tears, long pent up, poured down Betsy's cheeks. Alec put an arm round her shoulders and led her down to the drawing-room, trying to console her and tell her how good she had been to come.

After long years, after an age of emptiness and fighting shadows, she found herself in his arms again. He drew her down onto the sofa and held her against his heart until she had finished crying and lay at peace in the dusky firelight.

The slow tick of the clock on the stairs was a threat.

And she said, with a mournful sigh:

"I'm sorry I ever—was unkind to her."

"I know."

"All those things don't seem worth while now."

"No."

"Oh, Alec! How has this happened? How did we ever let it happen? We must have been mad."

"Yes."

"It's all a mistake. It was my fault."

"It was mine."

The moment was over, and she wanted to hear him say the next thing. But he did not say it, and already they seemed to have moved a little way apart. Panic clutched at her, and she whispered:

"Is it impossible?"

THERE was a pause, between one tick of the clock and another, before he answered:

"Quite impossible."

He put her gently away from him and stood up. He repeated:

"Quite impossible. We have—other obligations."

"You mean—Joy? Would she mind very much?"

"She's my wife now. And she's doing her best. She's a good creature. She tries very hard; she has been very unselfish about having Elsa. She didn't want her at first. But then she seemed to pull herself together—to make efforts. I can't desert her after that. I must do my best, too."

"But I can't be alone. Alec! I can't! I'm so lonely."

"You could marry Max."

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"I could never be happy with him. I should always feel I was your wife, not his."

"You must make up your own mind about that."

"You talk as if—as if it wasn't your concern."

"It isn't," he said with a heavy sigh. "It mustn't be."

Now they were miles apart. She jumped up and came to him, but she knew that it was no use.

"Alec! Oh, Alec!"

"You must go now, dear. And I must go back to my mother."

"Then this is—really——where we part?"

"I suppose it is."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye, Betsy. God bless you. Try to—to——"

He meant to say, "try to be happy," but instead he said, "be brave."

"Yes," she said indifferently. "Yes."

After she had gone, he stood again at the window, watching the ragged clouds racing over the chimney-pots.

Then he went up to the drowsy room above. A final, profound repose held sway there. The nurse whispered:

"She's just slipping away, Mr. Canning. Perhaps we'd better send for the doctor. I don't think she'll rouse again."

"Did she say anything else—after we'd gone? Did she ask for me?"

"No. She just smiled, and muttered a little. She was wandering. She said something about an apple tree."

MARK HANNAY, now an acting bombardier in camp on Salisbury Plain, had gone, with three recruits newly arrived from the depot, to the top of a hill some five miles from the camp. Their task was to select an artillery position and to make a sketch-map of the ground within range. The burden of it fell upon Mark, since none of the others had ever done such a thing before.

Mark was enjoying his life in camp very much; he had begun to enjoy it as soon as he had learned to endure it. Everything was so new, the unexpected pitfalls so many, that he could not afford to relax for a moment.

Now he looked where one of the recruits pointed and saw now where a lane ran between two clumps of buildings. His eye took in everything that was to be seen, the sheep on the chalky slopes below, two men with a cart in a turnip-field, a line of willows crossing the meadows which must betoken a stream, and a sudden flash from a road where the sunlight glanced from an unseen car. More than a mile away a tiny figure was crawling across a field by a narrow footpath between two stiles. It might have been a man or a woman, for all that he could see; yet for three seconds he felt perfectly sure that it was Kenneth. In just such a manner had Kenneth been moving about the landscape of his mind all the morning. He mocked at himself, and dismissed the idea; but for all that he resolved to get news of Kenneth, as soon as possible. There might be something behind this obsession.

It was indeed Kenneth, who was looking for Mark and making his way as well as he could towards the camp. He reached it in the middle of the afternoon. When he asked for Acting Bombardier Hannay, the sentry at the gate referred him to the sergeant of the guard, who directed him to the hutments of Hannay's battery. He spoke to a number of young men who seemed, to his exhausted perceptions, to be as much alike as the buttons on their tunics. They all appeared to be the same age and the same height, all ruddy, well set-up, plebian and self-possessed. Presently he saw another one coming out of a hut and putting on his coat.

"Hullo!" said the soldier, and it was Mark.

So completely was he just another one that Kenneth stared.

"What's up?" asked Mark.

One look at Kenneth's face convinced him that any other remark would be a waste of time.

"I'm in the most ghastly trouble, Mark. I don't want to be seen. We must be careful where we go. The—the police are after me."

"Umhum," said Mark.

"I want to get out of the country if I can."

"All right. We can take my motor-bike off somewhere."

"Oh? You've got a motor-bike? Can you go out? Have you got leave?"

"I'm out on pass for the rest of the day."

Kenneth's spirits rose, in spite of the blinding headache which turned every physical impression, every sight and sound, into a twinge of pain.

"You look darned ill," said Mark. "Come down to the canteen and have some coffee or something before we go."

But Kenneth shook his head with a vigor that sent dizzy throbs all down his spine.

"You didn't listen to what I said. The police are after me. I've got to get out of the country if I can. I want you to give me a lift down toward Southampton, as far as you can. They'll be watching the railway stations . . . I must run for it, because nobody will believe me. There are three witnesses——"

"Don't start telling me here. Come along."

On their way toward the cycle shed, Mark inquired after Eliza.

"She's all right, I think. I haven't seen her since Christmas. She's living with my father now, somewhere near Devizes. Pandy Madoc has been sold. He's bought a house in Wiltshire."

"But Devizes—that's not thirty miles from here!"

"Is it. I suppose so."

"Why——" began Mark, and changed his mind. He asked instead, how Kenneth's mother was.

And Kenneth explained that his mother was married to Max St. Mullins, and they had gone to Geneva, to some kind of conference. They had offered to take him and Daphne, but he had rejected the offer. Nor would he stay at Hornwood for the summer; he had gone on a drive to Cornwall with his friend Beddoes, and a couple of others.

Mark rode for three or four miles to a place where a grove of beeches spread a shade on the downland road. Here he stopped his engine and said that they could talk. But Kenneth, on fire to reach Southampton, objected to the delay. He would not sit with Mark on the grass under the trees, but stood in the road, looking anxiously up and down for signs of pursuit.

"Unless you tell me the whole thing," said Mark, "I shan't go on. What have you been doing?"

"I've done nothing."

"Then why are the police——"

"They wouldn't believe me. They think I've done something, and I haven't."

"What do they think you've done?"

Kenneth stood in the glare of the road and shook his head obstinately.

"Is it," asked Mark, taking a long shot, "anything to do with that car that killed a girl last night and didn't stop?"

This went home. Kenneth spun round in a panic.

"Heavens! How did you know?"

"It was in the newspapers this morning—a young servant girl, bicycling home from the pictures in Salisbury."

"Was it? Then they know it was us! Did they say it was me?"

"No, no! They haven't traced the car yet. Were you driving?"

"I wasn't. I swear I wasn't. I was when we stopped for petrol, just before. But then I was sick and Beddoes drove. But nobody'll believe it wasn't me. I was driving when we stopped for petrol. And when we had some parking trouble, at Abbott's Markham, I drove. Everybody saw me. It's hopeless."

"You say Beddoes was driving?"

"When we knocked her over, yes! I swear he was. And he wouldn't stop. I kept begging him to stop. I said I knew we should be caught. But he wouldn't. And the others——"

"Who were the others?"

"Hastings and McCrae. Nobody you know. Not college men. Friends of his. They told me to shut up. So I said, 'Well, you'll have to stop sometime, and when you do, I shall go to the police. I won't be responsible,' I said. And so Beddoes said—you do believe me when I say he was driving, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Did he threaten to say you were?"

"Yes, yes! And the others backed him up. They said if I split to the police, they'd all swear it was me. Nobody will believe me. I've got three witnesses against me. And all the people who saw me driving. I haven't a chance, have I?"

"I don't know about that. What happened next?"

"Can they bring it in murder? They can sometimes, can't they? Especially if the car didn't stop."

"I don't think so. Tell me what happened next."

"We went on arguing and arguing, and I said they'd catch us, because I think our number was taken at Abbott's Markham. And suddenly Beddoes lost his temper, and he stopped the car and pushed me out and drove on."

Something of the desperation which Kenneth had felt when this happened seemed to overcome him again, and he dropped limply on the grass beside Mark. When he spoke again, his voice was flat and weary.

"I didn't know what to do. I started walking back along the road. I walked most of the night, but sometimes I rested. The more I thought about it, the more frightened I got. I didn't dare go to the police. I didn't know what to do. Beddoes was—awful. He frightened me."

"How did you get here?"

"I thought I'd better get out of the country before they traced the car. It got light, and I kept on walking and resting and trying to think what to do. I couldn't think of anyone who'd help me. Then I realised I was on Salisbury Plain, and I remembered you were in camp somewhere about here. So I set off to look for you. I thought you might help me to disguise myself. That's all."

Mark chewed a bit of grass and looked at his watch.

"That's all," said Kenneth again. "Hadn't we better be getting on?"

"I'm not sure," said Mark slowly, "what's the best thing to do."

ELIZA ruled Alec's family now. This was inevitable, since of the three, she had by far the strongest character. She had insisted upon leaving school at Easter, so that she might help them

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with the move. There was now very little idea that she would ever go back. Alec, only anxious to get on with his work in peace, let her do exactly as she pleased.

While Mark and Kenneth were struggling on the road under the beech-trees, Joy was complaining that she did not want to learn how to make raffia hats.

"But I told Mrs. Stevens," said Eliza, as she handed her father his cup of tea. "I said you were certainly coming. So we'd better put supper at eight-thirty."

"I can't go this evening. It's Helga's night off. I've got to put Peter to bed."

"I'll put him to bed. Mrs. Stevens said they were counting on you. She's bringing some posters for you."

"I wish you hadn't said I'd go."

"Well, naturally, I thought you would."

From habit, Joy looked toward Alec.

"I don't think I'll go," she said nervously.

"Oh, well," said Eliza crossly, "please yourself!"

This was a vain command. Poor Joy had no self to please, as they all knew. She sighed and hearing Peter begin to cry in his play-pen out on the lawn, wandered off to attend to him. Eliza rang the bell for tea to be cleared and muttered:

"It's just because I arranged it."

Alec looked round quickly. He had heard this said before, in almost the same tones. He had heard his mother say it, hundreds of times, when any of her benevolent schemes had been thwarted. Eliza got her bossy ways from both sides of the family.

"It's not really your business," he said, dryly. "Joy will, I hope, do exactly as she pleases."

Eliza nodded unconcernedly and began to stack the cups up on the tray. His reproof did not discompose her.

"Supper," she said to the maid who came in for the tray, "will be at half-past eight. Mrs. Canning is going to the Institute."

Alec lit a pipe and wandered out on to the lawn. Then ambled across to the trees on the edge of the river.

Joy came out of the house, carrying a large cretonne bag full of raffia materials. Evidently she had made up her mind to go to her class. She plodded lifelessly toward the gate.

No longer could she be described as a beautiful girl. Youth and beauty had departed from her like an extinguished flame. Her yellow hair was lank. She was pinched and pallid; there was no more resilience in her.

Instinctively, not wanting an encounter, Alec drew back among the trees. But she had seen him. She paused for an instant and then went plodding on. At the gate she paused again. Perhaps she was resting for a moment before climbing the steep hill to the village. Perhaps she was too stupid to realise how little she was wanted at the Mill House.

"Hullo!" he called.

A faint hulla came from the gate. He crossed the grass and joined her.

"Going to the Institute after all?"

"Yes," she said. "There wasn't time to send a message."

"Like an arm up the hill?"

AT the top of the hill, where the slope became less steep, he asked what the posters were that Mrs. Stevens was bringing for her.

"About peace," said Joy. "For the meeting next week. I said I'd take them round to farms and places, and get people to let them be put up on their walls."

"Oh! Is it League of Nations?"

"Oh, no," she said contemptuously. "I wouldn't walk a yard for the League of Nations. I'm against it."

"Oh, are you, Joy? Against it? Why?"

It did not, she said, do any good. Her meeting was to advocate total and unilateral disarmament. He argued with her for a few minutes, but there is a point beyond which idealism is impregnable.

"You never met Max, did you?" he asked.

"Lord St. Mullins?" She looked startled. "No. I never did. Why?"

"Only you and he are just a pair. You'd get on like a house on fire."

They turned into the village street, where women by twos and threes, all carrying bags full of raffia work, were making their way towards the Institute. He left her at the gate and sauntered back down the lane, back to the calm and comfort of the Mill House, which he was coming to accept as his home.

A motor-bicycle was propped up against the fence by the gate, and he could see a soldier talking to Eliza on the lawn. He was surprised but not perturbed, or apprehensive of inroads upon his own peace. Whatever the soldier wanted, Eliza would deal with it. She would always stand between him and any kind of worry.

He advanced confidently across the lawn, wondering why the young man looked so familiar, and prepared to be amused if anything at all amusing had occurred. But as he drew closer to them, a faint premonition disturbed him. Eliza seemed to be strangely agitated. She did not look as though she were settling anything. As soon as she caught sight of him, she began to run and to wave. Her first words were ominous:

"Oh, Father! You must do something! At once!"

In the confusion of the next few minutes, while an incredible story was poured out to him, while he disentangled the details and identified their visitor, self-commiseration was his strongest sentiment.

"Oh, Lord, Lord!" he kept thinking. "No peace! Not even now!

"Where is Kenneth?" he demanded.

"In the drawing-room," said Eliza, "lying down. He has a most ghastly headache. He didn't want to come. Mark had to bring him almost by force. He had to invent a story about the school being burnt down, to keep him quiet on the way."

Alec went into the house. But he did not go immediately to the drawing-room. He first paid a visit to the dining-room, where he mixed himself a double whisky and soda. It fortified him, but not as much as he had hoped. He went at last to find Kenneth, feeling that it was all too much for him.

Kenneth lay upon a sofa with his eyes shut.

"They've told me what's happened," said Alec. "I'm glad you've come. It's a bad business."

"Mark made me come," said Kenneth. "He forced me to. You needn't think I'd have come of my own accord."

"I dare say not. Where is this Beddoes now?"

"I'm not going to say anything more, to you, or the police, or Mark, or anybody. He's let me down. I wouldn't have told him if I'd thought he'd treat me like this."

"But you must, Kenneth. I can't help you unless——"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Tell me where to find Beddoes. We must get hold of the police at once, and you must make your statement to them. You aren't fit to move. I shall telephone for them to come here. You must give them your account and undertake to remain here, in case they want you again. Then I'll go and see this Beddoes——"

"It's no use. He'll say——"

"He won't, after I've seen him."

Alec's face and voice, as he said this, brought enormous reassurance to Kenneth. He gave an impression of real formidability, and Kenneth knew that Beddoes could never stand against strength.

"Perhaps he's said it already. They may have traced the car."

"Then he'll take it back. Or one of the others will. I'll see them all. And I'll get proper legal advice for you."

He got up to go and telephone to the police.

Joy, on her return, found the house full of policemen.

Then it was discovered that Kenneth's temperature was 102, so they put him to bed. A doctor was summoned, who diagnosed shock, exposure, and slight sunstroke. Alec departed for Cornwall in the middle of the night; and next morning newspaper reporters began to telephone and to call at the house. Joy answered their questions, but she could not tell them much, for nobody had told her what it was all about. The fact that Kenneth was the son of a peeress seemed to excite them a good deal.

It was unlucky that Eliza should have selected that particular moment to abdicate from the management of the house. She would probably have been less communicative. But she remained invisible for the greater part of the day, shut up in her room, leaving Joy to her own devices.

LATE that night, after everybody had gone to bed, Alec returned. Joy had been listening for him and went to the head of the stairs.

"How is Ken?" he asked when he saw her.

"Better. Dr. Grainger thinks he is decidedly better this evening."

"Good. Everything is all right, you'll be glad to hear."

She was glad, though uncertain of what he meant.

"I'll just get a drink and come up," he said, going into the dining-room. "Go back to bed, dear, and I'll come up and tell you."

There was a creak of a door, and Eliza, pale and tearful, peeped out of her room.

"Everything's all right," Joy told her.

"How? What's happened?"

"I don't know yet. But he says it's all right."

"He's made them tell the truth?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Joy, wondering who "they" were.

Eliza sighed, and vanished again. Joy looked into Kenneth's room and found him awake. She repeated her cheerful formula.

"I don't believe it is," Kenneth muttered. "Of course he'd say that."

They heard Alec on the stairs, and Joy called to him softly. He came in and stood by Kenneth's bed, looking tired and grim.

"You don't have to worry," he said without elation. "They've all admitted that Beddoes was driving."

"Did you make them say so?"

"I didn't have to. It had all come out before I got there. They got hold of Beddoes and Hastings near Helston, yesterday afternoon. They both swore that you were driving, and that they had held their tongues for your sake——"

"They did? They did?" cried Kenneth, starting up.

"No, it's all right. McCrae seems to have quarrelled with them that morning and parted company with them. He went to the police at Exeter, late last night, and volunteered a statement which entirely corroborates your account of the matter.

so you won't notice until you get it home. storm and the minute or so

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The police interviewed them again early this morning, before I got there; they tried to bluff it a bit, but they both ended by admitting that McCrae's story was true. You'll be blamed for not reporting the accident as soon as you possibly could, but not seriously, I think, since you were the youngest of the party."

"Then—then I'm out of it?"

"You may have to give evidence at the inquest, I'm afraid, but that will be a very simple matter. The date for that isn't fixed yet."

"Shall I have to see—Beddoes—again?" asked Kenneth with a shiver.

"I expect you will, for a few minutes. But I shall be there. You'll have nothing to worry about."

Alec's tone was flat and gloomy, and his manner was not reassuring.

"You don't sound as if it was all right."

"I've had a tiring day."

Kenneth's feverish eyes searched his face, and he was forced to add, more cheerfully:

"You're out of the wood all right, Ken. In a few days you'll be able to forget about it."

Alone with Joy, in her room, he gave vent to his depression.

"It's a bad business. They all show up so badly. McCrae comes best out of it. But it's a shocking thing that Ken should have been going about with such a crew. It's a black mark against us all. If he'd been properly looked after, it wouldn't have happened."

"It's not your fault," said Joy.

"Oh—I don't know. I'm dreading the inquest—the publicity."

"You'd have thought," said Joy, "that Mark Hannay would have behaved better."

"Hannay? But he wasn't there."

"Oh, wasn't he? I thought he was. Why did he come here, then?"

"He brought Ken. He— By the way, what happened to him last night? I never saw him again, never thanked him."

"I don't know. He went off just before supper, I think."

"I must see him again. We must get him over here again. He insisted on Kenneth's coming to me, you know."

ON the day of the inquest, Alec and Kenneth departed early for Salisbury. It was a very hot day, and an unnatural quiet seemed to descend on the house after they were gone. Eliza and Joy sat waiting for news. Nobody came down to see them from the village. The maids hid in the kitchen, alert and curious, but silent.

After luncheon, Eliza went up to her bedroom, unable any longer to bear with Joy, who kept fidgeting and exclaiming and wondering what was happening now. Eliza lay down on her bed, had a little nap, and was awakened by a tap at her door.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up as Joy came in. "Has any news come?"

"No, no! Not yet. But there's something awful happened. Lord St. Mullins is downstairs."

"Max! But I thought he was in Geneva."

"Well, he's here. Whatever shall we do? I was lying down, too, and Clara brought up the message. He says he wants to see me."

"He must have seen all this about Ken in the papers and come to find out what's happened."

"Somebody ought to go down. You go, Eliza."

Eliza began hastily to pull a comb through her curls.

"But I can't go and discuss Ken as if I were a parent or something."

"I'd be so terrified."

"You mustn't be. You're the head of the house. Father would be awfully upset if you didn't see him."

"But what shall I say? They can't have Ken. They've neglected him terribly—and now Alec has so many plans——"

"Just tell him anything he wants to know. He's quite nice. Very kind and simple. And tell him he must wait and see Father. And offer him tea and all that."

"Oh, but you'll come too. You must."

"I'll get you into the room and introduce you. But then I shall melt away while you talk about Ken. It will look better. Powder your nose before you go down, my dear. That'll make you feel braver."

Eliza's powder advertised the fact that the poor girl had no mother to guide her. It was of the wrong color, far too light a shade for her warm brown skin. She liberally dusted her own face and that of her stepmother, and they both went nervously downstairs looking as if they had just emerged from a flour-mill. Even Max, who seldom noticed externals, thought their appearance rather strange.

"You know Joy, don't you?" said Eliza, when she had greeted him.

Then, crimson with shyness, she endeavored to introduce them formally.

"Lord Canning—Mrs. St. Mullins——"

It was a most awful thing to have said. But neither of them noticed anything wrong. They were too much taken up with their own embarrassments.

"Is Mother here?" inquired Eliza presently.

"She's—she's in England, yes," said Max, hesitating. She came back with me."

And he looked exceedingly guilty; for Betsy was, in fact, only half a mile off, looking at the tombstones in the churchyard. She had declared that she did not want to come to the Mill House unless her presence was absolutely necessary, in which case he was to send for her. Otherwise her being in the neighborhood was to be kept a secret. But in Max's confusion he had not chosen his words well.

"Where is she?" asked Eliza, upon whom his perturbation had not been lost. "At Hornwood?"

"No."

He turned in a panic to Joy and actually came to the point, driven to it by the need to escape from Eliza's questions.

"What is all this about Kenneth? What has happened"

Eliza, ignoring Joy's appealing eyes, slipped out of the room.

A large car, which had brought Max from the aerodrome, was standing outside the front door. Eliza looked into it, and saw a woman's tweed overcoat.

"Is Lady St. Mullins up in the village?" she asked the driver.

"Yes, miss. At the church."

"Can you just run me up there? I've got a message for her."

She jumped into the car, smiling at her own cleverness and acumen. But by the time that they got to the lych gate of the church her confidence had leaked away again. She wondered why she had come. Her mother did not, apparently, want to see her; nor could she be sure, when she came to think of it, that she wanted to see her mother. They would have nothing to say to one another.

SHE walked slowly up the flagged path through the churchyard; in the porch she paused, half minded to slip away again. Yet there was something wrong, something a little unpleasant, about the idea of that. It gave her a sensation of roughness and discord, as if things had not been done quite properly.

"I'll just go in and kiss her," she thought, "and come away again. That's all I want to do, really. Just to kiss her."

There were quick footsteps on the pavement inside the church, and Betsy appeared.

"Eliza!"

"Oh, Mother!"

"Darling, how did you know I was here?" demanded Betsy uneasily.

"Oh, I guessed. Max didn't let on, but I saw your coat in the car, so I asked the driver. And I thought I'd just pop up and see you."

"Oh? Oh, yes. . . . Then nobody else knows?"

"Nobody."

"I see." Betsy looked relieved. "But my dear! What on earth have you done to your face?"

"My face?"

"It's all—oh, it's powder! My dear Eliza!"

"Of course it's powder. You wouldn't like me to have a shiny nose, would you?"

"My child! If you must use powder at your age, do at least find a more becoming shade. What possessed you to put dead white on a skin like yours?"

"It's not dead white," muttered Eliza furiously. "It's Rachel."

"What is all this about, Ken? What has he been doing?"

WHILE Eliza was telling her, Betsy sat down to rest on a low box tomb. Sometimes she looked at her watch, and sometimes she exclaimed:

"But how silly! How stupid of him," she kept saying. "Really, he has no sense at all!"

She was very much annoyed with Kenneth. When Eliza said it was all Beddoes' fault, she said no, it was the fault of the public-school system.

"If I'd thought then as I do now, I should never have sent him away. Max has a horror of public schools."

When Eliza had finished, she said:

"So it's all right, then? He isn't seriously involved? We didn't know what to think from the accounts in the newspapers. But I told Max that Alec would see to it, whatever it was. Only Max insisted that we ought to come, and of course he is quite right. We are responsible for Ken. But it's all most annoying. Max has to make a most important speech to-morrow. I do hope—— You say this inquest is going on now?"

"Yes. We've been waiting all day to hear the verdict."

"Max has been so extraordinarily good about this," she said presently. "I do feel it's hard that my children should take up his time and attention, just at this moment."

"Couldn't you have come without him?"

"I wanted to. But he wouldn't let me take the journey alone. And as he says, we do share one another's responsibilities. That is part of marriage.

"Then why didn't you come to the house?" asked Eliza. "Didn't you want to see Father and Joy?"

"I—I thought—as Max was here—that it might be more comfortable for all of us—if I didn't."

"Not even Ken? Didn't you want to see Ken?"

Betsy gave her a haggard look. "Do be careful," it said. "Oh, do be careful and don't say anything that will hurt me too much!"

"But Ken and Father are both away in Salisbury," she urged. "There's only Joy and me. Do come and have a cup of tea."

"No," said Betsy uncertainly. "I don't think I will. It's not that I bear any grudge.

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TOGETHER AND APART

You understand that, don't you, dear? It's —I can't explain . . . Later on perhaps we can all meet more comfortably."

No! She did not want to see the house where Alec was living now, or to have him brought close to her in any way. That was why Max, who understood her as nobody else did, had insisted upon coming with her and taking the painful interview on his own shoulders.

"It's such a nice house," said Eliza. "I wish you could see it."

"Yes. I'm sure it is. I'm glad it's nice."

"It's funny that it should be a mill. So was Pandy Madoc. We seem to run to mills."

"Yes, you do, don't you."

("You do," she said. Who was she talking about? What group of people ran to mills? Eliza had meant that the Cannings did. But who were the Cannings now?)

"Darling—you won't say anything about my being here? I don't want to hurt their feelings."

"No, I won't say anything. How is Daph?"

"Oh, Daphne. She's been rather tiresome."

"Doesn't she like it in Geneva?"

"We'd made a delightful plan to send her to one of these international holiday camps: a lovely place in the Salzkammergut. You know—the idea is that schoolchildren of all nations should meet and mix and grow friendly. But after three days she wrote and begged us to take her away. She complained of the food and the beds and I don't know what. And didn't like the other children. So she came back to us in Geneva. Max says I'd better let her do what she pleases. The rest of you have."

"Have any of us?" wondered Eliza, as she gradually and finally realised that the Cannings were not a family any more. The were five individuals with no corporate existence. Somehow she had never quite accepted this before; the habits of a lifetime were too strong, and she had persisted in thinking of herself, her parents, Kenneth and Daphne as a unit, as a group which had been dispersed temporarily and by accident.

The thought saddened her so much that she wanted to be alone with it. This wandering about among the graves was more than she could bear.

"I think," she said, "that I ought to be getting back. Some news may have come from Salisbury. Father said he would telephone."

Betsy kissed her affectionately, but made no effort to keep her.

"You're growing very pretty," she said.

"Am I?" asked Eliza sadly.

For a moment she hid her face on her mother's shoulder.

"Darling! You're not crying? What is it?"

"Nothing. Only—it's all very sad—isn't it?"

"Yes," said Betsy harshly. "But there's no use crying over spilled milk."

"No. No, there isn't."

Eliza ran out of the churchyard, jumped into the car, and drove back to the Mill House.

Mix and Joy had had, she thought, a long time alone together. But she was anxious not to appear officious. So she went and listened outside the drawing-room window, to find out how they were getting on. She heard Max say:

"And what sort of response do you get from the agricultural laborers—hereabouts, I mean?"

"Oh," came Joy's voice, "the ones I've talked to are all against war. But only for rather selfish reasons. They are afraid they will have to go and fight."

"Ah! But still, one can understand that —"

Eliza looked in at the window, and saw them comfy sitting together on the sofa, studying some of Joy's pamphlets. They were, as Alec had prophesied, getting on like a house afire. Joy was pinker and more lively than she had been for two years.

"Any news?" asked Eliza through the window.

They started and looked a little guilty because they had forgotten the crisis which they were supposed to be in. There was news. Alec had telephoned. The inquest had gone off without accidents, and the verdict was death by misadventure, since it was proved that the poor girl had been riding with no rear light on her cycle. Beddoes was to be charged with not stopping and with failure to report the accident; but Kenneth had not been blamed at all.

"I must be getting back," said Max, recalled to the affairs of the moment.

Joy cordially pressed him to stay to tea, but he would not do so, though he took a long time, and said a great deal, before getting himself out of the house. It seemed that he had settled everything with Joy. Kenneth was to be left in his father's care for a while.

He climbed into his car and drove off towards the village with such a conspiratorial air that Eliza was diverted.

"How nice he is!" exclaimed Joy, as soon as he had gone. "I wasn't a bit frightened of him after the first."

Max was saying very much the same thing to Betsy as they drove back to the aerodrome.

"A thoroughly nice woman. I liked her immensely. Not very intelligent, perhaps—a little muddle-headed, and she expresses herself crudely. But she's got hold of the right end of the stick, and she seems to be doing good work down here."

"Oh? Didn't you think her very beautiful?"

"No—not a bit. How Alec could have done what he did, for her sake, I don't know."

"I've told you how that was."

"I know. But I wouldn't have called her an attractive woman. As good as bread, no doubt, but not charming. How any man who was married to you——"

A slight quiver in her face warned him to break off.

They drove in silence through the Wiltshire lanes and over canals and rivers. Betsy did not look about her. She kept glancing at her watch and making calculations, and speculating about the flying conditions. What with cars and aeroplanes, she still hoped to get him back in time to make his speech.

A sudden exclamation from him broke in upon her thoughts. He had turned and was looking after a car which had just passed them on the road.

"That was Alec and Kenneth."

"Oh, was it?"

She turned to look, in spite of herself. The little car, with two heads sticking up in it, receded rapidly along the straight road and vanished round a corner.

MARK had been invited to come over to the Mill House whenever he liked. Alec not only wished to express his gratitude, but felt that he was a good friend for Kenneth, whose former hero-worship had flamed up again.

He came twice. The two boys rode and swam together, and began once more to be friends, as in their school days. But on neither occasion did Mark chance to see Eliza. The first time she remained upstairs all day with a headache. The second time she was away, spending a week-end with the Hewitts. Mark was sorry and said so. He expected to be ordered to Gibraltar very soon, and did not know if he would be able to come again. He would have liked to see her, to say good-bye.

The friendship of Joy and Eliza was growing very fast; it was an alliance which the arrival of the Granhames for a visit had done much to promote.

One evening they sat together making a smock for Peter. All the others had gone for a walk on the downs, and would not be in till supper-time. When Eliza heard the sound of a motor-bicycle chugging along the lane, her heart fluttered anxiously and she wished that Joy would say:

"Isn't that a motor-bicycle? Didn't it stop by the gate? Is it somebody coming to see us?"

But Joy only lamented the fact that she had forgotten the difference between feather-stitching and herring-boning. She did not even seem to hear Clara going to the front door.

"But it's all nothing," thought Eliza. "I've been through this every time I heard a motor-cycle."

The door opened, and Mark was ushered in, smiling and quite at his ease.

"Oh!" cried Joy in distress. "Alec and Ken have just gone out. Only just. Would you like to try and catch them up?"

But Mark, as he shook hands with her, said that he would rather stay and talk to them. Then he turned and held out his hand to Eliza, asking if she had had a nice week-end at Oxford.

"Oh," said Eliza, "yes. Yes, I did. Yes."

"You'll stay to supper?" asked Joy.

"Thank you. I'd be delighted, if you can do with me."

He took a seat beside Joy and began to ask her about the new production—how it was getting on, and when it was to be produced. Nothing could have pleased her more, though she had not very much to tell him. She had not read the script, but she was able to report some theatre gossip about casting, and once or twice she said "we," as though she habitually took part in Alec and Johnny's deliberations.

Eliza kept her eyes on her work. Her heart had stopped banging about, but she wanted to be sure that she had entire control over herself before she tried to move. In a few minutes she would get up, quite casually, and smile, and ask if she should tell Clara that there was one extra for supper. Then she would get out of the room and upstairs, where she would stay until the others came in. Presently she felt that the moment had come. She put down her work and rose.

"Are you going to bathe this evening?" asked Mark at once.

"No. No, I'm not. I bathed this morning. Joy, shall I tell Clara there's an extra person for supper?"

"Oh, yes," said Joy, ringing the bell. "Don't worry to go. Clara will come." And she added to Mark: "Would you like a bathe?"

"Not by myself. If either of you——"

And when neither of them took the hint, he began to ask for music.

"Do you never sing now?" he asked Eliza. "Every time I've been here, I meant to

so you won't notice until you get it home. storm and the minute or so

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ask you, but you weren't there. Do you remember how we used to sing at Pandy Madoc?"

"Oh, she's come on a lot since Wales," said Joy. "She really does practice very hard."

"Shan't we sing now? I see a lot of the same books."

He was edging her toward the piano, which was open, and he picked up a volume of Schubert from the music stool.

Clara came in, and Joy gave some orders to her about supper.

Eliza sat down upon the music-stool, and Mark said, as he turned over the pages:

"What was it we used to sing together? 'Death and the Maiden.' Here it is."

"Her voice has come on enormously," said Joy, who had finished speaking to Clara.

"Has it, Eliza? Sing up."

Eliza began to sing, and immediately came to grief over the accompaniment.

"Calm yourself," advised Mark. "Don't go at it like a bull at a gate. That's too hasty and terrified altogether. Look here! Before you do your bit, give me a little practice with my bit, for I'm not sure that I remember the words."

She began to play the noble chords of Mark's bit, and tranquillity returned to her. Joy beamed at them through the horn-rimmed spectacles which she wore when sewing. "Now!" said Mark.

Eliza started once more at the opening, and this time she sailed through it triumphantly.

"That was very pretty," said Joy. "Do sing some more."

And as they passed from song to song, she fell into a pleasant reverie.

"This is very nice. Music—and people staying—the way it used to be at Pandy Madoc."

"Now," said Mark, "as we are singing about trees, let's have 'Nussbaum.'"

Eliza began to search in the volume of Schubert, forgetting, as many people do, that 'Nussbaum' would not be there. He said:

"No, darling——"

And then stopped, as though he had come to the edge of a precipice.

The word fell into their hearts like a little stone into a pool. It vanished, but ring after ring spread out, to the very edges of thought and feeling.

He had not meant to say it; but now that he had, he was ravished. He would not pass it over or slur its importance. He waited, fixing his eyes on Eliza, forcing her to look at him.

She did so at last, raising her eyes slowly from the music on her knee. And he saw what moved him more than he had known to be possible; he saw that she was frightened—that she had lost herself.

Joy turned in her chair. She had heard nothing save a long pause which disturbed her meditations.

The slight movement recalled them. Mark said quickly:

"No, not Schubert. Schumann."

He found the song, and set it before Eliza, who shook her head.

"I can't sing it and play it at the same time," she told him.

"Then play it. The accompaniment is so lovely."

She played. And he thought rapidly of many things: that he was going away for a long time, that he could not leave her, thus lost, and that it might not be easy to see her alone again. He must say more; he must say exactly what was in his heart. For they had strayed by accident into a kingdom which they were too young to claim. They must not attempt to usurp it. They must be as wise as they were lucky.

"It's all or nothing for us," he thought. "In two years, three years, I'll come back and marry her. But till then it must be nothing. I won't see her again, till then. I won't write to her. She's not a woman yet. It's not fair to treat her as if she was, to wake those feelings in her. I must leave her alone."

There were voices outside the window. The walkers had returned, and Joy went to greet them. He had a moment before they all came in.

"I must talk to you a little before I go."

She nodded, still playing.

"I shall go at ten. Can you slip off early and go a little way up the lane so that I can catch you up?"

"Yes."

Then all the others were in the room, and he did not speak another word to her for the rest of the evening. Alec, who came in first and caught a glimpse of their faces, took especial note of that. In fact, to Alec's mind, they overdid their detachment. They were incredibly unconscious of one another. Mark's cool, alert glances were for everybody but Eliza; and she was the only person who did not laugh when he said something amusing. She hardly spoke at all, and he talked a great deal more than usual. His high spirits infected them all. They made much of him because it was his last visit. Supper was a lively meal. Even Joy said one or two good things.

"How didn't I guess," wondered Alec, "that there was something between those two? Joy has been saying something was the matter with her, ever since the day Ken came, when, of course, he came too—and was alone with her some time . . . But—had they been meeting before? When he came again, did he see her? No—she had a headache—she was at Oxford—that's why she insisted upon going to Oxford. . . They quarrelled that day, perhaps? And now he has taken us by surprise, because—they've made it up now, anyway."

The discovery disturbed him, though he tried to believe that it could not mean anything very serious, a boy and girl affair, which had best be ignored.

WHEN the men rejoined the women, after supper, Eliza had vanished. They said she was tired and had gone to bed. Mark took his leave at ten o'clock. They all went out into the garden to see him off the premises.

A round harvest moon had risen over the hill, and the night was balmy. Their laughter, their farewells, echoed under the shadowy trees, as Mark started up his cycle. When he had vanished along the lane, their light, brief voices sank into comment and discussion.

Alec had not said anything for some minutes. His only anxiety was to be sure that their dynamic young guest had really gone. It had seemed to him that there was something wrong with the noise of that departing motor-cycle. It had not died away gradually, as it should have done. Unless his ears were deceiving him, it had stopped very suddenly.

Without a word he detached himself from the group in the garden and strolled off up the lane. Near the top of the hill he found what he had expected: a motor-cycle parked against a gate into a field. He looked over the gate, and thought that he saw the glimmer of a light dress against a hedge on the other side of the meadow.

He started toward it and then lost it, but he went on over the short, dewy grass, his moon-shadow running before him.

As he had hoped, they came out to meet him from their shelter under the gloom of the hedge.

"Eliza!" he said. "Mark! I thought so!"

Eliza took one arm, and Mark the other. They seemed quite content to have his chilly, middle-aged, disillusioned body between them. He began to walk them back toward the gate, feeling all the warmth of their youth, their ecstasy, on either side of him, and feeling himself quite powerless to insulate the current. It went on through him as if he had not been there. But he did his best to ignore it, and sought for words which should put both him and them back in their proper places.

"Well," he said at last, "you absurd little creatures!"

"I know!" said Mark and Eliza together.

And Mark added:

"We shan't be seeing each other for at least two years, so you don't have to worry, sir."

"Or, write, or anything," said Eliza. "We've just settled that we shouldn't."

"That's a comfort, anyway, murmured Alec, who felt that his attitude had been insincere and perhaps slightly ridiculous.

"Because, you see, we haven't really anymore to say—till——"

Her voice died away on a sigh of happiness.

"If that's the case, I commend you," said Alec. "You see, Mark—I suppose I worry about her more than I would if—if her mother were here. I've everything to learn about daughters. I expect it's all right—"

"I quite understand," agreed Mark. "We've both got a lot of things to attend to at present. And we have all the time there is."

At that, Alec pushed them away from him, partly because they had come to a spot where it was difficult to walk three abreast, and partly because he remembered that once time had appeared in this fashion to him. He felt suddenly so sorry for them that he would proffer no more counsel.

"You ought to be off," he said to Mark. "I'm going home. I give you just five minutes—and if at the end of that time I don't hear your cycle starting up, I shall come back with a horsewhip."

He scrambled over the gate again and hurried off down the lane. As he reached the garden gate, the bicycle began to thump away on the hill. This time it made a really effective departure. He could hear it for a long time, throbbing through the quiet night, till it was no louder than the ticking of a watch.

Everyone had gone back into the house but Alec lingered on the lawn, waiting for Eliza.

Presently he saw her coming, quickly and silently, in and out of the checkered patches of shadow. She went past him towards the house, moving steadily forward, like a sleep-walker, invested by some power not her own. Her face, in the moonlight, looked strange to him, yet familiar; he felt that he might have seen it long ago when he was too young, and knew nothing, and took the light of heaven for granted. And now, after many years, he saw again that face, that fabled face of happiness, uplifted to the quiet sky, before she passed him by and was gone.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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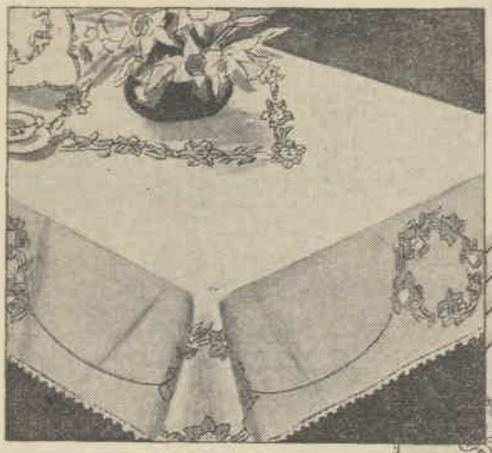
GOLDEN DAFFODILS . . . For Your Supper Table

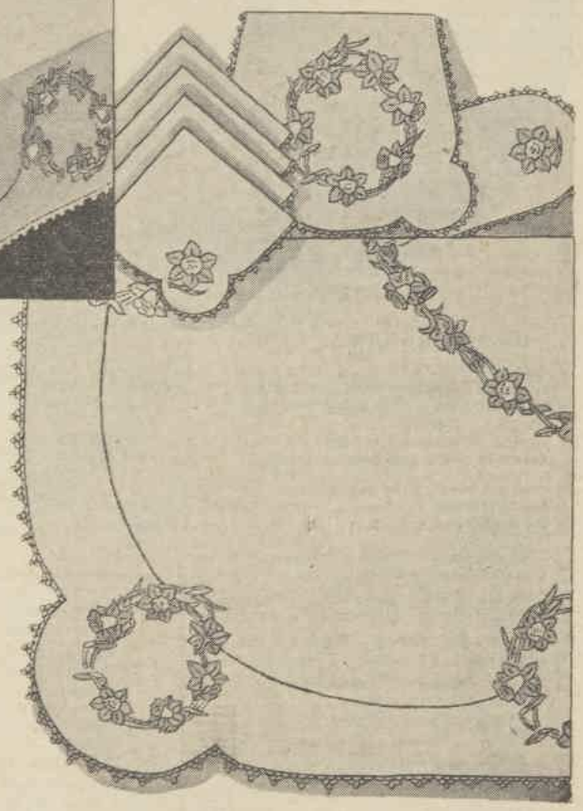
A delightful spring design, traced on best quality linen, white, cream, or colored, makes this most attractive supper set.

SUPPER-CLOTH, serviettes, d'oyleys, tea-cosy, traced with this pleasing daffodil design, will give a warm glow and lustre to your supper table—and make notable gifts for your friends at Christmas.

Linen is of the finest quality in various shades, the design simple and interesting to work.



THIS IS HOW your supper-cloth design will look when completed. The beautiful tones of the flowers enhance its charm.



ABOVE are illustrated supper-cloth, serviettes, tea-cosy and d'oyley, traced in the daffodil design. They are obtainable from our pattern and needlework department. For address see page 12.

THESE ARE THE PRICES

EACH piece is obtainable in linen: cream, white, pink, blue or green.

36 x 36 supper-cloth, 7/6.

45 x 45 supper-cloth, 9/6.

54 x 54 supper-cloth, 11/6.

11 x 11 serviette, 1/-

8 x 8 d'oyley, 1/-.

5 x 11 d'oyley, 1/-.

13 x 10 tea-cosy, 3/6.

WORKING INSTRUCTIONS

SATIN-STITCH the flowers in shades varying from deep to pale yellow. Satin-stitch leaves and stems in green, while the outline work is stem-stitched. The whole is finished with a light crochet edge.

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COMPLETE BABY'S LAYETTE

In Pure White Best Quality Crepe-de-Chine

Each dainty piece a small triumph of artistry, cut ready to make up, and traced for working in exquisite embroidery designs.

Obtainable from Our Pattern and Needlework Department.

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

DELIGHTFUL Christmas gift, this set comprises two little frocks, long coat, matinee jacket, petticoat, and bib of fine white crepe-de-chine, as illustrated on this page, and may be obtained altogether or separately. They are cut in sizes infants to eighteen months.

All you have to do to finish each tiny garment completely is to sew it up and work the designs already traced.

No. 100.—Frock. Traced with pattern and cut ready for working. 6/11 each.

No. 101.—Frock. Traced with pattern cut ready for working. 6/11 each.

No. 102.—Matinee jacket. Traced with pattern cut ready for working. 4/6 each.

No. 103.—Long coat. Traced with pattern cut ready for working. 8/11 each.

No. 104.—Petticoat. Traced with pattern cut ready for working. 4/6 each.

No. 105.—Bib. Traced with pattern cut ready for working. 1/3 each.

Postage is free.

Kindly state the size required and the number when sending for these garments.

TO obtain needlework items and patterns illustrated in this book, write to our Pattern Department at any of the following addresses:—

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the items, please see address of our office, which will be found at the top of Page 3 of The Australian Women's Weekly.

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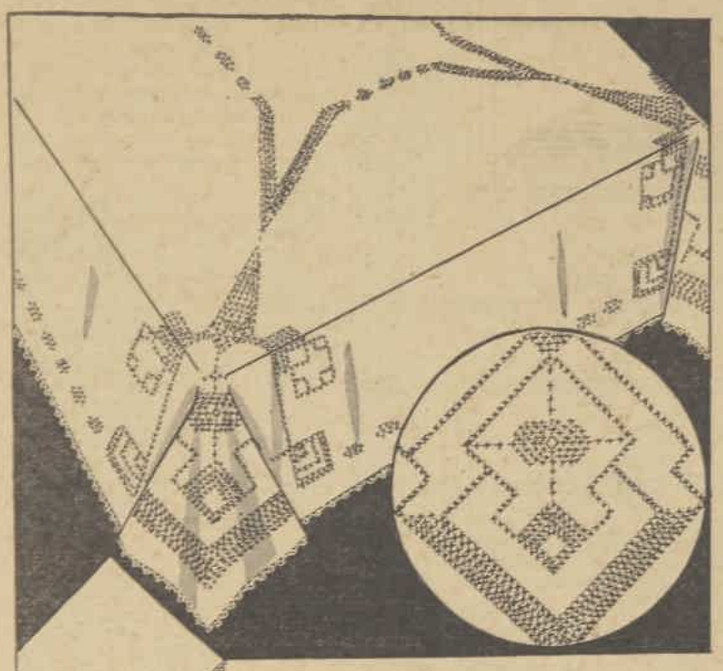
Effective Cross-Stitch Supper Cloth

. . . . *With Serviettes to Match!*



NOTE THE SIMPLE, QUICKLY - WORKED DESIGN

LOVERS of cross-stitch will approve this simple conventional design for supper cloth and serviettes. Traced on good quality linen, in cream, white, blue, pink and green, when complete it will adorn the most handsomely - appointed table.

Supper cloth, 54 x 54, costs 10/6 each.

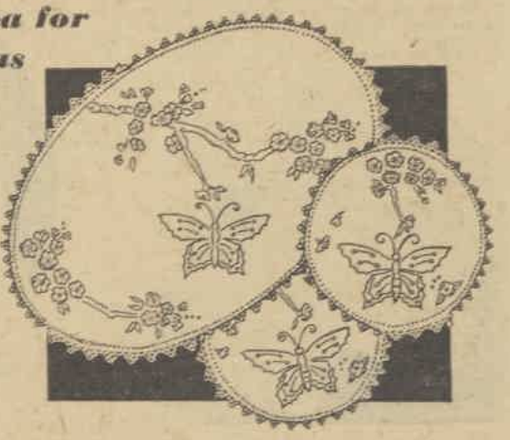
15 x 15 serviettes cost 1/6 each.

Follow a color scheme to harmonise with your furnishings. The cloth will look particularly effective worked in shades of brown, orange, yellow and green.

AT LEFT: Showing the cross-stitch supper cloth and serviettes, obtainable now from our Needlework Department. For address, see Page 12.

BUTTERFLY DUCHESSE SET

Happy Idea for a Christmas Present



BUTTERFLIES and spring blossoms have been used with pleasing effect for the design of this dainty duchesse set for your dressing-table. Complete set, comprising centre and two mats, traced with design already spoke-stitched for crochet, costs 2/6.

12 x 18 centre costs 1/6,

8 x 8 mats cost 1/- each, post free.

IN GOLD AND ROSE

This set looks particularly pretty worked in shades of gold and rose. The butterfly should be satin-stitched in gold, yellow and brown, while the blossom is buttonholed in shades of pink and rose. Satin-stitch the branches in dark green with lighter green leaves.

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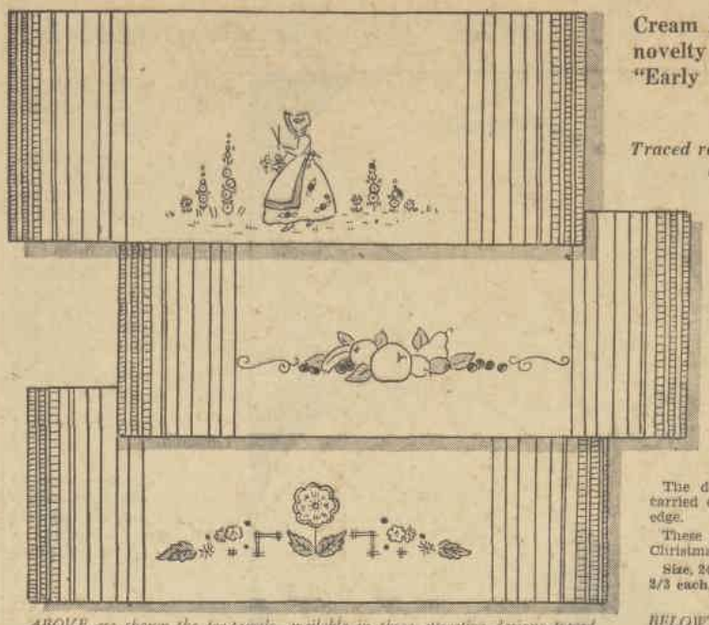
Practical Little Kitchen "Usefuls"



Cream linen tea-towels, sets of novelty pot-holders, and an "Early Victorian" design laundry bag.

Traced ready for working in various exclusive designs.

JUST the thing for the kitchen tea! Inexpensive, decorative, personal gifts—eminently practical, these little needlework items will take only a few spare moments to work.

TEA-TOWELS DE LUXE

Three different designs in tea-towels with cream linen centre and striped edge in colors of blue, yellow, and green.

The designs, simple to work, may be carried out in contrasting shades to the edge.

These tea-towels make an ideal gift for Christmas.

Size, 24in. x 36in., with hemstitched edge. 2/3 each, postage free.

ABOVE are shown the tea-towels, available in three attractive designs traced on cream linen and striped in colors of blue, yellow, and green. Price 2/3 each, post free.

BELOW: The "Early Victorian" laundry bag, now available in crash or Cesarine, traced ready for work, for 2/6. All items are obtainable from our Pattern Department. For address, see Page 12.

NOVELTY POT-HOLDERS IN SETS OF THREE. PRICE, 2/-.

This set comprises three pot-holders and bag to match.

The design is buttonhole, and may be carried out in shades of orange and yellow. The edge is spoke-stitched for crochet edge.

Obtainable in crash or Cesarine, in colors of green, blue, or yellow.

2/- complete set. Postage free.

DAINTY LAUNDRY BAG, IN CRASH OR CESARINE.

An unusual gift, and a necessity in your own home.

The bag is fitted with a new flap back, from which the laundry may be emptied without disturbing the front.

Obtainable in crash or Cesarine, in green, yellow, or blue.

2/6 each. Postage free.

POT-HOLDERS, shown at left, obtainable in sets of three, with bag in crash or Cesarine. Price 2/-, post free.

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SNAPPY ZODIAC SIGNS . . .

Bring Unique Charm to Cushion Covers

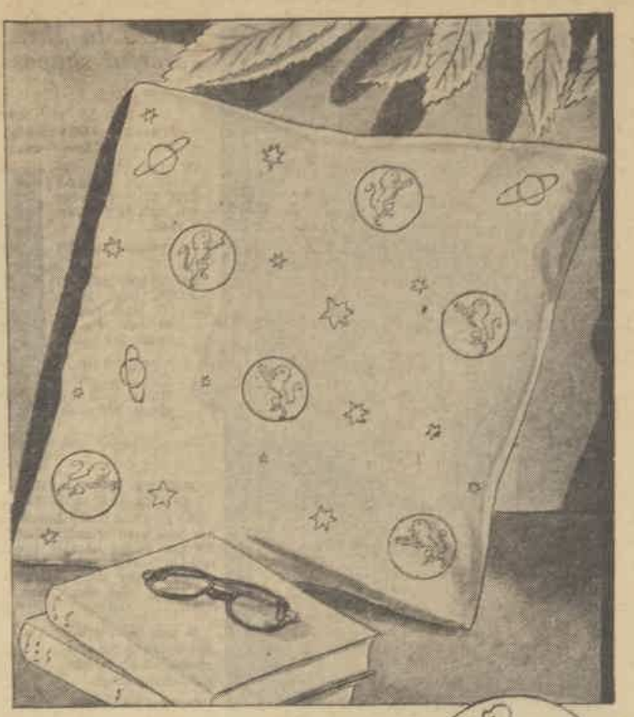
INTRODUCE an individual, personal touch to your birthday gift-giving with these novelty "lucky sign" cushion-covers.

Available in twelve different designs, the twelve astrological signs of the zodiac, worked in attractive patterns, as shown, and traced in fine quality linen, colors white, blue, cream, pink, green, or yellow, they cost 3/- each, post free.

Eminently practical, made of excellent washing fabric, they give an amusing and effective touch to home furnishings and make an ideal thought for a friend.

Select the sign that represents the birthday month—checking up your knowledge from June Marsden's weekly astrological page.

Available now from our Needlework Department. For address, see page 12.



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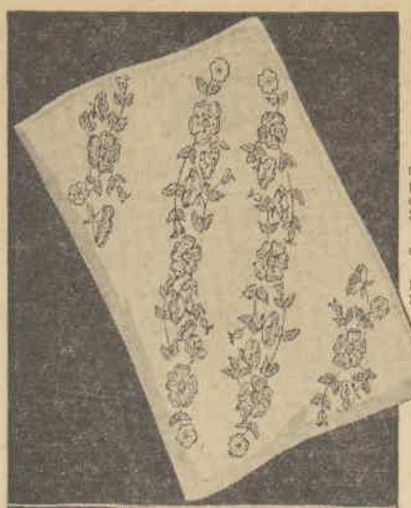
Smart Cushion Covers and Table Runners

Traced in three different designs, cut in different shapes on black poplin, crash, and ecru linen.



"WILD ROSE" DESIGN

Attractive oblong cushion cover and table runner to match, traced in an enchanting "wild rose" design for quick embroidery, as shown at left.

Cushion cover obtainable in black poplin, or best quality crash. Size, 24in. x 18in. 3/6 each.

Or in ecru linen. 4/6 each.

TABLE RUNNER TO MATCH. Size, 12in. x 36in. In black poplin, or best quality crash, 2/9 each.

ECRU LINEN. Complete with fringe. Gold shade, 3/6 each.

"DESERT PEA" CUSHION COVER AND RUNNER

The rare and lovely desert pea has been used in striking effect for the design of this square cushion cover with runner, traced in the same design for the table. See illustration at right.

It may be carried out in bright red and greens, which add to the surroundings.

Cushion cover, 18in. x 18in., obtainable in black poplin or crash, 3/- each.

Table Runner to match, size 12in. x 36in., 2/9 each.

ROUND CUSHION WITH RUNNER IN GARDEN FLOWER DESIGN

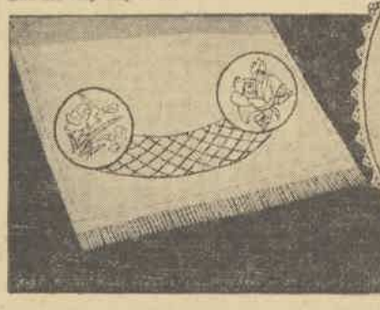
Illustrated below is the third design available for cushion cover and runner set—garden flowers traced on a round cushion cover and table runner.

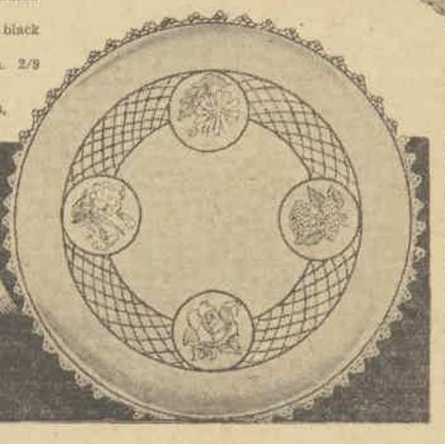
CUSHION. Size, 18in. x 18in. Obtainable in black poplin, or crash. 3/- each.

TABLE RUNNER to match. Size, 12in. x 36in. 2/9 each.

Complete with fringe. Gold shade.

The flowers may be worked in natural colors, and are very easy to do.





AT LEFT: The "flower" design for round cushion cover and table runner obtainable in poplin, crash or linen. AT TOP LEFT: The "wild rose" cushion cover and runner; and IMMEDIATELY ABOVE: The "desert pea" design on square cushion cover and runner. These items are obtainable from our Needlework Department. For address, see Page 12

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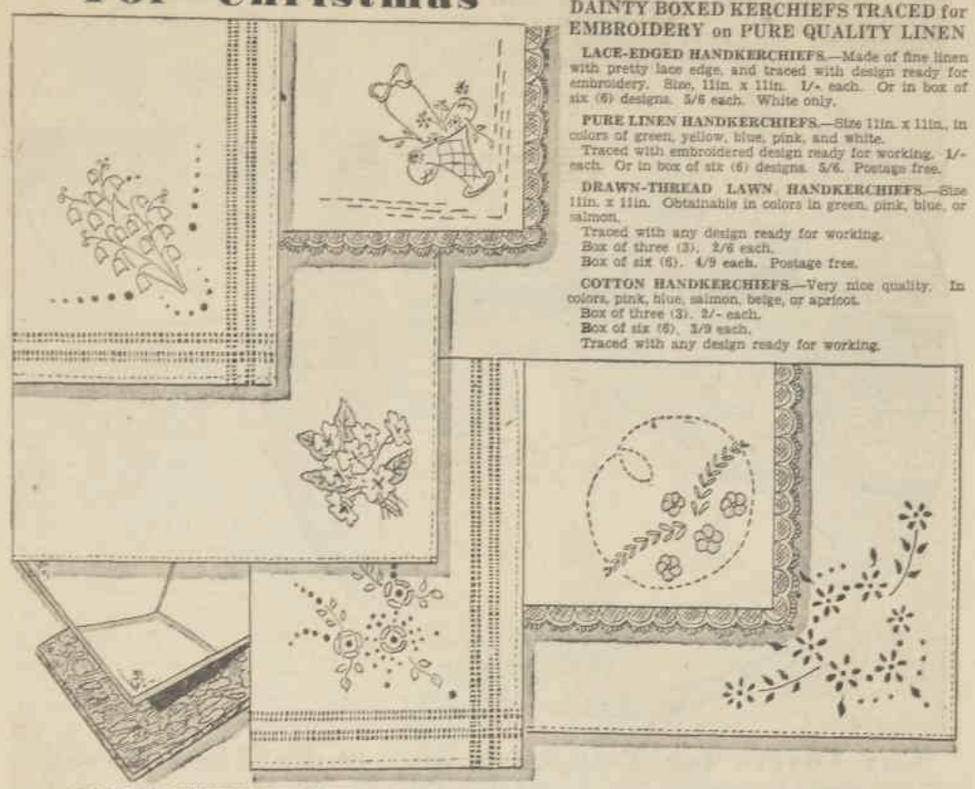
Attractive, Quickly-Worked Gifts For Christmas



DAINTY BOXED KERCHIEFS TRACED for EMBROIDERY on PURE QUALITY LINEN

LACE-EDGED HANDKERCHIEFS.—Made of fine linen with pretty lace edge, and traced with design ready for embroidery. Size, 11in. x 11in. 1/- each. Or in box of six (6) designs. 5/6 each. White only.

PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.—Size 11in. x 11in., in colors of green, yellow, blue, pink, and white.
Traced with embroidered design ready for working. 1/- each. Or in box of six (6) designs. 5/6. Postage free.

DRAWN-THREAD LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS.—Size 11in. x 11in. Obtainable in colors in green, pink, blue, or salmon.
Traced with any design ready for working.
Box of three (3). 2/6 each.
Box of six (6). 4/9 each. Postage free.

COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS.—Very nice quality. In colors, pink, blue, salmon, beige, or apricot.
Box of three (3). 2/- each.
Box of six (6). 3/9 each.
Traced with any design ready for working.

COAT-HANGERS, TRACED ON LINEN IN THREE EXQUISITE DESIGNS, COST 1/9 EACH

All you have to do to complete the charming trifles illustrated below is embroider the traced designs and crochet round the edge.

Coat-hangers are available in white, cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow linen, size 16 x 3½ inches.

All items obtainable from our Needlework Department. See page 12.

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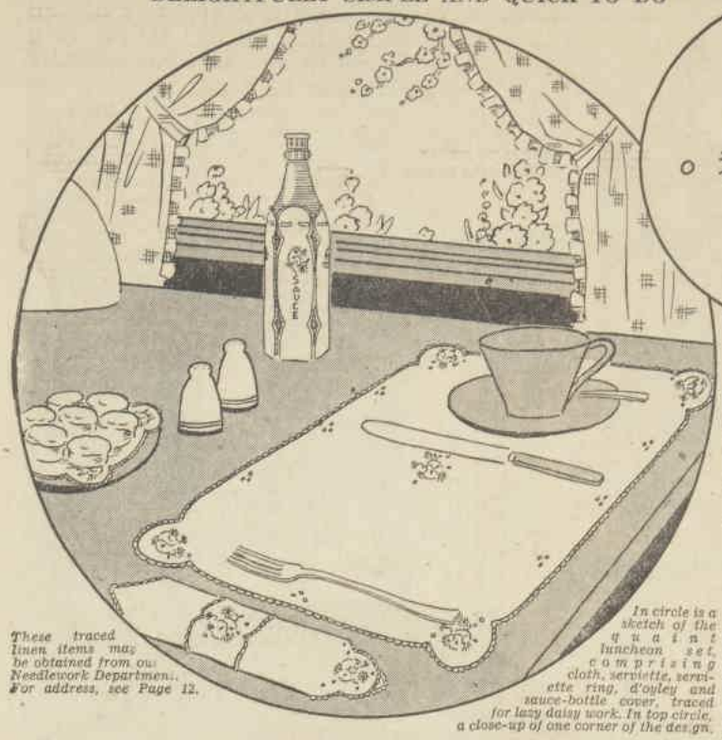
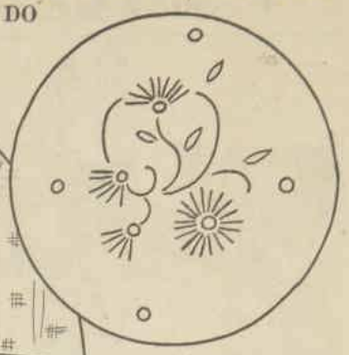
TRACED FOR LAZY DAISY WORK...

DELIGHTFULLY SIMPLE AND QUICK TO DO





These traced linen items may be obtained from our Needlework Department. For address, see Page 12.

In circle is a sketch of the quaint luncheon set, comprising cloth, serviette, serviette ring, d'oyley and sauce-bottle cover, traced for lazy daisy work. In top circle, a close-up of one corner of the design.

FIVE-PIECE LUNCHEON SET

WITH its novelty features, and easy design for working, this traced linen breakfast or luncheon set will make a particularly pleasing addition to your table linens.

Comprises 12in. x 18in. cloth, serviette, serviette-ring, and d'oyley, and sauce-bottle cover.

Obtainable in white, cream, blue, pink, green, or yellow linen.

12in. x 18in. centre, 1/9 each.
11in. x 11in. serviette, 1/- each.
8in. x 8in. d'oyley, 1/- each.
5in. x 2½in. serviette ring, 6d.
Sauce-bottle cover, 1/3 each.
Postage free.

The design is very simple to do, being lazy daisy, and stem-stitch. Shades of blue, ranging from light to medium, would be most effective.

It is also useful for morning tea, and makes a most attractive gift.

Gay Covers for Telephone and Radio Time Books

IN LINEN, CESARINE, OR CRASH

THE covers illustrated at right are eminently suitable for casual fancy work, and are a graceful way of bringing beauty to unadorned necessities.

"HOLLYHOCK" TELEPHONE-BOOK COVER

In best quality white, cream, blue, pink, or green linen, 2/6 each.

In Cesarine, in cream, blue, or green, 2/- each.

In best quality crash, 1/9 each.

Postage free.

This design is worked in button-holing and stem-stitch. Work the flowers in pinks, shading from pale pink to deep rose color. Two shades of green for the leaves, light and dark, with light green stems.

Work the lettering and the line surrounding the hollyhocks in black stem-stitch. Finish the edge with crochet.

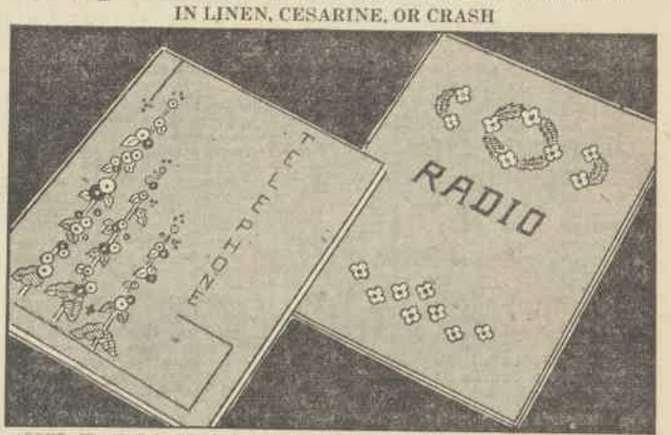
RADIO TIME-BOOK COVER

A color scheme similar to the telephone-book cover would be ideal for this radio time-book cover.

Obtainable in linen, as above, 1/6 each.

Cesarine, 1/3 each.

Crash, 1/1 each.



ABOVE: The "hollyhock" telephone-book cover and "garland" radio time-book cover, as they look when complete. Design is simple and easy to work.

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GAY, COLORFUL APRONS . . .

And Smartly-Tailored Hibiscus Trousseau Set

PAPER PATTERNS AND SPECIALLY-DESIGNED TRANSFERS AVAILABLE NOW FROM OUR PATTERN AND NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT

For Address see Page 12

PEASANT STYLE
WW1858.—Cut in sizes 4-10 years. Material required, 1½ yards 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 10d. Transfer for Embroidery, 9d. each.

FOR 2-8 YEARS
WW1857. — Cut in sizes 2-8 years. Material required, ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 10d. Transfer for Embroidery, 9d. each.

WORKMANLIKE
WW1855. — Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required, 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. Paper Pattern, 10d. Transfer for Embroidery, 1/- each.

HOSTESS APRON
WW1856. — Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required, 1 yard, and ½ yard contrast, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 10d. Transfer for Embroidery, 1/- each.

TROUSSEAU SET
WW1859.—Comprising Slip, Brassiere, Pantees, and Nightdress. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust. Material required:—
SLIP: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.
BRASSIERE: ½ yard.
PANTEES: 1½ yards.
NIGHTDRESS: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper Pattern, 2/6 complete, or may be purchased separately, 1/1 each.
Transfer for Embroidery. Size, 20 x 15 inches, 1/- each.

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For SUMMER CRUISE and BEACH VACATION!

Patterns for These Gay Modern Suits, and Transfer Sheets with Special Nautical Designs, Available Now!

ALL patterns and transfer obtainable from our Pattern and Needlework Department. For postal address see page 12.

SNAPPY HOLIDAY WEAR

No. 106.—This smart little suit is backless, with flared shorts and flattering neckline. Pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 1/1. Transfer for Embroidery, 1/- each.

WITH BEACH BAG

No. 107.—Youthfully attractive little outfit with uplift bodice and brief skirt. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. This pattern includes the beach bag. Paper pattern, 1/6. Transfer for embroidery, 1/- each.

BOLERO SUIT

No. 108.—Comprising attractive Russian bolero and contrast pleated shorts with debonair sash — jaunty for cruise wear. Pattern cut in sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 1/1. Transfer for embroidery, 1/- each.

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